The Outlook

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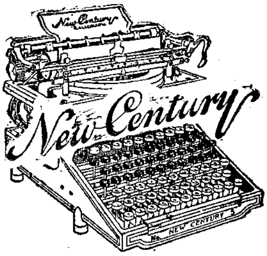

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The Outlook

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The Boer War: Natal The events of the last week in Natal showed the mobility of the Boers to be such that a comparatively small body of men, moving quickly from place to place, does the work of a larger body. The conflict has become one between British troops with bases and communications to guard, and Boer troops, mostly mounted infantry, with light artillery. Despite a British victory at Willow Grange near Estcourt last week (though at a loss of a hundred men), the Boers succeeded in isolating not only Estcourt, fifty miles south of Ladysmith, but also the British camp at Weston on the Mooi River, twenty miles below Estcourt, thus neutralizing sixteen thousand troops in the blockaded towns, including Ladysmith. There is thus a triple sandwich of opposing forces. As a brilliant feat this operation may redound as much to General Joubert's credit as did his strategy at Majuba Hill nineteen years ago. However, it argues great confidence on his part in the capacity of the levies blockading Ladysmith to hold their own against Sir George White's sorties, that he should detach so considerable a force as he apparently did for the raids towards Pietermaritzburg, Natal's capital, a hundred and twenty miles southward and seventy from the sea. Fights occurred at Nottingham and Howick, but the Boers did not dare to attack Pietermaritzburg itself. From the country round about, however, they obtained fresh supplies for man and beast and many horses for remounts. General Buller, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, arrived at Pietermaritzburg on Saturday, and the relief column started northward. So far, the British have been outclassed by the Boers in field artillery and in mounted men requisite for effective scouting. It seems strange that, knowing the remarkable mobility of the Boers, the British have not before this put into Natal a larger force of light cavalry, and also that, knowing of recent additions to Boer munitions, they have not introduced the new, quick-firing, long-range artillery. These two errors have hardly been atoned for by the successful mobilization of the reserves at home or the equally successful shipping of an army corps over six thousand miles. By Monday the efficient progress of the relief column had restored the telegraph and railway communication as far north as Estcourt. The Boers have apparently retired by way of Weenen to Colenso.

⁂

The British Victories The rising of the Dutch in northern Cape Colony appears to be spreading, and Mr. Sauer, a member of the Cape Ministry, has gone to the disaffected district to urge loyalty to the Queen's Government. Sir Alfred Milner has issued a proclamation in which he says:

> It is my duty to dispel false reports regarding the policy and intentions of the Imperial Government. Misleading manifestoes from beyond the border represent the Imperial authorities as desiring to oppress the Dutch, and the idea has spread abroad that the Dutch will be deprived of their constitutional rights. There is absolutely no truth in such allegations. The Imperial Government desires the greatest freedom of self-government for both Dutch and British, and the extension, not the curtailment, of the constitutional rights that are solely endangered by rebellion. The Imperial Government adheres firmly to the principle of equal freedom for all loyal colonists.

Last week the Boers occupied Ladygray, Barkly East (the center of disaffection), Dordrecht, Burghersdorp, Steynsburg, Middleburg, and isolated the British at Naauwport. Thus Cape Colony, half-way to the sea, has been quickly overrun by the Boers. Turning northward into Bechuanaland, however, the week is even more important because of the first successful blows dealt by a British force acting purely on the offensive. That force was General Lord Methuen's column, marching to the relief of Kimberley. On Thursday the column fought a battle with the Boers at Belmont and gained a complete victory. The conditions at Elandslaagte were repeated, since the British had to take three ridges in succession. The position was carried by two battalions of the famous Coldstream Guards. The British report two hundred killed and wounded; the Boer loss is reported as but fifty. On Saturday the British gained a second battle at Graspan, ten miles north of Belmont and about fifty miles south of Kimberley. Following the work of the fire of shrapnel from the British naval guns and two batteries of horse artillery in clearing the heights, there was free use of the artillery to save the charge of the infantry after the Boer machine guns had been well hammered. The Boers fought long and stubbornly, but the British carried the heights with great gallantry. The desperate nature of the fight is shown by the firing of no less than five hundred rounds from one battery. The day should be marked in British annals as one on which the two services, the army and the navy, had a chance to display equal skill and bravery. Among the killed on the British side was Commander Ethelston, of the Powerful, and a large number of other officers, mostly naval, serving their guns—another evidence both of British daring and of Boer marksmanship. The other casualties are not yet known. There is an alarming lack of news concerning the Ninth Lancers, who pursued the Boers after the action. To the criticism of the soldiers that the Admiralty had arranged their transport by slow ships, naval men now reply that the situation, both at Ladysmith and on the Bechuanaland border, has been saved by their guns.

❀

English Liberals Referring in a recent speech to the political capital which his party associates expect to make out of the Transvaal crisis, the Marquis of Northampton declared that the political pendulum is again swinging toward Liberalism. For the moment Englishmen must needs be united in defense of the Empire. It is not too much to say, however, that they have accepted the situation without any deep enthusiasm. Many a "Nonconformist conscience" is convinced, first, that the war was inspired by speculators; secondly, that the difficulties could have been settled by a wise diplomacy; thirdly, that the Government has not only inexcusably underrated the Boer strength, but has entered upon a war without being fully prepared with scientific mechanism. Regarding the first point, the leader among the Liberal journals, the London "Speaker," declares that a group of speculative financiers have dragged England into the war, and that these financiers represent not only what is worst in England, but what is not even English at all. The "Speaker" adds: "If such peril be not removed from our politics, it will bring about disaster to the Empire." Of all the motives that have brought about the war, says the London "Christian Commonwealth," there is only one—the desire to right real wrongs—that deserves the consideration of Christian men.

> The desire of revenge and possession of the land, which is the paramount motive, is of the Devil. The gospel of lust and greed we have no use for. To right the wrong is Divine, but it largely depends on the spirit and method in which the wrong [endured by the Outlanders] is righted. In this difficulty there was no reason for the British Empire, with all its wealth and power, to crush a mere handful of farmers, who, with their women and children all told, do not equal the population of one English seaside town like Brighton. But what are we to do? Let the world believe that we are standing as one man in this fight? That would be dishonest and unpatriotic.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., referred to the second point in a speech the other day at Aberdeen, where his electors passed a vote of confidence in him. He declared that Mr. Chamberlain had justly inflamed suspicion by his methods of diplomacy. The talk of a Dutch conspiracy was unsupported by a shred of evidence. It was true that the Boers had armed themselves to the teeth, but so would any community after an attack on its independence.

> Our new policy is a reversal of the traditions of our treatment of our colonies; it may end in the loss of South Africa, with the forfeiting of Dutch confidence and affection. We of the Liberal party have no responsibility for this war. Our leaders have expressly disclaimed it, and I believe that the immense majority of Liberals throughout the country condemn the diplomacy that has brought on the war.

The Political Future Not only Liberals, but a few Conservatives, have now come to the opinion that it was he duty of the British Government to ave accepted the offer made by Presi-ent Kruger at the conference with Sir lfred Milner last May at Bloemfontein. ailing that, they think, the Government ould have adopted the proposal of the ansvaal Government of a seven years' idence for the franchise, the adherence both sides to the Convention of 1884, a Joint Commission of Inquiry for disputed questions. Great Britain had st opportunity when President Steyn, he Orange Free State, volunteered to diate between the two Governments, nd asked to be informed of the new oposals which the British Cabinet had ormulated. Not only did Mr. Chamber-ain, the Colonial Minister, allow three weeks to elapse without giving any information of what his counter-proposals would be; he actually increased the active preparations for war. It is probable that Lord Salisbury allowed Mr. Chamberlain too free a hand in thus goading President Kruger into a bellicose ultimatum. As to the arrogant ignorance of Boer numbers and strength in England, an illustration may be taken from the London "Morning Post," than which no paper is more identified with Tory prejudices and narrownesses. Six months ago it described the Boers as half savages; it then advanced to calling them "seedy old gentlemen in billycock hats and mufflers." Now it petulantly exclaims: "It is humiliating to find a nation of farmers beating soldiers at their own game." The Conservatives may think twice next time before they uphold a too aggressive Colonial Secretary in his ambitious schemes. He may not be a prime favorite even with Conservative mourners for the many and unexpected victims of an unnecessary war, or with the payers of taxes to provide extra "sinews" for that war, surprisingly long to the optimists of the War Department. Instead of being a "three weeks' campaign," as those optimists predicted, the war has already lasted twice that time. General Buller's hope to eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria will hardly be fulfilled, for, except the battles last week, no engagements have been of real advantage to the British. It is not improbable, therefore, that, actuated by the three causes above mentioned, English voters, irrespective of party, may, before long, vent their ire upon the Cabinet, no matter how sure an ultimate British victory may be. Many Liberals are prophesying that this will happen in the not distant future, and that, like the present, the next Cabinet will be a coalition—not a union of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, with the Conservatives on top, but a coalition under Liberal leadership. As a first turning in this direction, at the Wandsworth election to the London County Council on Saturday of last week, the previous Conservative plurality of 910 was converted into a Liberal plurality of 232, though the Conservatives made the war an issue and their candidate was a military officer.

❀

The Military Successes in the Philippines Further reports from Luzon confirm the belief that the insurgents' forces in the part of the island north of Manila and south of Dagupan have been broken and scattered on both sides of the railway so that they cannot reunite in an army of any considerable size, although they may maintain a straggling fight in small bands in the mountains. Aguinaldo himself, it is believed, narrowly escaped capture as he was retreating northward at the head of about 1,000 men; General Young's advance twice came up with the rear-guard, and is, as we write, still following up the pursuit. Buencamino, Aguinaldo's Secretary of State, often called "the brains of the revolution," has given himself up, and is a prisoner at Manila; he is the author of the Filipino Constitution and of most of the appeals and proclamations published by his Government. The President of the Filipino Congress, Señor Bautista, is also in American hands, and most of the members of the Congress are fugitives or prisoners. Seven American prisoners of the Filipinos and three or four hundred Spanish prisoners have escaped. The last rumors as to Aguinaldo's whereabouts up to Monday of this week indicate that he is moving toward Bayombong, by way of Aringay, with a small force. There has been some fighting south of Manila, near Imus, but of no serious moment. Probably this activity of the insurgents was intended to create a diversion from our attack in the Dagupan region. In the island of Panay the fighting has been active; General Hughes has driven the insurgents twenty miles inland into the mountains; the American loss was five killed and thirty-eight wounded, while the insurgents left thirty-two dead on the field, and it is said, carried away nineteen cart-loads of wounded. From the island of Negros it is reported that the chief insurgent leader has surrendered, that planting is going on and sugar-mills are at work, and that the people are cheerful and hopeful under their new semi-autonomous government. We spoke last week of the hardships of General Lawton's forced march in the combined strategical campaign just carried out; it is worth while to quote a later description from the press despatches:

> Many men, dropping out sick, were left at various towns without adequate supplies and attendance, some of them making their way back across the terrible roads. It was reported that a number of horses were dying, and many of the soldiers, and even some of the officers, were marching ahead half naked, their clothes having been torn to pieces in getting through the jungles. Hundreds were barefooted, their shoes being worn out, and all were living on any sort of provisions. General Lawton foresaw that the campaign would involve such hardships, but he considered it the quickest and cheapest way of ending the war.

The occupation of the town of Zamboango, in the island of Mindanao, has already been noted; now Admiral Watson cables that the entire province of the same name, including the southern half of Mindanao, has surrendered to Commander Very, of the Castine.

❀

The Junta's Statement The statement of the President of the Filipino Junta given on another page is, we believe, the first authoritative declaration from the Filipino side presented to American readers by any American newspaper. It must be admitted that it appears a little late, coming as it does contemporaneously with the news that the Aguinaldo government is dissolved, that Aguinaldo himself is in hiding, and that Aguinaldo's army is broken up into mere guerrilla bands. But our correspondent has obtained and forwarded it at the earliest possible moment, and if it does not throw much light on either the past or the future, it has a value as well as an interest, because it states authoritatively the Filipino point of view of the issue in the Philippines. In studying this interview our readers will notice that the supposed promise to Aguinaldo of America's recognition is deduced wholly from acts which, even if they occurred exactly as here narrated, are capable of a different interpretation; that the statement that Aguinaldo was asked to go to the Philippines is confessedly without proof to substantiate it; that the statements regarding the character of the Tagalo Government where it was established are directly contradicted by the reports of the Philippine Commissioners, President Schurman, Professor Worcester, Colonel Denby, and Admiral Dewey; and that the confidence expressed in the ability of the Filipinos to carry on the war indefinitely seems to be already negatived by the latest reports from the Archipelago. With this brief comment we leave this official Filipino statement of the problem in the Philippines to be compared by our readers with the official American statement of the same problem as contained in the report of the Philippine Commissioners printed in The Outlook for November 11. We think that a careful and unprejudiced comparison of the two statements will strengthen the conviction of most judicially-minded men that the course of the American Government, whatever criticisms may be made in matters of detail, has been reasonable, necessary, just, and right.

❀

Professor Worcester's View Professor Dean C. Worcester publishes in "Harper's Weekly" a review of the Philippine situation which confirms the account already given in our columns by President Jacob Gould Schurman, and also the official account given by the Philippine Commissioners. His paper furnishes some additional illustration of the facts thus already reported in our columns. A humorous incident illustrates one common source of misinformation. A local officer declared to Mr. Worcester that the Filipinos were very anxious for national independence.

> A few moments later I happened to remark, "You speak Spanish, of course, Major?"
> "No, not a word," was the prompt reply.

"Who have you had here for interpreter?"

"No one. The lack of an interpreter has been one of my greatest difficulties."

"Have you never talked with these people, then?"

"Never."

"But how did you learn that they were longing for national independence, and ready to sacrifice their lives to win it?"

"Why—well—why—that is the way *I* should feel about it, *and I thought they must feel so too!*"

Over against this interpretation of the Philippine desire, evolved out of the self-consciousness of the reporter, is the testimony of prominent Filipinos whose names are given by Mr. Worcester (who, by the way, is familiar with their language), one of whom declares, "Were an independent native government to be established in the Philippines, I would be the first to flee;" another of whom characterizes the attempt to establish an independent government, "Impossible;" and the third of whom says, "My people must choose between national independence and personal liberty, for only under American control is personal liberty attainable for them." That these opinions are prevalent in the islands is evident from other incidents given by Mr. Worcester. That there are good grounds for these opinions is evident by the kind of government which has been established and maintained where the present military oligarchy has had the power. For example:

> The province of Batangas was overrun with robbers and cutthroats. No attempt was being made to bring criminals to justice. The schools were abandoned. . . . In several of the larger cities the individual houses were intrenched, so that their owners might defend themselves against their neighbors. . . . At Bacoor insurgent soldiers had fired into houses filled with defenseless women, and had then broken in and robbed them, searching their persons for concealed jewelry. . . . In some of the other islands conditions were even worse. Early in the revolt Tomas Aguinaldo, a cousin of Emilio Aguinaldo, and an insurgent official, had gone to the west coast of Mindoro, and had there organized a genuine piratical expedition. . . . The Tagalo General Luchan had extorted a "war contribution" of $200,000 from the peaceable Visayans of Samar and Leyte, and had put it into his pocket. . . . The Visayans of North Panay, who a few months before had been ready to die for independence, had sent word that they would welcome the Americans, the Russians, the Turks, the Chinese, or *any one* who would rid them of the Tagalos.

These and kindred facts must be understood by the American people in determining what is their duty toward the Philippine Islands.

❀

Governing Guam Extracts from the report of Captain Leary, Governor-General of Guam, have just been made public. They indicate a state of things in that far-off American island which is certainly picturesque, if not also humorous. Captain Leary declares that he does not want more marines, but he does want more tools, mills, ice-making machines, medical stores, doctors, and minor officers. He is trying, he says, to inculcate lessons of good citizenship and industry on the natives. To these ends he is using freely the somewhat absolute powers conferred upon him. His general order prohibits polygamy and concubinage, under penalty of fine and imprisonment; commands all persons living together out of wedlock forthwith to procure licenses and be married at the Government's expense; directs all inhabitants without trades to plant corn, rice, and other fruits and vegetables; prescribes that each such inhabitant shall maintain twelve hens, one cock, and a sow; and in general lays down the most minute directions as to their industrial and agricultural pursuits. As a result, the Governor reports that the natives are "progressing favorably," while, with a touch of semi-sentimental congratulation, he assures us that "the divorce court and hymeneal altar are popular resorts. The court crier and the merry wedding bells are constantly and harmoniously ringing out their decrees." This is paternal, almost grandpaternal, government, surely. The case, however, is not one for splitting straws as to methods; the essential thing is that these indolent, good-natured, and primitive people shall learn how to work, how to be decent, and how to march toward a better civilization.

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The Death of the Khalifa Last week a battle took place between the Anglo-Egyptian army under General Wingate and the Dervishes under the Khalifa, in which the British won a decisive victory, sweeping through the Dervish position for two miles until the rebel camp was reached. The mounted troops pursued and captured most of the fugitives. The Khalifa, with his body-guard of Emirs, made a gallant stand, but was killed. Among the Emirs slain were two brothers of the Khalifa and a son of the late Mahdi. That ruler, having successfully resisted the British for several years, was, in 1885, succeeded by the Khalifa Abdullah. The latter was named by the Mahdi as his successor, and subsequent events showed the wisdom of such a choice. The new ruler, as we are told in such recent accounts as those of Slatin Pasha and Mr. Neufeld, was a talented man. His character was both subtle and strong. Seeing that the success of the Mahdi lay before everything in his ability to make the people believe in him as a prophet and religious leader, Abdullah essayed the same rôle. His success in domestic rule was apparently complete; he suppressed religious as well as political and military revolts, largely by fostering religious prejudices and fanaticisms which would result in his favor, but also by making full use of an Oriental monarch's power of life and death. He prophesied that he would conquer, not only Abyssinia on the south, but also Egypt on the north. He harassed King John and the Abyssinians so successfully as to convince the Dervishes that the southern country would ultimately become the Khalifa's. He then proceeded down the Nile as far as Korosko, but General Grenfell stopped a further invasion by the victory of Toski in 1889. However, this was the only victory gained by the Anglo-Egyptians until their campaign of last year which culminated in the battle of Omdurman. With his death, though his principal Emir, Osman Digna, has escaped, the great country stretching from the Red Sea to Darfur, and from Abyssinia to Egypt, may be declared open to civilization.

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Vice-President Hobart's Death

The testimony to Mr. Hobart's worth brought out by his death is something quite different from the ordinary perfunctory tributes and formal expressions of grief. By the country at large the late Vice-President had been recognized as an unusually effective presiding officer of the Senate, and as a man fortunate in his friends and singularly free from enmities. Now, the broader opinion of his character and ability long held in his own State has become National in acceptance. It is seen that he was a man of immense activities, of widespread interests, of sound judgment—one who could handle large affairs easily and with a certain grasp, whose integrity had never been questioned, whose promise was as good as a written bond—a man, too, who had warm human sympathies and high ideals. In politics, in railroad management, in the conduct of legal and commercial affairs, he acted not merely with shrewdness and sagacity, but also with justice and fairness. It is not inaccurate to say that in the State of New Jersey no other man of recent years has made sincerer friends among people in widely different stations of life. The presence at his funeral of President, Cabinet members, and a crowd of distinguished men was really less significant of the esteem and affection in which he was held than the ragged and dirty flags which might be seen by scores at half-mast on scows in the North River and on laborers' houses in the Jersey towns. One who knew him well once wrote:

> If a man gets into trouble and stops to think who can best help him out, the first name that suggests itself is that of Hobart. And he has at one time or other helped so many men that, no matter what happens, when others are in trouble he generally succeeds in his mission of relief, because he must ask the assistance of somebody whom he has helped himself in former times. For this reason his influence is boundless among his own people.

That he was wise in council is also now recognized in more than a formal way; it is understood that the President called upon him constantly for advice, and that no Vice-President for many administrations had exercised so strong an influence upon the conduct of public affairs. The career of Garret A. Hobart need not here be followed in detail. He was fifty-five years of age, was graduated from Rutgers when nineteen, and began to study law (it is said with a capital of one dollar and a half) in Paterson, N. J., the city with which much of his work and life was identified; from law he turned to politics, and served for several years in the House and the Senate, in both becoming the presiding officer. The State campaign of 1895, in which, by the election of Governor Griggs, New Jersey was taken from the ranks of recognized Democratic States, was begun and carried out largely by Mr. Hobart, and his nomination as Vice-President was in a sense a recognition by the Republican party of this great political service. The office of Vice-President will now remain vacant until after the next Presidential election; Senator Frye, of Maine, will, as President *pro tempore* of the Senate, preside over its sessions.

Trusts: A Capitalist's View

During the past two weeks the Industrial Commission at Washington has elicited two particularly interesting testimonies. The first is that of Mr. J. W. Gates, Chairman of the American Steel and Wire Company, a concern controlling all the barbed-wire patents. In describing his effort to consolidate the industries of all wire-producing countries, he found Germany our principal competitor, England's work "not being sufficient to deserve serious consideration." With the Germans the one worst fear was competition with the United States, and bounties and subsidies were given on every hand to support the manufacturing interests of that country. In this connection Mr. Gates commends in high terms the German methods of encouraging producing and exporting interests, saying that, if the Federal Government of the United States would adopt the plans there pursued, we would soon be doing nine-tenths of the iron and steel business of the world. Hence, instead of protecting the trusts against the Federal Government, Mr. Gates would have the Government protect the trusts. He would have us give subsidies to steamship lines, and to national corporations of five million dollars capitalization and over. For such charters he would have corporations pay liberally, and then have them pay large sums annually for the continuation of the franchise, increasing the amount as the capitalization increased, until the fee should be no less than a million dollars for a company capitalized at a hundred millions. Furthermore, Mr. Gates advocates governmental supervision of all such corporations. He declares that the protective tariff had much to do with the building up of the wire and steel industry, and he believes that a continuation of such a policy is necessary to the prosperity of the industry. Regarding the results of his own particular consolidation, he admits that a number of plants which could not be operated had been shut down. His company now employs thirty-six thousand men, and the average of wages had been increased two-fifths. His company does not recognize the trades-unions, but appeals to men as individuals. Referring to the advance in the prices of wire products, Mr. Gates declared that it was only proportionate to the increase in the prices of raw material and wages. He considered that all these advances had been due to demand and supply, and not to combinations. It was not true, he added, as people seemed to believe, that trusts control the iron and steel business of the country. As a matter of fact, they control only about two-fifths of that business. Mr. Gates's testimony seems the most extreme of any yet given from the capitalist's standpoint. While large combinations can undoubtedly build up an export trade better than small ones, it is also true that they do not need Government aid. And as yet American commerce is not an appendage of the American Government.

Trusts: A Labor Leader's View

The second important testimony was that of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. Singular as it may appear to some, Mr. Gompers opposes the attitude of the Knights of Labor and does not favor any legislation against the trusts. He was not sure whether the trust tendency benefited or injured labor: in some cases wages had been raised, in others not. He thought that labor organizations would be able to take care of themselves in any contest with the trusts. As has been pointed out, the fact that the trusts will have nowhere to look for a supply of skilled labor if they engage in a struggle with those they have employed will add immensely to the power of the labor unions. As to prices, Mr. Gompers does not attach much importance to the alleged tendency of trusts towards price increase. He declares that the general trend of prices is always downward, because, as time goes on, wage-earners get a larger share of the wealth which they produce. The evident reason for the non-favoring of any legislation against the trusts by Mr. Gompers is his fear that whatever law might be enacted in that direction might quite as easily be turned against organized labor. Mr. Gompers declared that organized labor views trusts simply as its employers. He takes a position against co-operative schemes, saying that laborers had secured no greater advantages under them than under the wage system. As to the future of organized labor Mr. Gompers has no fear, believing that the condition of labor is better to-day than ever before, and this improvement he attributes to the influence of organized labor. The effect of these two testimonies, together with the others given before the Industrial Commission, will be to bring the question of trusts, in the first place, as a commercial issue before the country, to be judged by commercial standards, before it is considered in its political aspects. If great industrial combinations result, not only in economy, protection, and hence in wealth to the capitalist, but in a greater demand for skilled labor, and so in wealth to the workingman, the question will solve itself. Before we attempt to prohibit combination at home we should take off our prohibition of competition from abroad. The first duty of the Republican party, on this subject, is to pass a law removing unnecessary protection.

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Mr. Vanderlip's Statistics In this connection Mr. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, contributes a timely article to last week's Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post" on "Our New Prosperity." Incidentally, perhaps unconsciously, he shows that protection, especially in the iron and steel industries, is unnecessary. The statistics of that trade present a comparison of both relative and absolute development such as has not been seen before. He thinks that the production of pig iron this year will reach thirteen and a half million gross tons, and that of steel more than ten million tons. As an evidence of the extension of the trade, he says that a decade ago we imported seventy-one million dollars' worth and exported fourteen million dollars' worth of iron and steel manufactures. Since that time imports have fallen and exports risen, until, for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1899, we imported but twelve million dollars' worth and exported nearly ninety-four million dollars' worth. Despite this unparalleled production, the price of raw pig iron rose in eight months of the present year from eleven dollars to twenty-four dollars a ton, and at this advance nearly every mill in the country is so busy that practically no orders can be accepted for early delivery. As regards general trade, Mr. Vanderlip tells us that five years ago we imported almost double the value of manufactures that we exported. For the last fiscal year, however, we exported nearly eighty million dollars more manufactured goods than we imported. In 1897–98, for the first time, our exportations of manufactures exceeded the importations, the excess being about one-quarter. Where for many years we imported, on an average, one million dollars' worth of manufactured goods a day, and exported about half that amount, for the fiscal year just closed we exported considerably more than one million dollars' worth of manufactured goods every working day of the year.

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American Shipping Last week Mr. Chamberlain, Commissioner of Navigation, presented his annual report. We like to think that America now stands close to the summit of commercial greatness, and so it does. Any expansiveness of pride, however, may be checked by the consideration that, when President Monroe issued his famous message, nine-tenths of our foreign commerce was under our flag; last year not one-tenth. There might be something to be said if other countries shared in this decline. But there has been no general decline; there has been a great general advance. The anomaly is presented of the most progressive nation in the world standing still in this respect. While, during the last quarter of a century, American seagoing sail tonnage has decreased at the average rate for the world, that is, by two-fifths, the world's seagoing steam tonnage has, in the same period, increased three and a third times. There has been an increase in ours of only seven-tenths, as against such prodigious advances as sevenfold for Germany and fourteenfold for Norway. Again, during the past ten years German shipyards turned out nearly four times as much tonnage in ocean steamships as ours, and British yards over forty times as much. Mr. Chamberlain points out that last year European nations and Japan spent more than twenty-six million dollars for the promotion of their sea-borne mercantile marine, while we devoted less than a million dollars to the same purpose. In the Pacific Ocean, where America is now the paramount power, foreign nations spent about five million dollars last year in subsidies, and we less than fifty thousand. What shall we do to return to Monroe-time conditions? The argument that our shipping in the foreign trade is handicapped by tariff duties is met by the statement that for the past half-decade all materials for the construction of American vessels in that trade, and all supplies for such vessels, have been exempt from duties. Mr. Chamberlain rejects the propositions to repeal tonnage taxes, to impose discriminating cargo duties, to grant bounties on exports in American vessels, and to grant American registry to foreign-built vessels. He intimates that a proper stimulus to the development of our shipping might be found in the Frye bill introduced into the last Congress. The object of this bill was to give, outside of the sum paid for mail service, an allowance to American steamships capable of steaming fourteen knots an hour or upward. Mr. Chamberlain says that, of all the steamships in the world capable of fourteen or more knots, over four-fifths receive assistance in one form or another, and that this assistance aggregates over twenty million dollars a year. From the depressing conditions of our shipping to and from foreign ports, never so gloomy, it is some relief to turn to the gratifying conditions of our shipping between domestic ports, never so prosperous.

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A Gospel Yacht For a year and a half, Adelina, Countess Schimmelmann, a Danish noblewoman, has been doing an interesting missionary work in this country. Her life-task is to travel around the world on her yacht, the Duen (Dove), which, dismantled, has just arrived in New York from Chicago, by way of the Erie Canal. The yacht reached the Great Lakes by the St. Lawrence River. Last winter the Duen lay at the Chicago water-front, and Countess Schimmelmann says that she fed more than fifty thousand persons during her sojourn there. Her plan is to distribute alms and provisions to the poor and then hold Gospel services, free to all, on board her yacht. Her mission has been carried on for sixteen years. It was inspired by the late Empress Augusta of Germany, grandmother of the present Emperor, and the first cruises undertaken by Countess Schimmelmann were about the shores of the Baltic Sea. Her own home is near Copenhagen. Her most recent cruises have only confirmed her in her special mission to work among men. The meetings which she holds on deck are better suited to men than to women, and, as she says, "if the father is helped the whole family is helped."

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Unitarian and Universalist Federation In The Outlook for November 18 we called attention to the proposed union of the Universalists and Unitarians in one denomination, and to the objections to such a union expressed by Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, speaking for the Universalists. We did not express any opinion as to the wisdom of denominational unity between Unitarians and Universalists, simply saying that, if there were serious and fundamental differences between the two Churches, an attempt to bring about organic unity would be unwise, if not impracticable. We have now received a letter from the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, who, from his official position, speaks with authority; in this letter he takes issue with Dr. Sweetser and corrects a general misapprehension in which we shared. Mr. Eliot points out that no organic welding of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations into one has been proposed. He states the facts as follows:

> On May 30, 1899, the American Unitarian Association, at its annual meeting, passed unanimously the following resolution:
>
> "*Resolved*, That the interests of pure Christianity can be better served by a recognition of the intellectual agreements and the deep faiths of the heart which, beneath all diversity

> of gifts, bind together the Unitarian and Universalist fellowships in bonds of peace and mutual good will.
>
> "*Resolved*, That this Association presents its fraternal greetings to the Universalist General Convention, and invites the Convention to join with the Association in appointing a Conference Committee of five representatives from each body, which shall consider plans of closer co-operation, devise ways and means for more efficient usefulness, and report the results of its deliberations to the Association and the Convention at their next meetings."
>
> These resolutions were duly submitted to the Universalist General Convention on October 23, the invitation was accepted, and the members of the Conference Committee have since been appointed by the Universalist Convention and the Unitarian Association. It will be the purpose of this Conference Committee to endeavor to upbuild sympathy and unity of spirit in the sister denominations, to prevent waste and duplication of missionary effort, and to provide means of more efficient co-operation in Christian work.

Certainly such co-operation and union as this is desirable. Mr. Eliot also takes issue with Dr. Sweetser's criticism of the belief of the Unitarian body. "His attempt," says Mr. Eliot, "to prove that the Unitarian body is non-Christian is a repetition of an ancient prejudice which is unworthy of intelligent observers in these days." We agree in this with Mr. Eliot, but the very decided difference of opinion and of feeling on these matters existing between him and Dr. Sweetser is an indication, as we said in our former paragraph, of a widespread difference in point of view between the two denominations, which would make organic union impracticable. But this does not, in our opinion, interfere with the closer co-operation and fellowship which, as Mr. Eliot points out, is the purpose of the leaders in the two denominations.

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The Birthplace of Protestantism

Protestants from all lands and denominations are working to complete the memorial church at Spire, Germany, the place where Protestants were first called by that name. Following Luther's excommunication by the Pope in 1520, the next year the Emperor Charles V. also issued his ban against the reformer, and a like fate hung over the heads of all other radical leaders. The Emperor was not immediately able to give full rein to his desires, as he was drawn into a war with France which lasted until 1526. Then, however, he proposed to make short work of the new teaching. For this purpose he summoned a Reichstag, or Parliament, at Spire. Hardly had the body convened when France and the Pope openly plotted against him; then he saw that he needed all his soldiers, even the hated Lutherans. Hence, for the time being, he consented to the Reichstag's assurance of religious liberty to all. By Protestant help, in 1529, he triumphed. He then entered into a compact against the Protestants with his former enemies. He summoned a new Reichstag at Spire. Most of its members voted to annihilate the Reformation. The reformers *protested* against these measures of the Reichstag, which were contrary to the Bible and their consciences. Those who now bear their name of Protestants wish to honor them by a memorial church. In its architecture the Roman Catholic cathedral at Spire is Romanesque, and is one of the best examples of that style. In contrast, the style of the Protestant church is pure Gothic. The main part of the edifice is already finished; it is hoped that the tower and spire may be completed so that the consecration may take place a year hence. The German Emperor and Empress, together with representatives of all Protestant denominations, have promised to be present at that ceremony. The spire will be three hundred feet high. Underneath there is a great vestibule, a memorial hall, in the middle of which is a colossal statue of the protesting Luther, and in mosaic on the floor one reads his words: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me." Against the six pillars are the statues of the six protesting princes and the arms of the fourteen protesting cities of Germany. The frescoed walls picture the delivery of the protest from the reformers. The church has a seating capacity of fourteen hundred persons. Most of the superb windows have come from European princes, and five were presented by William II. Europe has given two-thirds of the total required to complete the church; it is but fair that the remaining one-third should come from this side of the Atlantic. The Rev. Dr. Albert Beyschlag has been delegated to represent the cause in this country, and the Treasurer of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York

City, is empowered to receive subscriptions.

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Christian Unity From an unusual quarter comes an argument for Christian unity of notable comprehensiveness and liberality. Under the title "The Disappointment of Jesus Christ," the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, who has been identified with a rather extreme type of Anglo-Catholicism, has published his recent address at Toronto before the Canadian Society of Christian Unity. He thinks that the twentieth century will witness a great unification of Christendom, but not on the lines mistakenly followed since the fourth century. It will not be found in the form of organization, nor in the form of doctrine. It will be simply a unity in God, in humanity, and in Jesus Christ as the spiritual head of humanity. Equally true, but still more remarkable, is Mr. Crapsey's declaration that "the great need of the Church is not an Apostolic succession, but a succession of Apostles," and his insistence on "the pastoral rather than the priestly conception of the ministry." The only true basis of the Church's spiritual life he holds to be in her moral discipline, from which she turned in the fourth century to the discipline of intellect. That pristine zeal for moral purity must now be restored: only so will unity be restored. As for Christian doctrine, Dr. Crapsey demands its restatement, so as to accord both with the facts of the universe and with the primal instincts of the heart for justice, mercy, and truth. The entire content of Christian tradition must be subjected to the trained intelligence, and there must be absolute intellectual freedom within the Church. These views, not unfamiliar to the readers of The Outlook, it rejoices to welcome from one who presents them so forcibly and whose presentation of them is so full of significance.

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The Reconstruction of Religious Education Dr. Clyde Votaw, of the University of Chicago, in a recent address on the decadence of religious belief, attributes this decadence largely to inefficient Sunday-school methods. While in secular education new ideals have transformed our schools, religious instruction plods along in the old ways. Dr. Votaw avers that to-day religion is the worst taught of all great subjects of education; mere secular education goes its way quite indifferent to religion. Most of the graduates of our schools and colleges pass through a course of study in which religion is ignored. Its place is largely taken by philosophy and ethics. The result is that the student learns to know, think, and feel independently of any recognized religious element. Religion, which is at once the mainspring and interpretation of life, is suffering from a disaffection which arises (1) from the present isolation of religious instruction; (2) from the amateurish and trifling nature of such religious instruction as is commonly given; (3) from the unwillingness to keep the content of religious instruction up to the progress of historical, philosophical, and ethical research; (4) from the failure to introduce into religious instruction the new psychological and pedagogical ideas which have imbued our secular schools. Dr. Votaw is no less definite in his prescription of a remedy. It is that education in religion should be taken as seriously as is secular education. In order to bring about a better condition, use must be made of four main agencies: the ministry, lay study, the religious press, and the Sunday-school. With regard to the last named Dr. Votaw justly claims that it must correlate its work with that of the secular school in such manner that religion shall not be left an isolated factor of which only the few ecclesiastically connected take note. His address is a fine illustration of a growing protest in educational circles against the secularization of education.

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The Constabulary Bill It is difficult to discuss a piece of legislation before it is definitely formulated, but the Constabulary Bill proposed in New York State is properly made the subject of public discussion before it is in form presented to the New York Legislature. If the object of this bill is to create a State constabulary which will be under the control of the Governor of the State, one which can be used in any part of the

State to reinforce local police and quell public disorder, the measure might, and in our judgment probably would, be a wise one. More than a year ago the London "Spectator" suggested that America needed such a force in many of its States. It would take the place of the local posse called upon by the sheriff to aid him, often consisting of paid employees of a great corporation, never well drilled, always liable to partake of the passions of the locality and the hour, and too quick to use firearms when the policeman's club would be quite as efficacious. But if the object of the proposed Constabulary Bill is to take from the cities the control of their own police and the administration of their own criminal law, it would be, in our judgment, a triple blunder, injurious to the State, to the cities, and to the party which was responsible for it. It would be injurious to the State, because it would confer upon the State officials functions for which they are not adapted, and make them responsible for local administration in localities with whose conditions and needs they are not familiar. It would be injurious to the cities, because it would take from the citizens that sense of responsibility which is absolutely essential to good government in any community founded, as ours is, on local self-government. It would be injurious to the party which fathered it, because, whether justly or not, it would be regarded as an endeavor to create political patronage, and would be resented by that great body of citizens who always hold the balance of power in such a State as New York, and who easily transfer their suffrages from the party which has lost their confidence, even if the other party has done nothing to secure it.

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Folly Defeats Itself Under the law, the Superintendent of Schools in the city of New York is directed, in his annual report, to present "such plans and suggestions for the improvement of the schools in the school system and for the advancement of public instruction in the city of New York as he shall deem expedient." In meeting this requirement of the law, Superintendent Maxwell brought to the attention of the Board of Education various matters which, from his point of view, were distinctly injurious to the efficiency and standing of the schools, and proposed methods of correction. It has been customary to publish the Superintendent's report; indeed, it is part of the public records; but, by a majority vote, the members of the Board of Education laid this report upon the table. In the absence of five members of the Board, eight voted for this practical suppression of the report, and six against it. The result has been what would have been foreseen by any body of men not utterly blind to the obvious bearings of things. No report in recent years promises to be so widely read and so generally discussed. The Board has seen a great light since its unwise action, and will probably publish the report; if it does not, the report will be published outside that Board, and will be put into the hands of every educator in the United States who cares to see it. The action of the Board, like that excluding the text-books of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., shows not only the absence of any sense of public duty, but also lack of elementary common sense. The Board is being laughed at from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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Domestic Economy Domestic economy is becoming a recognized branch of scientific study in the curriculum of progressive institutions of learning. The degree of Bachelor of Science will be conferred by the Ohio State University in 1900 on the first class in this country to complete a four years' course in this branch. It includes English literature, rhetoric, history, political economy, modern languages, pedagogy, drawing, zoölogy, botany, physiology, bacteriology, chemistry, physics, physical training, hygiene, and floriculture. Under domestic science the care and preparation of foods, home nursing, and care of clothing are considered; under domestic art, art as applied to dress and home decoration, which includes the history of art, architecture, and textiles. The practical sides of domestic art and science are considered as laboratory work. The Lake Erie College for Women has a two years' course; the University of Nebraska, a similar group of studies, with a preparatory school for strict domestic science, study, and practice; the

Teachers' College of Columbia University, departments of domestic science and domestic art, with courses of lectures open to the public. The University of Chicago and several other educational institutions have also introduced domestic economy into their curricula. The schedule of work prescribed in these courses clearly proves that domestic economy does not mean learning how to cook. It means the application of science to the daily needs, requirements, and routine of the home, as well as the equipment of a graduate to earn the degree of Bachelor of Science by special work in the profession of teaching. In addition, there are several technical schools maintaining courses in domestic science and art, in which lectures are open to the public. That the need for specific training for home-makers is felt even by those who have had a college training is shown by the activity of alumnæ associations in affiliating with others who are endeavoring to meet the new problems, especially those of domestic service.

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Class Libraries Among the many educational improvements introduced into the public schools of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx since the consolidation has been that of the class libraries. The purpose of introducing the class library was to put the supplementary reading of the pupils more immediately under the guidance and control of the class teacher, to provide the class teacher opportunity to study the taste of the child who selects books for reading out of school, and apart from school work; to bring the pupils and the class teacher into closer relation outside of the routine work of the class-room. The first class libraries were opened in September, 1897. The first books were a haphazard selection from the general library of the Board of Education, and were made up largely of sample copies sent by publishers. Naturally these books did not furnish the required supplementary reading for class work, but the use made of the books provided showed the interest of the pupils in reading. Since then the State library fund has been drawn upon to provide the class libraries. The books selected have been those that would meet the class requirements. The lists for class libraries have been prepared by the Board of School Superintendents, and from these lists the class teacher makes her selections. In each class library there are a certain few books selected above the age of the children in the class. This is done with a view of stimulating interest. The teacher acts as librarian, or selects a pupil to perform the clerical work. The closest record is kept of the books and the readers. Much valuable educational data is being secured in this way. Last year 2,742 class libraries were established in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, containing 87,660 books, which had a circulation of 872,370 during a single term. The lack of room in many class-rooms prevents the introduction of the class library. Where the school is near a free circulating library, certain teachers have succeeded in doing this extra work through them with satisfactory results.

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A National University The report of the very capable committee of which President Harper, of Chicago University, is Chairman, appointed by the National Educational Association to consider the advisability of establishing a National University at the capital, has presented a unanimous report disapproving of the proposal. The conclusions of the report are so brief and so entirely to the point that we give them in full:

> It has been, and is, one of the recognized functions of the Federal Government to encourage and aid, but not to control, the educational instrumentalities of the country. No one of the bills heretofore brought before Congress to provide for the incorporation of a National University in Washington commends itself to this committee as a practical measure. The Government is not called upon to maintain at the capital a university in the ordinary sense of that term. It is recommended by this committee that a sub-committee be requested to prepare for consideration by the full committee a detailed plan by which students who have taken a baccalaureate degree, or who have had an equivalent training, may take full and systematic advantage of the opportunities for advanced instruction and research which are now or may hereafter be afforded by the Government; such a plan to include the co-operation with the Smithsonian Institution of the universities willing to accept a share of the responsibility incident thereto. It is understood that the financial administration of this plan should be such that, whether or not Government aid be given, there shall be

no discouragement of private gifts or bequests. It is understood that the scope of this plan should be indicated by the governmental collections and establishments which are now available, or as they may hereafter be increased or developed by the Government for its own purposes. The Government, through the State Department, might wisely maintain in Washington a school for consuls, analogous to West Point and Annapolis, and make these schools lead to a life career in the Government service.

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What is Needed The reasons for the establishment of a National University at Washington were presented with vigor by Miss Suzanne Phelps Gage in The Outlook for November 26, 1898. Governor John W. Hoyt, the Chairman of the committee organized for the purpose of forwarding the interests of such a University, has recently declared that the creation of such an institution " would be the logical culmination of the American system of public education." There is, however, no system of education in this country such as obtains in Germany and especially in France, and no necessity, therefore, for laying the foundations of a new institution in order to supply a real need in the educational equipment of the country. On the other hand, there is sore need, not of new universities, but of larger endowments for universities already in existence. The higher education has become of necessity extremely expensive, and is likely to be more so. There are half a dozen universities in the country, all capable of meeting the most exact demands for special education, which need large increase of endowment and additional facilities of every kind. The first educational necessity is to build up what we have. In college-building, as in building of every kind, the tendency has been to consult opportunity rather than resources, and to build in advance of the power to sustain strongly and adequately. The suggestion of the committee to organize in some form the educational opportunities of Washington for post-graduate work deserves the most serious consideration. Such a plan would utilize the great resources of the Smithsonian Institution, which are largely unused for educational purposes. The proposal to maintain a school for consuls, analogous to that maintained at West Point for the army and at Annapolis for the navy, is also in the line of legitimate and necessary educational growth.

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New York as a University Town The rapid growth of New York as an educational center is registered by the annual reports of the President of Columbia University and the Chancellor of New York University. Both these institutions have recently been removed to locations of extraordinary dignity and beauty; both are already handsomely housed, with large needs and larger expectations for the future. In the various schools connected with these institutions there are now about four thousand young men and women who have come from all parts of the country to secure academic, professional, technical, or artistic training in this city. In nine years, as President Low tells us, the membership of Columbia University has been increased by one hundred per cent.; and the New York University, Chancellor McCracken reminds us, instead of being three small schools very slightly connected, with an attendance of less than three hundred students, has become now seven thoroughly and organically connected schools, with an attendance of more than seventeen hundred students. Compared with the older University cities of the world, New York is not yet in numbers on a footing with the greatest of them. It is far behind Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other old-time centers of culture on the Continent and in England; but it has taken a great step forward, and is on the way to do the work which it ought to do in the educational field. Its two chief institutions and many of its professional schools are nobly housed; they symbolize to the eye by their very structure the elevation and greatness of their aims. But all these schools need a much more substantial basis of endowment. Columbia College is bearing a heavy debt, incurred in the large expenses attending its removal, and the New York University is hampered by the same burden. New York ought to pay all these debts; the metropolis owes it to its universities to give them the very largest opportunities to do their work with intelligence, comprehensiveness, and skill. A city is big by virtue of its size; it is great by virtue of the things it cares for and the interests to which it devotes itself. New York is already big; there is every promise that it will become great.

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Slavery in the Sulu Archipelago

In a recent editorial article in the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican" we find the following comment:

> He who is in for a penny will soon find he is in for a pound—so ran an old proverb; and nothing can be less surprising than the appearance of The Outlook in defense of slavery and polygamy under the American flag. From apology for criminal aggression this follows as a matter of course, under that law of continuity by which the backslider goes bounding down from evil to evil in rapidly accelerated pace. . . It is something that The Outlook admits slavery to be an evil. But, under the law we have mentioned, it must come to pass that soon The Outlook will be maintaining that slavery is a good thing in itself. That was the way of it in the South before the Civil War. Slavery was an evil which should be abolished clear up to 1830 or thereabouts. Then it began to appear from the Southern pulpits as a divine and beneficent institution. The Outlook is already well on the way to this contention. It speaks of the wisdom of the "Mosaic dispensation" in tolerating evil, and from this it is only a step to resolutions such as were adopted by godly men in St. Louis for use in driving Lovejoy and all other agitators of the kind out of the city in 1836:
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> *Resolved*, That the sacred writings furnish abundant evidence of the existence of slavery from the earliest periods. The patriarchs and prophets possessed slaves—our Saviour recognized the relation between master and slave, and deprecated it not; hence we know that he did not condemn that relation.
>
> Therefore, *Resolved*, That we consider slavery as it now exists in the United States [*e. g.*, the Sulu islands] as sanctioned by the sacred Scriptures.
>
> The Constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding.
>
> Meantime, also resolved, that the Civil War was a failure, that its monuments should be razed, and that the 13th amendment was the work of the "unorthodox, irreverent, infidel agitators" of the slavery period, which ought to be stricken out that room may be made for writing God into the Constitution.

The Springfield "Republican" appears to us not so familiar as it should be with the history of the United States, or even with its own history. Prior to the Civil War there were two anti-slavery parties in the United States. One wished to deal with slavery in the States as apparently the Springfield "Republican" now wishes to deal with it in the Sulu Archipelago. This party demanded the "immediate and unconditional emancipation" of the slaves, condemned all slaveholders as "on the same level of infamy and in the same fiendish category as kidnappers and men-stealers," and, because under the United States Constitution they could not accomplish by legal measures immediate and unconditional emancipation, denounced that Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Their motto was, "No union with slaveholders." At that time the Springfield "Republican" did not agree with this party. "The 'Republican,'" says George S. Merriam in his life of Samuel Bowles, "like the great majority of Northern people, had no sympathy with the principles or methods of the Garrisonian Abolitionists."

The other party believed in gradual emancipation; would have been very willing to provide some compensation for the slaveholders; was content to put restraint upon slavery and a wall about it; believed that if this could be done slavery could and would be done away with in time, peacefully, under educational and economic laws; meanwhile, simply resisted its aggressions and extensions, its demand to enter new territories and to pursue its fleeing slaves into free States and recapture them by Federal marshals and at Federal expense. It proposed, in short, to treat slavery in the States as the Mosaic laws treated it in Palestine and as Great Britain treated it in her colonies. To this party belonged such preachers as Channing and Beecher, such editors as Samuel Bowles and Horace Greeley, such statesmen as Seward, Chase, and Lincoln. The principles and methods of the Garrisonian Abolitionists The Outlook does not believe in; it believes in the principles and methods of Seward, Chase, and Lincoln. The principle is that of moral evolution; the method is that of gradual and compensated emancipation.

Slavery and polygamy both exist among the Moros in the Sulu Archipelago, though Mr. Bass has shown in "Harper's Weekly" that the latter is rather a form of feudalism than strictly a form of slavery. Gradual emancipation is the remedy for this slavery; education is the remedy for this polygamy. The Americans are living in the nineteenth century after Christ; the Moros in the tenth century before Christ. We cannot transfer them from their age into ours by any instantaneous process. Moral as well as scientific ideas must have time to grow. It is a principle of physics that any object can be transferred from one point to another point only by carrying it through all the intermediate points. It is a principle of morals that a people can be carried from one epoch in moral development to another epoch in moral development only by being carried through all the intermediate epochs. The process may be accelerated, but it cannot be dispensed with. The fact that the United States Constitution provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime . . . shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction," must be taken into account by Congress in determining what shall be the relation between the United States and the Sulu Archipelago. It may well require us to treat them as a dependent people, but not subject to our general jurisdiction. The problem is difficult of solution, but easy of statement. It is emphatically not, How shall we compel by force the Moros to accept instantly our industrial and domestic ideals? It is, How can we create among the Moros a public sentiment which will itself gradually ameliorate and eventually bring to an end these twin relics of barbarism?

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What Should Congress Do?

It is evident that the campaign in Luzon is drawing to its close. The report of the Philippine Commission, the paper of President J. G. Schurman in The Outlook of November 4, and of Dean C. Worcester in "Harper's Weekly"—an abstract of which is given in another column—have also made it clear to the great body of unprejudiced Americans that no other issue could have been either desired or expected than the establishment of the supremacy of the United States in the Philippine Archipelago. There will still be some to whom the nominal independence of a community seems more important than the real liberty of the individual, and more who will fail to discriminate between the two; to such the overthrow of the Aguinaldo military régime will still seem an act of political injustice. But they will be a diminishing number; and all those who see clearly, as we think most Americans do, that independence is only a means to an end, and that end the liberty, development, and welfare of the individuals who make up the community, will rejoice that the Philippines are to be for the present dependent on America for political guidance and some measure of political control, and will turn their thoughts from the question of the past, Shall the supremacy of America be maintained? to the question of the future, How shall it be so exercised as to secure justice, liberty, and the highest and most rapid development to the dependent community? On this question we wish to offer here some suggestions.

I. It would be, in our judgment, a mistake for Congress to pledge future independence to the Filipinos. When the war is over and the wounds are somewhat healed, when the factions to which it has given rise are dissolved, and some approximation to a national unity is secured in its heterogeneous populations, when business is established, property rights are guaranteed, and some measure of popular education is secured by means of a public-school system—then, if a majority of the intelligent and property-owning inhabitants of the islands desire independence, it certainly will be given to them. It is quite incredible that we should be willing to bear the expense involved in maintaining at such a distance an imperial sway over a reluctant people. Economic considerations would combine with moral considerations to prevent. When self-interest and altruism make the same demand, it is sure to be granted.

But it is quite time enough to cross that bridge when we come to it. The Outlook believed a year ago that it would be wise for Congress to make the same promise to the Filipinos which it had made to the Cubans. We still think that it would have been wise at that time. It would have eased the minds of many Americans who have been critical of, if not opposed to, the policy of establishing our supremacy in this distant archipelago; it might even have deprived Aguinaldo of the war-cry by which he has deceived others and perhaps even himself. But the time for such a promise has passed.

Now it would be without effect in the United States, and in the Archipelago might easily have the effect to strengthen rather than weaken the power of Aguinaldo and his adherents, by producing an impression of a vacillating policy if not of divided counsels in America, and a conviction that a little longer fighting on their part would give him the power he desires.

II. But Congress should explicitly declare to the Filipinos that they shall enjoy under the American flag those rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for which our Declaration of Independence truly declares that just governments are organized among men. Nor should it content itself with mere glittering generalities; it should promise to them that the Church and State shall be separated; that the people shall no longer bear the burden of religious institutions, Catholic or Protestant, any further than their own religious inclinations prompt; that the titles to land shall be judicially investigated and unlawful claimants dispossessed; that the Anglo-Saxon system of justice shall supplant the Spanish system of injustice, so that every man shall be made secure in his person and property, and every accused shall know what is the accusation, be confronted by his accuser, and have a speedy trial before an unprejudiced tribunal; that all taxes levied in the Philippines shall be expended in the Philippines in the maintenance of just government, the promotion of public improvements, and the establishment of a system of public education free from ecclesiastical control; and that all local government shall be reposed in the hands of the Filipinos as far as they are prepared to assume its responsibilities. We want no "wards of the Nation." We have had too much of that in our Indian administration. We want a free people enjoying the same rights which we ourselves enjoy, and protected in those rights as we are protected, without being received into the partnership of the States and allowed to help govern us.

III. But, for the present, Congress should satisfy itself with some such general declaration. It will make a mistake if it attempts to construct in a single session a system of government for this distant colony. The French in the eighteenth century abolished all their old institutions and created a new constitution evolved out of their own *a priori* consideration of what justice and right demand. The English have modified their constitution from generation to generation; it has grown out of the events of history. In America, while we seemed to follow the French, we in fact followed the English, method. It is much the better method of the two. Sufficient for the day are the problems thereof. No man is wise enough to decide to-day what should be the future relations of this distant people to our own. They may become independent; they may become a colony; they may become a State in a future "federation of mankind." Who can tell? Do to-day whatever is necessary to secure to the Filipinos justice and liberty to-day, and leave to our children, who will be wiser than we are, the problems of to-morrow.

IV. Meanwhile, and as a first step to this process of developing a government of law and liberty in the Philippine Archipelago, the line should be drawn there, as it is in all civilized communities, between the civil and the military administration. The former should be recognized as superior and permanent, the latter as subordinate and temporary. Justice to General Otis demands that he should no longer be expected to exercise the double duties of civil administrator and military campaigner, either of which are quite enough for one man. How long an armed force may be maintained in the mountain districts it is impossible to foretell. Even when an organized army no longer exists, armed guerrillas and banditti will remain. It was many years before the Lowlanders in the borderland between England and Scotland were safe from the raids of the armed Highlanders. This history may repeat itself in Luzon. For some time to come the police powers in the Philippine Archipelago will have to be exercised, not by a local constabulary, but by a centrally directed military authority. But this military authority should not be the only nor the chief authority. A Civil Governor should be appointed, who at first may well be a military man armed with *quasi* autocratic powers, but who should certainly possess constitutional knowledge. To him should be intrusted the task of organizing civil governments in all the territory redeemed from misrule as fast as it is so redeemed.

The Filipinos rightfully look to Congress as the fountain-head of authority under our Constitution; they rightfully object to being left under a government which has no other basis than the military power of the President. Congress should, by appropriate resolution or legislation, ratify the pledges already made to the Filipinos by the President, possibly with additional specifications; it should provide courts of justice, or authorize the President to organize such courts; it should confer on him authority to appoint a Civil Governor with general authority to start the machinery of government, subject to such general principles as those indicated above; and it may then well await the further development of events, while it considers at its leisure what are to be the future relations of the Archipelago and its heterogeneous populations to the people of the United States in America.

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An Outbreak of Hysteria

There is probably not more bad taste in this country than in any other country, but under American conditions everything comes to the surface; and the bad taste, to put it mildly, of some Americans and many newspapers was never thrown into more striking relief than on the announcement that Admiral Dewey had conveyed the house recently presented to him to his wife. Without waiting to verify the statement or to take serious thought upon it, a host of people deluged the Admiral with offensive letters which they had no business to write, and many newspapers printed criticisms which betrayed elementary knowledge of the customs of civilized society. Nothing could have been in more execrable taste. Even if the Admiral had presented the house to his wife, and had made a mistake in so doing, nothing could have been more shocking than any criticism of that action from the donors. To make a present to a man, and then dictate its uses to him, is to offend even a rudimentary sense of propriety. As a matter of fact, it now appears that the house was presented to Mrs. Dewey, and by her transferred to Admiral Dewey's son two days in advance of the preliminary announcement of the transfer of the property, and that this was done for the sake of relinquishing formally any rights which Mrs. Dewey might possibly have in the house. Thus it appears that Admiral Dewey, with characteristic thoroughness, had made a final disposal of the whole matter in accordance with the wishes of the donors of the property. The sudden hurricane of criticism which blew upon him from some quarters would have been childish if it had not been so offensive. It gave needless pain to a man who is evidently as sensitive as he is brave and efficient. The simplicity with which he expressed to a reporter his grief and surprise will endear him to the American people, who, as a people, it is needless to say, had no share in the ridiculous attack upon him. To follow such an ovation, and, in many cases, such undignified forms of adulation, as awaited the Admiral on his return, with so sudden and irrational an outbreak of condemnation, is to give good ground for the comments in which the European press is now indulging on the ingratitude of democracies. The incident is, from every point of view, a mortifying one. The only consolation in connection with it is that the actors in it belong to the noisy few, and not to the silent and sensible many. With the American people Admiral Dewey stands precisely where he stood before the hysteria of last week had seized its victims.

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Literature in the South

In the widening of literary activity which during the past two decades has been giving us something approaching a National literature, the South has borne a very notable part; indeed, it may be said that it has borne the chief part. At the close of the war American literature meant, to the vast majority of readers in this country and abroad, the New England writers, with Irving, Bryant, and Poe; and there are readers, and even writers of text-books on the subject, who are still at this point. But the country has gone far beyond it; the old reputations are safe, but we are living in a broader day, and the sections are lost in the Nation. Every part of the country has found some expression in literature, and the open-minded student of the spiritual progress of America hears a chorus of voices where he once heard only a few individual tones.

To this increasing volume of literary expression the South has made a contribution of the most original and significant kind. The genius of the old South went into the management of public affairs, and gave the country a group of statesmen who would have added dignity to the most illustrious periods of statesmanship. Such men as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall, to cite the earliest examples, do not suffer by comparison with the foremost public men of any country; and the traditions of ability, character, and devotion to the public service created by these eminent servants of the State were sustained to the very middle of the century. In no section of the country was there deeper interest in public affairs and more general and intelligent discussion of public questions than in the old South. It was the misfortune rather than the fault of the Southern people that slavery, being an anachronism in a cultivated modern society, diverted the vital forces of the section from their normal channel and interrupted natural development.

The South never lacked institutions, like the University of Virginia, which kept alive the best traditions of scholarship; it never lacked that fine old-fashioned culture which kept the delightful homes on the tide-waters of Virginia, on the South Carolina plantations, and in many other localities, in touch with the best of thought and art which the Old World could send to the New. Indeed, it may be questioned whether, within a much smaller circle, the love of letters for their own sake was not keener than in New England, where there was a much larger group of highly educated men, but where ethical and religious questions made literature as literature a matter of secondary importance.

Social, industrial, and political conditions in the old South did not, however, foster and stimulate literary expression. Plantation life produced a society which resembled in taste and interest the English county society of the last century; social intercourse became one of the finest arts of life; but the attrition of mind with mind in cities was largely lost. None of the elements of an active literary life was present; writers were few; there were no publishers of means; and the circle of readers was too small to give an author of the first rank adequate support. The "Southern Literary Messenger," under Poe's editorship, seemed to promise definite encouragement to Southern writers and to offer a kind of leadership to Southern literary development; but Poe, although not lacking in editorial sagacity, was not fitted by temperament to do such a work.

Professor William M. Thornton, of the University of Virginia, not long ago reviewed the literary history of the South in an address full of affection for his section, but full also of sound literary judgment; an address which deserves careful reading at the hands of all Northern students of our literature. For, limited as was the literary expression of the old South, it has not, as a rule, had adequate attention; the great majority of our literary histories and text-books have shown, in this respect, lamentable lack of perspective; a lack due, not to sectional prejudice, but to the prepossessions of a period when for most Northern readers New England literature and American literature were interchangeable terms.

Poe, Timrod, and Lanier must be seriously reckoned with in any adequate account of American literature, and Professor Thornton is quite within bounds in claiming for them poetic equality with Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow:

> Surely it is not the blind partiality of a Southerner for men and things Southern that makes me discern in our own poets—in Poe and Timrod and Lanier—a truer poetic spirit, a deeper union with the divine potencies of beauty and goodness and love, than are to be found in their brother singers—even in Bryant and Whittier and Longfellow. When we reflect upon the shortness of their sorrowing lives, on the anxieties and sufferings which clouded their mortal days, on the noble courage with which they strove for opportunity to utter forth their heaven-inspired messages, on the rich possibilities of their fates had health and ease been given to them, our admiration for their genius is deepened, and all the fountains of our pity are unsealed.

The South of to-day has, however, no explanations to make; her quota of writers of original gift and genuine art is perhaps more important than that furnished by any other section of the country. Mr. Harris is one of the first writers of the day by virtue of the freshness of his materials and of his art; Mr. Page has given us those softly touched and deeply humanized pictures of an older society which, in their simplicity and sincerity, carry the assurance of long life with them; Mr. Allen has interpreted another phase of the same social life with an art of surpassing beauty; the memory of Richard Malcolm Johnston will long be kept green by his delightful humorous sketches of Middle Georgia; Mrs. Stuart knows how to set humor and pathos flowing, after the manner of nature, from the same springs; Miss King has shown the most sensitive and vital skill in her New Orleans studies; Mr. Cable's art long ago evidenced his right to a permanent place in American fiction; Miss Murfree has made the isolated plateau of the Tennessee country familiar ground to the whole country; and, latest of this variously gifted group, Miss Johnston has brought back with graphic skill the manner and spirit of the colonial times on the tide-waters of the James River.

These writers exhibit very distinctly certain qualities of the Southern temperament from which much may be expected in the literature of the future. That temperament is strong in the primal qualities of literature—passion, sentiment, emotion, and humor. It is not afraid of emotion, as the Northern temperament often is. It has a native bent towards certain high ideals, and has not been touched by the frost of the critical atmosphere. There is, perhaps, too little criticism in the South; but there is, on the other hand, that courage of emotion which all the great artists have had. The work of these writers shows the originative impulses; it is not the product of ripe scholarship nor of a cosmopolitan culture; it comes from the heart rather than from the analytical faculties; it deals with the universal emotions, believes in them, exalts them, and idealizes them. It is made of flesh and blood; it is, therefore, simple, tender, humorous, and altogether human. And these qualities give assurance that it has long life before it.

It is a matter of minor importance from what section our literature comes, so long as we have it; our real books belong to the whole country, wherever they happen to be born; but the contribution of the South of to-day to American letters is so significant and so characteristic that it ought to be studied more carefully as a whole.

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Seeing God

In his glowing presentation of "Right Living as a Fine Art," Dr. Hillis says that "Greatness is vision." Too many people surrender vision entirely to greatness, and assume that it is the sole possession of those who are unusually gifted or fortunate. But vision lies within the reach of all who are willing to climb. The exceptionally vigorous may be able to get the great sweep of view from the summit of the Matterhorn; there are many who cannot climb so far; but the nearer hills are within reach. It is not a question of unusual privileges; it is simply a question of putting one's self in the way of seeing the right things. Everybody can see, but many look at the wrong things. Channing, with characteristic insight, advises people to "listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open hearts." The character of one's higher life depends upon what one chooses to see and those one chooses to hear. Vision applies to the many as much as to the few.

God never imposes duties without affording the possibility of vision; for duty without vision is drudgery, as work without inspiration is toil. It is the ability to see beyond the point at which one stands which makes the journey over the long, hard road stimulating instead of exhausting; and it is the ability to discern by vision the spiritual quality in every-day work, and the spiritual influences of the common relations, which lifts life out of the commonplace. There is a spiritual aristocracy, but it is not of God's making. Men elect whether or not they shall belong to the spiritually best by accepting or rejecting the gift of vision. Sainthood never came to one who could not see as well as bear and do. The saints are those who see God, not simply those who do his will; and to see God is as much the privilege of the untrained and ill-conditioned as of the few upon whom gifts of intellect, opportunity, and grace have been showered. Every one has eyes; the trouble is that many do not use them wisely. God is always within sight if one knows where to look.

IN THE FIELD OF FICTION[1]

THE novels of the last six months show an extraordinary range of interests and a wide diversity of methods among writers of fiction. The recession from realism in its extreme forms becomes more marked as time goes on; so far as current American and English fiction is concerned, not a single novel of pronounced realistic method appears in the long list. On the contrary, one of the most marked tendencies of the hour is the return to the field of pure adventure which was made several years ago when "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "A Gentleman of France" were finding their earliest readers. Side by side with the story of incident are found the semi-historical story, the social study, and the problem novel. It does not follow, however, that the realistic movement has left no permanent trace of itself. The work of Zola contained, from the very beginning, elements which stamped it as provisional and foreshowed rigid limitations of its value and influence; but the conscience of the realist, manifested in his determination to get at the facts and set them forth without regard to moral or artistic consequences, has borne fruit in a closer observation of social phenomena, a firmer structure of plot, and greater solidity and accuracy of style. The realist failed in many cases to discern the relative value of facts, but his devotion to the fact was his great contribution to the literary tendencies of the last quarter of a century.

Among recent social studies Mr. Warner's "That Fortune" deserves special attention. An essayist of delightful quality, with a gift of genuine humor, Mr. Warner has long been a keen student of men and manners. He is a traveler by instinct, and a born traveler is generally an intelligent observer. Bred in the best social conditions, sensitive to the finest things in life and art, and acquainted at first hand with the life of his time and his country, Mr. Warner was admirably equipped to trace the rise of a great fortune acquired by unscrupulous methods, its corrupting effect not only on the man who secures it but on those who spend it, and its final loss in one of those tremendous disasters which from time to time overtake speculative prosperity. This chapter of contemporary history Mr. Warner has written in three admirable stories, full of his discriminating observation, his large knowledge of life, his humor, and his charm of manner. Mr. Warner is a man of letters who stands by and for the best standards without a trace of didacticism. "That Fortune" is not a dramatic story; but it is high-minded, clean, sincere, fresh in feeling, and pervaded by an atmosphere of sound thinking and honorable living. Mr. Warner has long been one of the forces for higher civilization in this country.

In any list of living American writers of the first rank, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris must find a place. He is one of the very few Americans now writing books who is likely to be known in a somewhat remote future, because he is one of the few who is dealing at first hand with fresh material,

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[1] *That Fortune.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. By Joel Chandler Harris. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Henry Worthington, Idealist. By Margaret Sherwood. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. By Mark Rutherford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Little Novels of Italy. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mackinac and Lake Stories. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Young April. By Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Ship of Stars. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade. By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Janice Meredith: A Novel of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

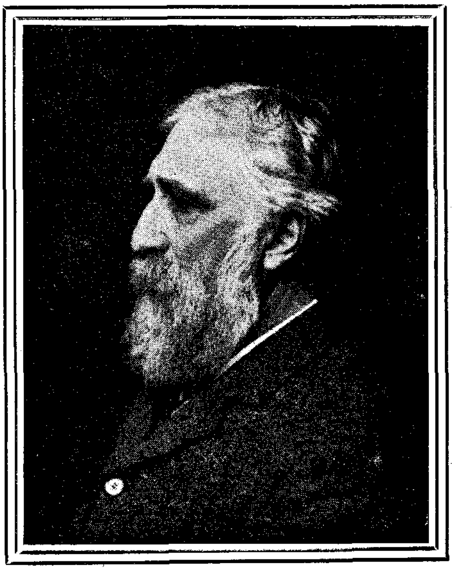
A Confident To-Morrow. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers, New York.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

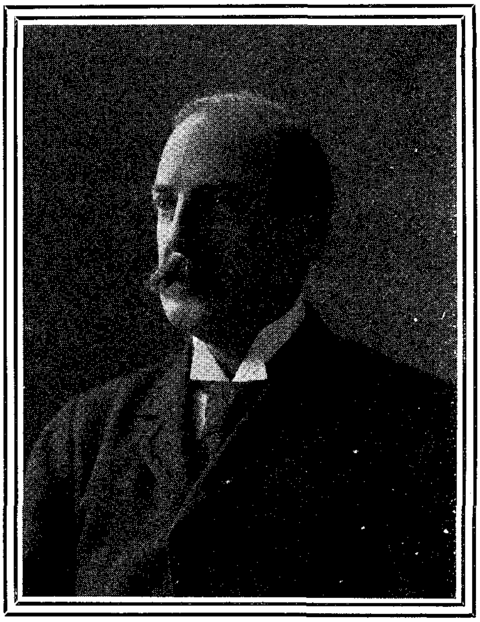
and dealing with it in a manner which is at once vital and artistic. The figure of "Uncle Remus" is not only sharply defined in the imagination of this generation, but will be present in the imagination of other generations; and the folk-lore which has gathered about him constitutes an important contribution to literary material and to the history of the human mind on this continent. The "Uncle Remus" stories, like the stories in the "Jungle Book," seem to have been produced by the soil or by the civilization, and not by a single writer. Mr. Harris could not have done what he has done so well if he had not had a genuine gift of humor. It is this quality of his mind which comes to the front in "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," a series of stories or character studies, eight in number, which are in their way quite irresistible. Aunt Minervy Ann belongs with the elect in the matter of racial distinctness, keenness of tongue, and the faculty of making herself interesting. In this volume Mr. Harris takes his readers as close to the negro as he has taken his younger readers to the life of the Southern child of imagination, and to the characteristics of the fox, the coon, and the rabbit in his earlier tales.

The passionate interest which a multitude of people have in social problems finds expression in Miss Sherwood's "Henry Worthington, Idealist," a story of such uncommon quality of refinement, skill, and intensity that it can hardly fail to command wide attention. The name of the author has already appeared on two stories, looser in structure and lighter in tone, but revealing an ardent nature bent on getting below the surface, and on a small volume of verse; but this story makes a decided advance on Miss Sherwood's earlier work. It is well put together; the contrasts of character are very skillfully managed; the intensity of the author and of the chief actors in her drama is relieved by many touches of humor and by a good deal of very keen character study. It is distinctly the work of a woman of great



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

refinement of mind and taste, combined with a determination to see the hardest facts and give them due weight. It was a master stroke to set against the background of an old university town, charmingly sketched, the full iniquity of the cheap department store with its sordid details of inadequate salaries, overworked and underfed girls, bad air, tyrannical and irrational fines. This contrast is made more striking by bringing out, on one side, the antagonism between the traditionally honest and pious owner of "Smith's" and his clear-eyed and high-spirited daughter, and, on the other, the pathetic drifting apart of the fine-grained old scholar to whom contact with the sordid side of things is repulsive, and his equally fine-grained son to whom knowledge brings tragic responsibilities, and who cannot keep his sociological conclusions within the safe atmosphere of the class-room. The questions of the right of a college to receive money which has been cruelly or corruptly secured, and of freedom of teaching, are presented in the most concrete fashion, and with unflinching directness. The story is so full of incident and observation that its large lines of construction are sometimes blurred; it might have been simpler and more objective, but it is a story to be reckoned with.

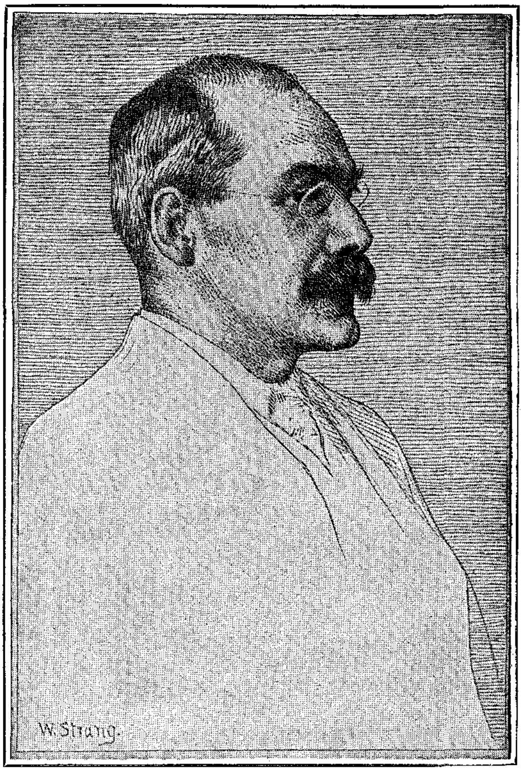


F. MARION CRAWFORD

Mark Rutherford's "Revolution in Tanner's Lane" is also a social study, and a very powerful one. The conditions which it describes date back to the England of 1814, and the story was published in England several years ago; it deserves wider attention than it has had in this country, and although the time of its action is past, the drama which it presents is contemporary with every generation. The England of the Regency, with profligacy among the upper classes and suffering and discontent among the lower, is brought before the imagination in a manner of uncompromising directness. The style goes straight to the mark, as if the author cared for nothing but to set the facts before the reader. The book conveys a sense of deep indignation behind it, and this is so genuine and has such righteous sources in social and religious conditions that one is not inclined to dwell on the one-sided treatment of organized religion which pervades the story. In the most demoralized times the freethinkers are not all genuine and heroic and the religious people are not all hypocrites and sneaks. Where there is so much honest indignation, however, much may be forgiven to partial observation or an exceptional personal experience. The story is defective in its construction, the second half being almost distinct from the first half. But when all defects are enumerated, the novel remains one of unusual and somber power; a book which leaves a lasting impression on the memory.

In point of beauty of style and literary quality a first place must be given to Mr. Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy," a collection of short stories of Renaissance life, manners, and morals in Italy. That Mr. Hewlett has made not only a careful but a very intelligent study of this fascinating and perplexing period, so full of psychological contradictions, was shown in his "Earthwork out of Tuscany," a study of Italian character and art of penetrating and illuminating intelligence. In that charming book certain elusive but formative influences are very subtly discerned and conveyed to the reader with skill of a very high and rare order. In this new venture the same power of reaching the imagination is shown—the quality which invested "The

Forest Lovers" with so much charm. The voyage which is brought before the imagination in this volume was studied by Symonds and Pater with a kindred sympathy of the imagination; it has been studied by a host of scholars with reference to its historical facts. Its life was in its facts, but it can be found there only by the imagination. That life gave Webster and Cyril Tourneur material for the most appalling tragedies, as it gave Shakespeare material for some of his most brilliant comedies; it was a life in which morals were for the time entirely detached from intelligence and the mind absolutely divorced from the conscience. In these stories Mr. Hewlett makes us realize in the imagination this strange, abnormal type of character, this awful indifference to the laws of life combined with the highest skill in practical affairs, this devotion to religion hand in hand with cruelty and lust, this calm beauty behind which all manner of unnatural crime was hidden. Such material makes stories which belong entirely to older readers—those to whom the face of Mona Liza is a fascinating study rather than a temptation. The charm of the period, its beauty, gayety, vivacity, joy in life, have never been more skillfully interwoven in a work of deeper and truer art feeling.



The Century Co.

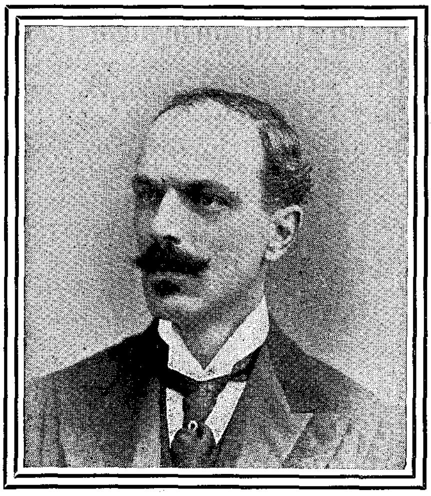
RUDYARD KIPLING

Mrs. Catherwood has a natural affinity for the picturesque types of men and women who appear in the story of the exploration and settlement of the valley of the St. Lawrence and the wilderness to the lakes. In her latest volume, "Mackinac and Lake Stories," she is on familiar ground. The half-breed, the French Canadian, the Indian trapper, the voyageur, half-civilized and half-savage, with their untamed passions, their primitive directness of speech and action, are clearly realized in the imagination of her readers. She has a warm style, full of color and entirely objective. Her stories are all romances, depending for their effects on simple, broad lines of characterization; with the habit of subjective analysis of many Americans she has nothing in common. Her men and women are manifestly of flesh and blood, with elemental passions, and standing in very direct relations with one another. She knows them thoroughly, and she describes them with sympathy and zest.

"The Pride of Jennico" was an admirable story of adventure, and "Young April" fully sustains Mr. Castle's growing reputation. It is an uncompromising romance, laid in the region to which one is always glad to resort for rest from the pressure of work and care. Like its predecessor and Stevenson's "Prince Otto," it deals with a small group of brilliant people whose lives are rich in incident and encircled with intrigue. The principal figure is an opera-singer of free manners and good heart; and about her are gathered three men of personal fascination and of royal good-fellowship. It is a chapter from a never-fading story of adventurous youth; full of color, emotion, and daring. The knowledge of evil is in it—too plainly in the foreground for younger readers; but the story is sound in its valuation of virtue and courage.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Ship of Stars" would be welcome if it were only for its delicate portrayal of boy life and child feeling. It is, besides this, a fresh and wholesome romance, with the salty sharpness of atmosphere keenly suggestive of the western coast of Cornwall. That the story ends indefinitely may be imputed as a fault or merit according to the reader's theory of fiction. There are several characters of vigorous reality—the patient, high-minded pastor, who labors with his own hands to rebuild the church destroyed by malignancy; the destroyer of the church, a mad old Squire, who in his drinking and cock-fighting maintains a resolution to be "saved" by force; the lovable and proud heroine; the fanatical and good-hearted "revivalist, as he would be called to-day, and several of the minor people. Mr. Quiller-Couch writes with literary reserve and a keen sense of style. The story has distinction, and it inculcates without preachiness the beauty of high character and fine ideals.

MARGARET SHERWOOD



MAURICE HEWLETT

The popularity of the historical romance is far from waning. Here are three books as unlike as three books well could be, having in common only the fact that they all belong under that special classification of fiction—Mr. Crawford's "Via Crucis," Mr. Ford's "Janice Meredith," and "Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Mr. Crawford in his tale of the second Crusade enters a field quite new to him. As a romance "Via Crucis" is pure and strong; as an attempt to infuse life into the dry bones of historical relation it is fairly successful; as a tribute to knightly high-mindedness and religious chivalry there is distinctly a spiritual element in the story. Queen Eleanor, Gilbert Warde, Bernard of Clairaux, and Anne of Auch are striking creations, while the situations invented or reproduced from history are strange and trying to the actors. The action lags at times and is unduly hurried at others, but, taking the novel as a whole, we find a note of freshness and of renewed enthusiasm which has not always been dominant in Mr. Crawford's recent fiction. Mr. Ford's "Janice Meredith" is, in style and method as well as in subject, far removed from the book just described. It is direct, positive, without great literary charm, but eminently successful as presenting with realistic accuracy the most dramatic episodes of the American Revolution. The heroine is, in the first pages, charming in her girlish sauciness and high spirits, but as the action advances the reader comes to feel that the love adventures of Janice are being extended and complicated merely to hold together the historical narration, and before the tale is finished the interest in the fictitious characters wanes lamentably. On the other hand, the book is capital as a fair-minded picture of events and conditions — accurate in detail, amusing in its old-time flavor, faithful to the main spirit of the Revolution, dignified and strong in its sketch of Washington, not afraid to show the coarser side of life a hundred years ago, the mixed motives under which many men acted, and the truth that there were scoundrels and heroes, vulgarians and gentlemen, on both sides. The book has deservedly obtained

Photo by Hollinger.
PAUL LEICESTER FORD

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

a wide reading, but its merit is rather that of a series of forcibly drawn and rapidly shifted scenes than of a well-constructed plot or of original character-creation. "Parson Kelly," on the other hand, is an admirably constructed story. The reader's interest is captured at the start, and his curiosity is held in suspense to the end. It is easy to guess that Mr. Lang has furnished the flavor of Stuart romance and the historical details of the political plotting, while to Mr. Mason is undoubtedly due the main work of story-telling and incident-weaving—a work in which his first book, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," showed him an adept. Lovers of Dumas and Weyman will find this a story eminently to their taste. It has spirit, dash, and excitement, and withal some serious study of motive and character.

Not far removed from the book just described in stirring qualities is Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," a romance of early Virginia. It tells of a London court beauty who fled disguised as a servant to Virginia to avoid a hateful marriage, of her nominal marriage to a true-hearted Virginian, of her pursuit by the hated courtier, and of many heartrending dangers that thereafter befell her on land and sea, ending happily, as such a story should. The whole smacks of romance rather than of reality, and the gentle author's pirates in particular are far from being as convincing as Stevenson's Long John Silver and Admiral Guinea. The tale is, however, impossible to lay down unfinished, and in the main confirms the favorable impression made by the author's "Prisoners of Hope." As a story pure and simple it is eminently engaging.

One of Mr. Kipling's greatest delights is to set the critics bickering. In "Stalky & Co." he has succeeded admirably in doing this, and is doubtless now chuckling over the fun, even as his Stalky might have chuckled over the discomfiture and puzzlement of his masters used to boys as classes rather than individuals. One English journal tells us that it has tried "Stalky" on a real boy, and he found it "spiffing." Another says that the boys he gave the book to found neither sense nor fun in it. The "Academy," comparing it with "Eric"—which to Mr. Kipling represents the incarnation of boy Philistinism—says: "The impression of boy life conveyed by 'Eric' is not more false than that given by 'Stalky & Co.,' but the two pictures are the poles asunder. Dean Farrar's weakness for sentiment is quite equaled by Mr. Kipling's infatuation for might. One is as wrong as the other. The real boy comes somewhere between the two; you will find more of him in 'Tom Brown' and 'Tom Sawyer' than anywhere else." There is good sense in this remark, and in that of the same critic that the book needs humanizing relief, that it has throughout the same "unerring metallic smartness." But, after all, the fascination of the Kipling grim fun, the brilliant picture-making, the fast-beating life and action, the never-ceasing originality and pleasing perversity—all are here. There are also here a few things that will offend some tastes; and probably a majority of readers would agree that the first two and last two chapters are far superior to some of the intervening episodes, one or two of which, indeed, might have been omitted to the improvement of the book.

MARY JOHNSTON

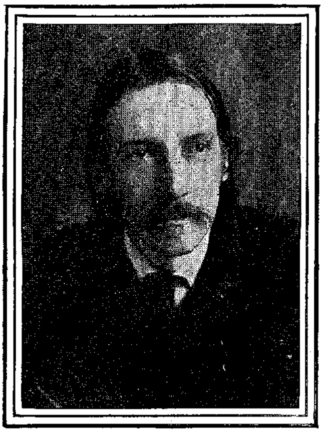
Mr. Brander Matthews knows his New York thoroughly and believes in it for artistic purposes. He makes no concessions whatever to what some novelists and many critics have called the lack of atmosphere in this country, nor does he concede anything to that absence of the picturesque which has been so often deplored by those who do not know how to recognize the picturesque. One likes Mr. Matthews because he finds interest in the things about him and discovers the beauty of his own surroundings. Thus "A Confident To-Morrow" is not only a story of New York life, but it is a story of New York; the city itself is a kind of protagonist, appearing and reappearing with a picturesque impressiveness and an artistic effectiveness which betray an intimate knowledge and a literary skill of a high order. Indeed, the workmanship of this story is in advance of anything which Mr. Matthews has yet done, and it is wholly admirable. There are no digressions, no surplusage of description, no uncertainty of style. Mr. Matthews knows precisely what he wants to do, and does it. The story of the ambitious young editor bent on becoming a novelist is told with skill and freshness. If his career is a little more rapid in its unfolding and a little more successful at the start than most literary careers, the reader will overlook the improbability and rejoice in the worthy success of an able man rather than brood over its improbability. Mr. Matthews is less successful in dealing with his women than with his men. The successful novelist, the young aspirant, the artist, and the old engraver are capitally done; the women are a little tenuous and uncertain in outline.

Thomas Nelson Page has done a bold thing and done it successfully. He has brought back the old-fashioned Christmas story—the story which our fathers loved, and which we still love when we open the pages of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Mr. Page has taken the well-worn theme, which one can hardly avoid if he wants to tell a Christmas story at all, of the successful man whose life has been eaten into by care, work, and avarice; who arrives at Christmas Eve almost without a friend, although with an unlimited bank account, takes a little girl into partnership with him, turns Santa Claus, and recovers the lost world of his youth, his hope, and his heart. This seems almost commonplace in the outline, but there is nothing commonplace in the telling of the story; it is full of charm—the charm of perfect simplicity—of genuine sentiment, and of that refinement of feeling which is one of Mr. Page's truest gifts. It is a story which no one will read without an impulse to get his check-book out, look up his forgotten friends, renew his acquaintance with children, and make himself in all ways a better man. It is a lovely story, beautiful in conception and beautiful in execution; and the publishers have made a charming, old-fashioned book of it.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

By ALFRED HODDER

TO the majority of men who have handled Liddell's Greek Dictionary it will perhaps come as a surprise that the author was ever a boy. To a number of his readers there would seem an element of providential compensation in that Dean Liddell[1] was not only born a little boy, but was sent to school in the very Yorkshire district which Dickens has satirized. "I do not think that any sorrow of youth or manhood equals in intensity and duration the blank and hopeless misery which followed the wretched transference from a happy home to a school such as that which received us in the summer of 1819." It was a rough place, his biographer says, with little intelligent teaching, the frequent use of the cane, and the inevitable bullying. The smaller boys were made to sit at the long desks with their hands over their eyes, and certain big fellows having needles fixed in little balls of sealing-wax blew these missiles through pea-shooters so as to pin the small boys' ears to their heads. Later Liddell speaks of the application of the boot as an instrument to cure snoring. At the age of twelve he was transferred to the celebrated Charterhouse School, where the main brutalities he had to suffer were those of cold and of abusive epithets. There was a fire at the end of the long study, to which the smaller boys had a right of access which they found it not expedient to exercise; and the remarks of the tutors upon the pupils in recitation time were precisely such as Thackeray has recorded in "Pendennis." Liddell served as a Præpositus. "One of the masters, Andrew Irvine, a Scotsman," he testified, "used to go about the school roaring at the luckless Præpositi. I remember him shouting to me, 'Liddell, ye're as saft as butter.'" Even when Liddell had attained the dignity of the upper forms, he was told in full class that he was as lazy as he was long, and would bring down his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The truth is that he was fonder of drawing pictures than of his Greek grammar. He seems, however, to have been from the first dedicated to scholarship, and there is a singularly apt anecdote of his early boyhood. On his sixth birthday he was promised for his diligence at his books "an exceedingly great honor and reward." The exceedingly great honor and reward was an introduction by his father into the mysteries of the Eton Latin Grammar. "I continued to make pretty good progress," he says, "under his kind teaching; but as I went on from day to day I did not regard the honor so great as I did on the first day."


ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The element of continuity in Liddell's life is the making of the Dictionary, the value of which Max Müller says, with unintentional humor, consists in its consummate sobriety. Liddell rose rapidly in his profession as a scholar, married, became Head Master of Westminster, Dean of Christ Church, and proved himself an active and able administrator; but for fifty-four years his principal occupation was the Dictionary. He was a man, Ruskin exclaimed, "sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek ἀνάγκη;" the Dictionary seems to have been altogether as hard to write as it is to read. "He resolutely gave up to the work all his long vacations, with the exception of that which followed his sister's death," his biographer says, speaking of the period which preceded the first edition; "and postponed his first visit to

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[1] *Memoir of H. G. Liddell.* By the Rev. H. L. Thompson. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Switzerland till after the publication of the book in 1843." In spite of the devoted help of George Marshall, generously acknowledged in the Preface, the labor was severe. In July, 1842, he writes to Scott: "You will be glad to hear that I have all but finished π, that two-legged monster who must in ancient times have worn his legs astraddle, else he could never have strode over so enormous a space as he has occupied and will occupy in lexicons." He then draws a picture of the creature in human form, and adds: "Behold the monster as he has been marking my waking and sleeping visions for the last many months."

One of Dean Liddell's schoolfellows at the Charterhouse was Thackeray, a biography of whom has just been issued in two volumes by Mr. Louis Melville. "It was my lot," Liddell writes, speaking of a time before he rose to a place in the upper forms, "to sit next William Makepeace Thackeray; *he* never attempted to learn the lesson, never exerted himself to grapple with the Horace. We spent our time mostly in drawing, with such skill as we could command. His handiwork was very superior to mine, and his taste for comic scenes at that time exhibited itself in burlesque representations of incidents in Shakespeare. I remember one—Macbeth as a butcher, brandishing two bloody reeking knives, and Lady Macbeth as the butcher's wife clapping him on the shoulder to encourage him."

Mr. Melville writes in his Preface that no biography of Thackeray has been put forth with any pretensions to finality;[1] Mr. Melville's book would have more pretensions to finality if the author did not seem to have had a constitutional objection to writing well. It is as if he thought it would be unfair to his subject. He mentions on one page the slowness of Thackeray in getting a hold upon his public; the reason, he says, is "startling;" this same reason he characterizes very justly, one page later, as "this very simple explanation." He finds Thackeray's character at one minute of a bewildering complexity; he suggests a minute later, as a sufficient explanation of its complexity, that Thackeray was a simple-minded, honorable gentleman. Thackeray, like most of us who love him, was a Philistine; but he was a Philistine with intelligence and with a sense of humor in the place of the ordinary Philistine's moral indignation. In spite of his early penchant for parody, he was not at heart a satirist, least of all a cynic; he was only shy; he was possessed in a strong degree of most of the sensibilities that he ridiculed. Thackeray took refuge in ridicule, as Byron did, as a defense: he wished to be sure of the first laugh on himself. He says half the time what he means and does not mean, and means half the time what he says and does not say; it may be suspected that in this fact, and not in the fact that he was a simple-minded, honorable gentleman, lay the complexity which Mr. Melville finds bewildering.

MRS. OLIPHANT

The main value of Mr. Melville's book lies in his having brought together the scattered notices of the portion of Thackeray's life in which he was receiving his education as a novelist. He was not destined to be a lexicographer, and neither at school nor at college fitted himself to become one; he read tales and histories, and paid a clandestine visit to Paris. He acquired at the University the habits and sensibilities of the respectable British public, one of whose most authoritative interpreters and prophets he was to become. He traveled on the Continent and in Bohemia, and passed on the inhabitants of both the judgment of an English university man, tempered by an immense personal kindliness. He made an imprudent marriage and bad investments in business; he knew the menace of debt, and in Mrs. Thackeray's illness the grief of a broken home; he became a clubman and a universal diner-out and spectator; he learned his public, and lived its life and thought its thoughts. The Philistine has lived long in the world and learned its wisdom, and on the great questions Thackeray was of opinion that the Philistine is right; only he knew that the Philistine is sometimes comic and sometimes sordid.

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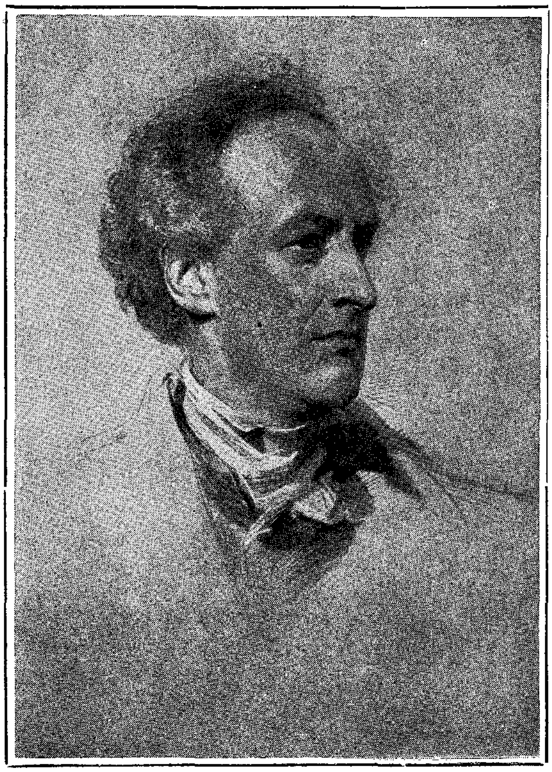
[1] *Life of Thackeray.* By Lewis Melville. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

What Mr. Melville's book throws almost no light upon is the intimate history of Thackeray's gift for words. There are moments when the reader of "Stevenson's Letters,"[1] now issued with many additions in book form, is tempted petulantly to exclaim that Mr. Colvin has focused the light more strongly on Stevenson's gift for words than on anything else. Stevenson repeatedly writes of the slowness with which a man finds and learns to use his tools. "I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author of 'Brashiana' and other works," he writes at the age of thirty-three, "am merely trying to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession;" and again, with the boyish exuberance of which these delightful letters are full: "I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I awake in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art; it is me; I am but the body of it." But one hastens to beg Mr. Colvin's pardon when the moment of petulance is passed; the letters answer so nearly all the questions which a lover of Stevenson has the right to ask that one wonders what of consequence is left for the promised biography. Notably the letters answer the question whether Stevenson's gallant, almost jaunty optimism and gladness to be alive were a literary pose. Pessimism, he writes to Mr. Archer, is just a bit of sentimental generosity on the part of people who have never been hurt. "I used myself to rage when I saw sick folk going by in their bath-chairs; since I have been sick myself, I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness." He sees, he declares, a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is at least not wantonly inflicted, and where "any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him." Even when he writes of his ills, it is in the accent of raillery, almost of hilarity: "I don't die, damme, and I can't get along on both feet to save my soul; I am a chronic sickist; and my work cripples along between bed and


DEAN LIDDELL

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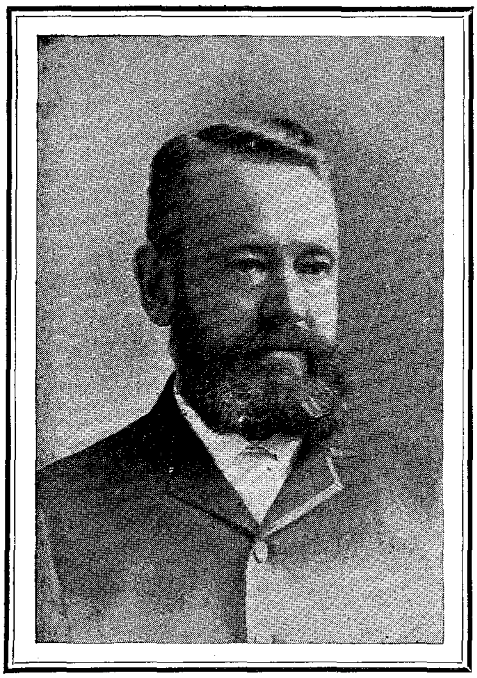
[1] *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edited by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

parlor, between the medicine-bottle and the cupping-glass. Well, I like my life all the same; and should like it none the worse if I could have another talk with you." If Thackeray was a prophet of the England checked and sobered by the excesses of the French Revolution and the First Empire, Stevenson is a prophet of the renewed spirit and youth of a later time. It is seldom that the fame of a writer so self-consciously and so successfully artful is heightened by the publication of his letters; the impression in regard to Stevenson grows on one, as one reads, that if he had only stopped playing with his skill he would have written books even fuller of raciness and of vitality than any he published.

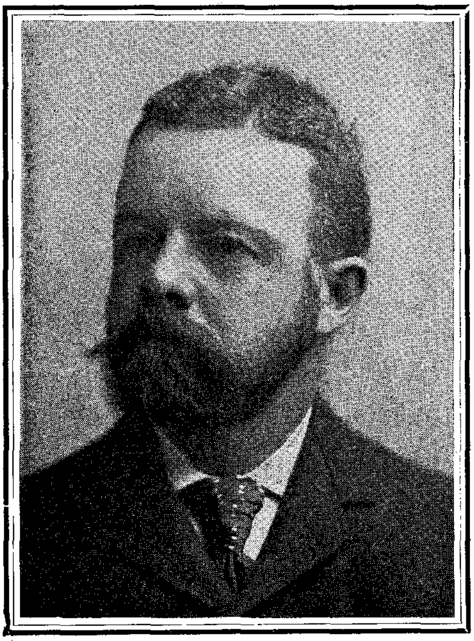
Another group of "lives" which it is a pleasure to see brought out contemporaneously is formed by the autobiography of Prince Kropotkin, with an introduction by R. E. Ely (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "The Many-Sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford (The Century Co.); and the two books on Lincoln, that by Miss Tarbell (The Doubleday & McClure Co.) and that by Norman Hapgood (The Macmillan Co.). The consideration of a typical Russian side by side with two typical Americans has all the charm of a somewhat bewildering contrast. To the Western mind there is something elemental and almost portentous in the Russian's defiance of the empire of fact. Prince Kropotkin belongs to the same type as Sonia Kovaleffsky and Marie Bashkirtseff: he possesses gifts qualifying him to do almost anything except see the world as it is. Born a nobleman of great estate and expectation, he is ambitious to serve humanity in any station except that to which Providence has called him. Destined by his family for a military life, he becomes an explorer, a geographer, a member of learned societies, a revolutionist, an exile. He is a master of twenty languages, a mathematician, an artist, a musician; he is the author of a classical text-book on "Researches in the Glacial Period," of articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Statesman's Year-Book;" and has governed his life by the belief that such is the perfection of human nature that, if only an individual were freed from all legal and social restraint, peace and good will would prevail among men. The cardinal doctrine of his political philosophy is, "Do as you like." Charming and admirable as a character of so many gifts and such infinite kindliness as that of Prince Kropotkin must be, it is with a sense of something very like planting his feet on earth again that the citizen of the great republic reads Franklin's recommendation of a warm bath, which he affirms, "by cleansing and purifying the skin, is found to be very salutary. I speak," he adds, "from my own experience." Mr. Ford's book possesses, in a sense in which Mr. Melville's "Thackeray" does not, pretensions to finality. It has at the least the authority and permanent interest of a digest of original documents. One finds in every page the great, sane, matter-of-fact Franklin, with his love of fresh air, of order, of intelligence, of diligence, turning, as a typical American should, a humorous face to the world. Mr. Ford claims for Franklin a place as the first of American humorists; Franklin is certainly the first of the public men in this country of Lincoln's type who regarded humor as never out of place in the conduct of public or of private business. His serious scholarship apart, Franklin was an anticipation of the temper and spirit of the Middle and Western States in the middle of the present century; he was, in a very significant sense, Lincoln's predecessor among American statesmen.

The great "Man of the People" is fortunate in his latest biographers; Mr. Hapgood in particular knows his Lincoln "as if he had made him," one is almost tempted to say; and Lincoln's countrymen are fortunate in having his example kept before them at a time when, more than at any period since his death, they need instruction. "He sprang from the great base of the national life," Mr. Hapgood writes, "with few traditions, no knowledge of other lands and times, confronting a wilderness and its pioneers, longing for light but having to fight for every ray. Thrown intellectually naked into the world, his education had to be won directly from the nature of the men and women who passed before him, so that, when he came to his great trial, he had to pilot a people whose peculiarities he intimately knew." Lincoln trusted the people because he was of the people; in great matters of national statesmanship he found



JAMES F. RHODES

them, and himself with them, less concerned with the details of political intrigue, or with a strict construction of the existing law, than with their sense of what is wise and right. In especial he trusted the people of the Middle and Western States; it was they who had put him into power; it was they who had given him Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and who mainly enabled him to eliminate "politics" from his appointments in the army. What that meant to him and to the Nation may be read in every chapter of Mr. Rhodes's volume just issued:[1] the narrative is one sustained demonstration of the inability of a government to get the use of its strength, even in a life-and-death emergency, so long as it is forced to fill administrative positions with people who are fitted for precisely something else. Lincoln's figure takes its high place in our minds and hearts, Mr. Hapgood says, "not solely through the natural right of strength and success, but also because his strength is ours, and the success won by him rested on the fundamental purity and health of the popular will of which he was the leader and the servant. All the world can see his worth, but perhaps only we who know the taste of the climate, the smell of the prairie, the tone of fresh and democratic life, can quite appreciate his flavor."



HENRY CABOT LODGE

"Drake and His Yeoman," by James Barnes (The Macmillan Company), is not a history, but a spirited tale of adventure in the time of the Spanish empire's prosperity and pride; "The War with Spain," by Henry Cabot Lodge (Harper & Brothers), is not a history, but the personal impression of a contemporary in the time of the Spanish empire's latest humiliation. After an episode culminating in a judicial session of the inquisitors in Spain, the fortunes of Mr. Barnes's hero follow those of Drake in his voyage in the West Indies which won him his knighthood, and in his voyage to burn the shipping in the harbor at Cadiz. The narrative breathes the respect for Spain and for much of the Spanish policy that Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth really felt; though Mr. Barnes's hero is not insensible that there must come a day of reckoning for a policy like that. Senator Lodge frankly sees in the Cuban war the day of reckoning—the last of many days. The campaigns at Manila and at Santiago are the closing scenes in the drama of Spanish empire, and the judgment of mankind on the ideas for which the Spanish empire stood. In spite of his place of observation in Washington, at the center of political intrigue, Senator Lodge knows perfectly that the war with Spain was the people's war, not the politicians' war. The modern world has set its face against cruelty and oppression; the conflict between the two nations was simply another exhibition in this country of the sentiment which has established the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; without a practically universal condemnation among the people of the States of four centuries of Spanish history, the politician would have been helpless. Spain had no eyes for the world as it is, Senator Lodge writes; she was "no longer able to recognize facts;" she was "living among lies and illusions;" she was "quite lost to that veracity of mind so essential to the successful existence of men and nations." The "gigantic murder of sleeping men in the fancied security of a friendly harbor was the direct outcome and the perfect expression of Spanish rule;" it was "the appropriate action of a corrupt system struggling in its last agony."

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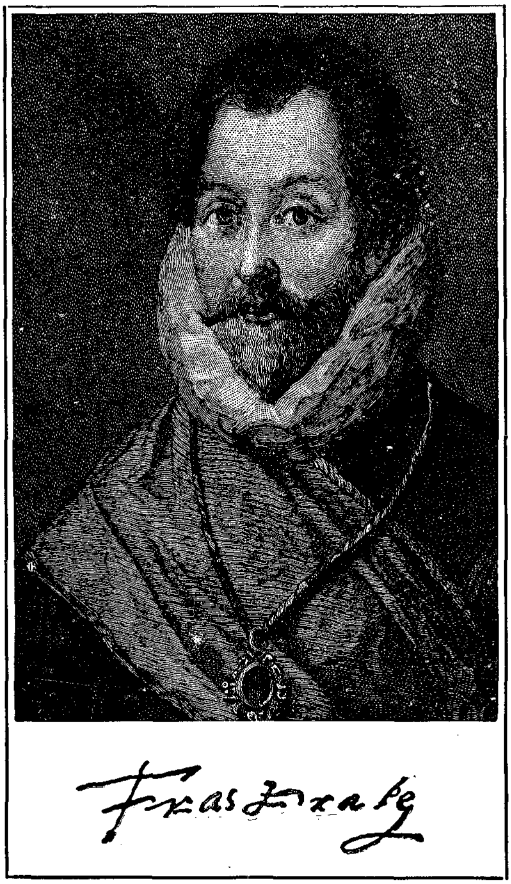
[1] *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* Vol. IV., 1862-1864. By James F. Rhodes, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.



Fras Drake

Mrs. Oliphant's "Autobiography"[1] is so pathetic in its plain narration of personal sorrows that the reader feels almost like an intruder into a stranger's intimate life. Nothing in the book is more pathetic, indeed, than Mrs. Oliphant's direct statement that she writes, not to ask for sympathy, but to add to the slender store she must gather for those still remaining to her love and care. One cannot but wish that she had reserved from the public eye one or two of the family troubles which burdened though they could not overwhelm her. Yet perhaps the whole story had to be told to give the world the right knowledge of a life heroic in its steadfast fight against circumstance. The simple truth is that, from almost the time when Mrs. Oliphant began to write, she had to support, assist, and provide for those who should have done the like office for her. If this had been all, the cheerful industry of an indefatigable worker would have made the task a pleasure. But sickness and death also seemed always close at hand—blow after blow fell upon her—husband and children were taken one after the other; and still, with the regularity of a literary machine, Mrs. Oliphant turned out novels, reviews, criticisms, biographies, books of art, magazine articles—anything and everything, almost, that kindly publishers and well-disposed readers would accept. And her average of literary performance was astonishingly high, when her rapidity of production is considered. Once and again she plaintively laments that she never had time to do her best, or that she really would have liked to write as good a novel as was in her to make; but, after all, there is nothing to be ashamed of in her books. They are simple, human, and gentle. The Outlook has before this spoken of the "Autobiography" and the accompanying letters, but they must not be omitted from any consideration of recent interesting biography. They present modestly and simply the history of a brave-hearted woman fighting against adversity and misfortune.

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[1] *Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.*

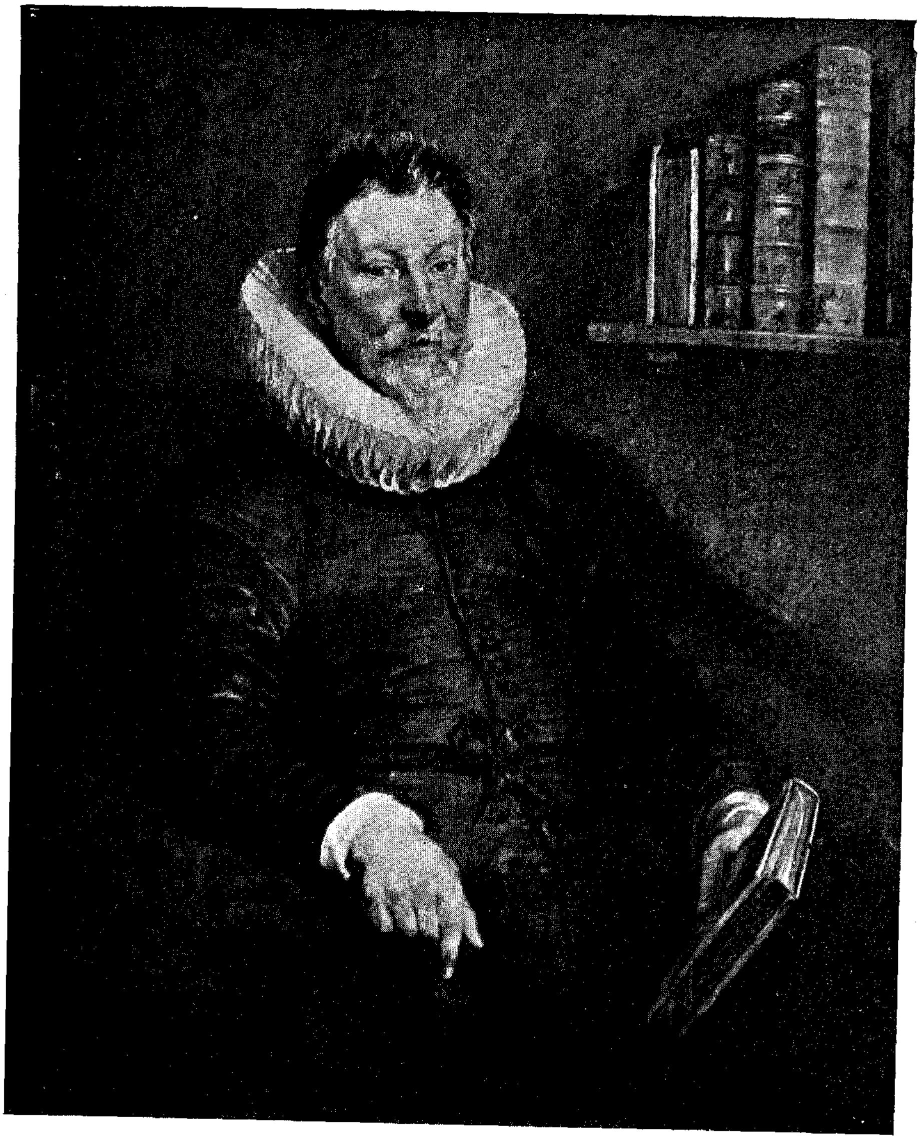
BOOKS AND ART

By JAMES MacARTHUR

ONE of the most delightful essays that Stevenson ever wrote was "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored." It is in his happiest reminiscent vein, for Stevenson was never so entertaining as when he harked back in fond fancy to the memories of his boyhood days. But in this particular paper there are some of us who feel as if we had collaborated with the essayist; indeed, it seems that we could have written it ourselves if he had not written it for us. Of course we know that this is absurd; there is only one magician who could so weave the glowing recollections of a bright and happy childhood into the drab tapestry of later life. Mr. Barrie, it is true, has done something like it in certain passages of "Sentimental Tommy;" but Stevenson is still the master. It is the familiar scenes of boyhood, such as we have known and still revisit in dreams, that Stevenson has touched with his wondrous magic and reanimated in this reminiscence. There is no talisman like it for transporting the man back to the El Dorado of his earliest youth, with its departed glory and revelry in imagined joys. Imagined, we say; but were there ever joys so real?

"A pen y plain and twopence colored!" He who has not as a boy stood long and often like Stevenson, with empty pockets, before a certain shop window, and lusted after the wonderful tales, with their more wonderful pictures, displayed in riotous recklessness just under his nose, has missed one of the giddy joys of childhood. And that night when the lad Stevenson stole in surreptitiously with the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"—anticipated delights hidden in its gorgeous pictures—and grew blind with terror when his clergyman grandfather broke in on the story of the Hunchback; is there one of us who needs to be pitied in that he can find no parallel to the thrill of a similar situation in the days of his young dreams? But the acme of happiness! Was it not reached when our rudimentary artistry broke loose on the plain prints with crimson lake and gamboge, and our handiwork vied with the "twopence colored"? Whether it were painting the plain scenes of Skelton's "Juvenile Drama" (now become, indeed, like Raphaels, unattainable) or "Aladdin" or "Robin Hood" or "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," our poor penny world was soon colored with romance. Was it not out of this cut-and-dry, dull, swaggering, obtrusive, and infantile art—to use Stevenson's language—that we seem to have learned the very spirit of life's enjoyment; met there the shadows of the characters we were to read about and love in a late future; acquired a gallery of scenes and characters with which, in the silent theater of the brain, we might enact all novels and romances; and took from those rude cuts and our crude manner of coloring them an enduring and transforming pleasure?

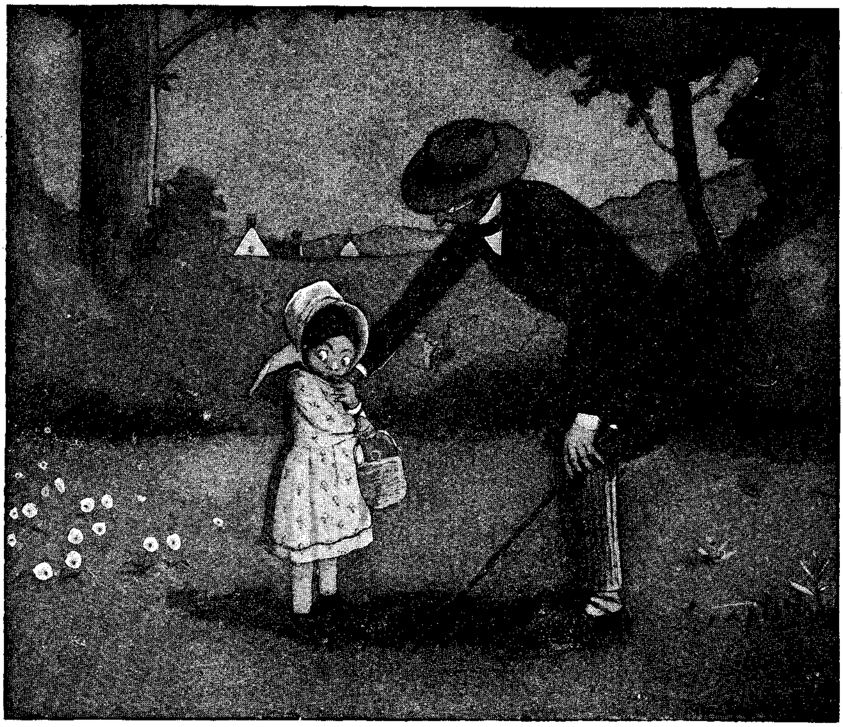
There you have the first awakened sense of art in the raw individual, just as you have it in its crudest beginnings in the race when the savage traced his faint imaginings of things felt and perceived in pictorial writing. The instinct for art once aroused, the rest depends on development and cultivation. From instinct to education is a long step, from education to culture a longer one, and from culture to art a far stride indeed. Little wonder that some find a shorter cut, and few pursue the journey long unweariedly and undaunted to achievement. For just as a precocity for drawing and painting oftentimes dies out with youth, and even those early experiments refuse to be repeated in mature years for lack of training and intelligent exercise of the once latent artistic gift, so the first delights of appreciative regard for the picturesque and beautiful fade from sensibility because of neglect and the want of proper education. Some persons never get above the level of the "Penny Illustrated Paper." In



AN OLD SCHOLAR

From Michel's "Rubens." Charles Scribner's Sons.

art as in nature, to these persons a primrose is a yellow primrose and nothing more. The special care of the artistic faculty, in training it to appreciate and appraise the values of true art even in illustrations, has been unduly neglected in our public schools. Hence an announcement that the "Riverside Classics," which have done so much to engender a love of literature in the young, is to include an Art series brings keen satisfaction. The first volume is a study of Raphael, by Estelle M. Hurll, and contains fifteen pictures and a portrait of the painter. Mr. Horace Scudder, who so admirably planned and promulgated these "Riverside Readers," under the auspices of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., deserves the undying gratitude of countless parents and of their children who will benefit by them in the years to come. The Copley Prints have been accomplishing a good work for some time in introducing into the homes of the multitude fine reproductions of standard works of art, and in a less artistic but also less expensive manner the Perry Pictures—small half-tones of well-known subjects at a penny apiece—have been



WILD FLOWERS

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher.
"Oh, sir! the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature.

FROM "PETER NEWELL'S PICTURES AND RHYMES"

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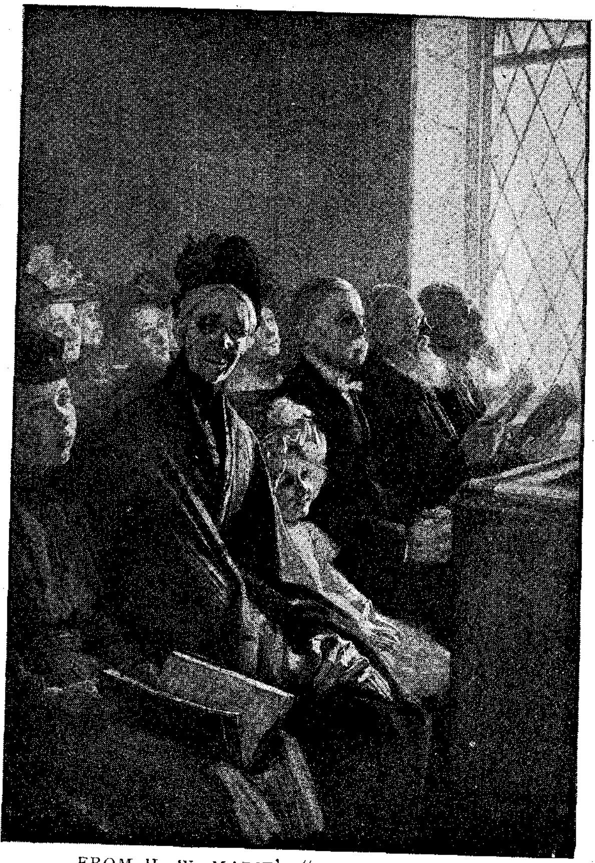
fulfilling the same function admirably and widely. Another commendable project of this popularizing kind is that which has just been undertaken for Messrs. Harper & Brothers. A large number of old masters and classic pictures that were once used in the pages of the Harper periodicals have been resurrected from the storeroom in the vaults of this publishing house, and are being reprinted and mounted at a moderate price. All three of these recent methods of popularizing reproductions of famous and artistic pictures are to be greeted as forming part of an interesting and valuable art-development. I thought of the utility of these reproductions only the other day when I was met by a request for any pictures or fine illustrations at my disposal for distribution in the poorer schools on the East Side of the city. There are various ways and means practicable for the encouragement of a better appreciation of art and for elevating the standard of criterion in judging art in illustration among our children, and thus increasing their chances of life's enjoyment; and these modest and popular methods are founded on sound ideas and are not to be despised.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, in an article which appeared in the November "Bookman," called "Art in America," questions the existence of art, and deprecates the loud talk about art, in this country. He emphasizes Mr. Stillman's implication that modern life has become so differentiated from the early stages of human existence that the influence of beauty and the dependent influences of art have become no longer essential to the progress of the human intellect. Do we want art? he asks. And he answers, No, we do not. Art has little more hold upon the modern mind than has alchemy or astrology. It is passing, as they have passed. It is a very melancholy view that Mr. Fuller takes of art and its unfavorable conditions in America. Has this, we wonder, something to do with the paucity of art books and illustrated editions of the classics and of standard works which is remarked this season? With all the increase of publications that a prosperous year has brought, in this field there seems to be a dearth compared with the past few years. And the quality of the work produced cannot, on the whole, be said to be of a very high order.

Yet there are some encouraging signs. In the face of Mr. Fuller's sweeping statement, the Messrs. Scribner and the Macmillan Company must be congratulated on their daring to hope for a reception here of three decidedly interesting and superior works of art. To be sure, they are importations. Far above the English artists and illustrators in excellence and variety and in our methods of reproduction as is our native art product in magazine literature, it is in England that we find the greater generosity and more lavish care in producing beautiful books of the master artists, such as we have in the "Pre-Raphaelite Painters," imported by the Macmillan Company, and in the two handsome volumes of Michel's "Rubens" and in Cosmo Monkhouse's "British Contemporary Artists," bearing the imprint of the Scribners. We look toward ends of culture and a heightened artistic taste in the dissemination of artistic ideas and values conveyed by these valuable works wherever they have the good fortune to fall into the hands of persons of eager intelligence athirst for something more than information, something deeper than mere sensation. Perhaps we ought to link with these books mentioned the Larger Temple Shakespeare (also imported from England, by the way) which the Macmillan Company are issuing in a limited edition. Two volumes of this edition are ready, and their appeal to the booklover is irresistible. In every respect the art of book-making has reached a degree of excellence in the whole work which has rarely if ever been surpassed, and, together with the scholarly editing and historical portraits in subdued color, as well as the novel elucidation of the text by means of quaint drawings from old books, contemporary broadsides and antiquities, this will make the Larger Temple Shakespeare one of the most desirable editions of the great dramatist that has ever appeared.

M. Émile Michel's previous work on Rembrandt aroused the warmest interest in his "Rubens" when the latter was announced as in preparation. It is in every way worthy of the eminent French art critic's former treatment of the life and works of Rembrandt. In the choice of illustrations from the paintings of Rubens, M. Michel has aimed at conveying an idea of his universality by the variety of subjects. All the chief works of Rubens are, of course, included. The process of reproduction has been done by photography, and while the master's color suffers



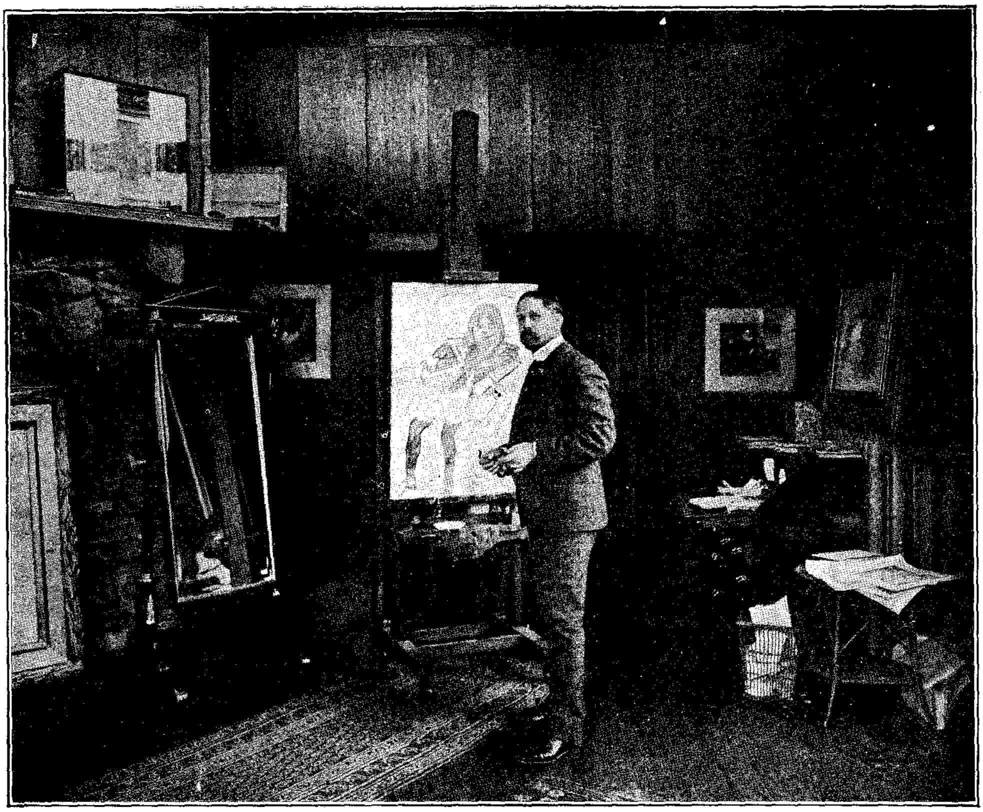
FROM H. W. MABIE'S "MY STUDY FIRE"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

by this, it insures the advantage of a homogeneous and absolutely faithful interpretation. It is a significant factor in the appreciation and understanding of Rubens that are evident in M. Michel's splendid work, that he made his début in art criticism with an article on his pictures in the Munich Gallery, published in the "Revue des Deux-Mondes" in 1877. Since then he has been an ardent and constant student and disciple of the great Dutch master. The illustrations in these two volumes consist of forty colored plates, forty photogravures, and 272 cuts in the text. In "British Contemporary Artists," prepared by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, we have a collection of studies of well-known English artists, including Watts, Millais, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, and others. Mr. Monkhouse's reputation as an art critic is of some years' standing. His delightful book is most inviting in text and pictures, the latter consisting mainly of beautiful reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of British art during recent years. It is one of the most sumptuous art publications issued this year.

DIANA

From Mau's "Pompeii." The Macmillan Company.

America, Mr. Fuller grants, has enriched the world with a long list of novelties and wonders, though none of these, he declares, relate themselves to art. Some of the novelties and wonders of the present season in illustrated holiday publications will, notwithstanding our disillusionizing friend, be found to bear some relation to art. Take, for instance, the Garfield edition of "Ben-Hur," just issued by the Harpers, with its numerous full-page pictures and marginal decorations by Mr. William Martin Johnson. Apart from its picturesque attractiveness, the work is a perfect museum of art in its reproduction of Syrian life and all the ornamental paraphernalia of the East. Mr. Johnson has done for "Ben-Hur" in Palestine what Mr. Eric Pape so vividly captured for us in the same author's "Fair God" in Mexico—each has breathed the very atmosphere of the country as well as caught the essential spirit of the times in his drawings and illustrations. The same idea, if not the same manner, characterizes the illustrative side of August Mau's able and fascinating book on "Pompeii, its Life and Art," translated by Mr. Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, and published by the Macmillan Company. Here the method of illustration follows that of Mr. Crawford's "Ave Roma," which proved a signal success a year ago. Besides the numerous pictures in the text, there are many full-page photogravures which are intended to restore to the eye the buried architectural and statuesque glories of the once beautiful city of the ancients upon which Vesuvius wreaked its awful wrath. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have also brought out a descriptive book of peculiar charm entitled "The Troubadours at Home," by Justin H. Smith, with many pictures of the haunts of the troubadours. "Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories,"



From " Life and Character." Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

W. T. SMEDLEY IN HIS STUDIO

from the same house, is also elaborately and splendidly illustrated.

Another of Mr. Clifton Johnson's photographic pictorial studies with which he has made us familiar during the last few years has made its appearance from the press of Macmillan. " Among English Hedgerows," in pen and picture, draws our hearts toward what Washington Irving called " Our Old Home;" and, as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie says in his Introduction, " this home is nowhere more homelike than in its quiet roads and rural villages."

Mr. Mabie is himself honored by the servitors of art in a beautiful edition of " My Study Fire," published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The pictorial work, besides that presented in the full-page photogravures, has been exquisitely rendered in a sympathetic interpretation of the fireside moods, drawn in the margins and among the text so that drawings and text seem of a piece, essayist and artist in perfect accord. The artists, Maude and Genevieve Cowles, have already won a reputation as illustrators of fine artistic taste, especially in " The House of the Seven Gables " which appeared last autumn.

Hawthorne's " House of the Seven Gables," illustrated by these artists, was one of the few distinctly artistic publications last year. The publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have now repeated this success with another book of Hawthorne's which commands as great interest. An edition in two volumes of " The Marble Faun," containing forty-eight full-page pictures, has been issued, combining the qualities of an attractive gift-book and a permanent work of peculiar value to the student and to the visitor to Rome. The binding is in the Roman style, and the book is to be known as the Roman edition. An exquisite bit of art has also been produced by this house in a reprint of Whittier's " Tent on the Beach," with twelve beautiful pictures of New England life and scenery. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury and Marcia O. Woodbury, and are finely executed in photogravure.

Among the books that cluster on the table at this season of the year, there are always a number published especially for their pictorial interest and value. Of these a leading place is taken by the Becky Sharp Edition of "Vanity Fair." Excellent taste has been shown in the making of the book from cover to cover; and that cover, by the way, is unique in its design and interest in conjunction with the play. The full-page illustrations, of which there are forty-eight, are taken from photographs of the scenes and characters in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp," and really illustrate Thackeray's novel. The book lends itself readily to holiday needs, and will undoubtedly be in large demand. It is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

In illustrated editions of popular novels of to-day we have Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," with over sixty illustrations by Howard Pyle. (The Century Company.) Most of these pictures are familiar to those who read the story in the "Century Magazine" in 1897. Another novel of the Revolution, "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford, which has achieved an extraordinary success within a short period, is also decked forth in holiday dress. Like "Hugh Wynne," it is published in two volumes and is fully illustrated also by Howard Pyle and his pupils. Mr. Ford's novel is attractively bound, with an exquisitely colored lithograph of Janice on the cover. The publishers are Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Cable's charming novel "The Grandissimes" has been illustrated by Albert Herter and issued in uniform style with the edition of "Old Creole Days" published last year. If anything could have inspired fresh interest in Mr. Cable's beautiful classic, it was the artistic distinction which Mr. Herter gave to this edition of "Old Creole Days," upon which he left a stamp of grace and delicacy in conception and execution rare indeed in contemporary art. His work on "The Grandissimes" shows no halting, but rather a firmer grasp of essentials and a growing fineness and a richer imaginative quality. Another beautiful book with the imprint of the same firm, the Scribners, is Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's "Trail of the Sandhill Stag." The story, when it appeared in the August "Scribner's," attracted wide attention, and was praised as the finest bit of work Mr. Thompson had done yet; and when we remember his "Wild Animals I Have Known," that is saying a good deal. The illustrations are a real delight, and are, of course, the work also of Mr. Thompson, whose fame as an artist keeps pace with his literary renown as a rival of Kipling in animal land.

Mention must be made, however brief, of Mr. Smedley's "Life and Character," published by the Harpers. The numerous large pictures have been freshly reproduced from the artist's drawings, many of which appeared in reduction in the books of the last few years. One of the finest pictures in the collection, indeed we should say the finest, is "Boone Stallard," which served as an illustration of a dramatic scene in "The Kentuckians." The scene is strongly conceived and vigorously handled. It stands out easily from all of Mr. Smedley's pictorial work, which, though possessing distinction, is marred by the lack of balance in the stature of his figures. This handsome book of pictures, and Mr. C. D. Gibson's new book, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," issued by Mr. R. H. Russell, will cater to the multitude of Smedley and Gibson lovers. Mr. Russell has also published an interesting and valuable work of art in his "Pictures and Poems" by Rossetti. The compilation has been adequately done by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington. It was an admirable idea to bring together the poems and pictures of Rossetti which illustrate and describe one another, and Mr. Carrington's work in collating them has been carefully done and results in a harmony and unity of design. The pictures are beautifully printed and mounted, and give gratifying evidence of loving as well as lavish care and thoughtfulness. There remains to be added, in closing this summary article on some of the more notable pictorial books and their relation to art that have been published within the last three or four months, Mr. Peter Newell's "Pictures and Rhymes." Mr. Newell is a genuine humorist and fun-maker, full of provocative mirth, original in conception and manner. His collection of "Pictures and Rhymes" is by all odds the funniest thing of the year.

A Group of Young Illustrators

By Ernest Dressel North

A MOST entertaining way of spending an hour or two is to take from one's shelf an old volume of "Harper's Weekly" or "Magazine," published during the Civil War, and compare the illustrations with those of to-day. Yes, one might even take the first few volumes of "Scribner's Monthly" and compare them with the current "Century," "Harper's," or "Scribner's," and even an amateur will recognize at once what a long stride we have taken toward perfection in the art of illustrating. It is a well-established fact that the marvelous illustrations in both the books and magazines of to-day are the result of an evolution. It is difficult to keep constantly before the mind the causes of the great changes and the steps by which they have been brought about. It will only be necessary to call to mind a few facts relating to this change to appreciate intelligently the great beauty and charm of the illustrations of to-day as compared with those of twenty-five years ago. Most of us who have lived during that period have noted the progress, but have not been aware of the cause by which it has been brought about. Perhaps the most potent factor in the great change wrought is the camera. Two things it has done: it has created a race of artist engravers, and it has made it possible that every artist should be an illustrator. For example, formerly each magazine or publishing house had a host of wood-engravers and artists whose methods were largely mechanical; the artist drawing on the wood block from some preliminary sketch or old engraving, and the engraver then interpreting his lines in an absolutely mechanical way. When it was discovered that by means of a photograph a picture could be made on the wood block, a new dilemma was presented to the engraver. Formerly he had to interpret lines; now he has to interpret tones and effects rather than lines. The earliest engravers to follow this new art were Timothy Cole, Frederick Jüngling, and J. J. Smethwick. These men set themselves to work at once to be artists with the burin, not only studying to interpret most carefully the lights and shades of the photograph, but rendering their work more perfect by having the originals before them, that they might have the benefit of comparison. It may be interesting to note in passing that at least four well-known men who have since become prominent in artistic and literary lines began life as wood-engravers. These are Frank R. Stockton, S. P. Avery, W. J. Linton, and A. W. Drake, the present art editor of the "Century." So much for the engraver.

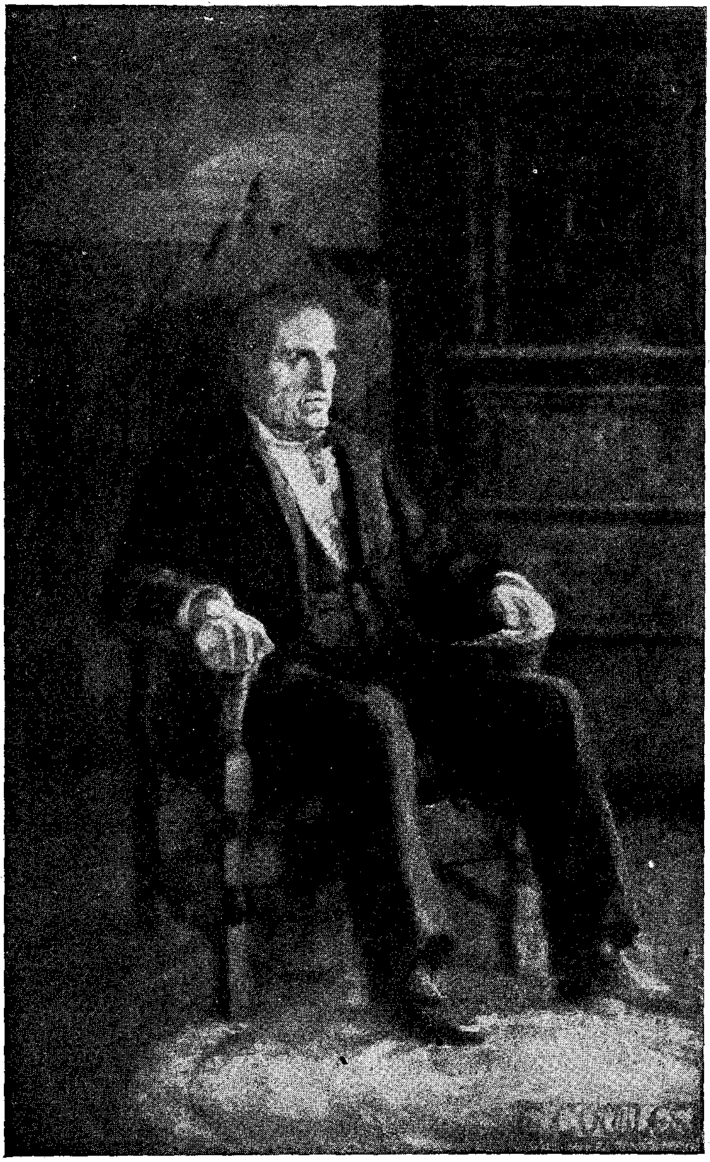
We have stated that the camera had made every artist an illustrator, and he might draw with a fine steel pen on a small surface, or use the largest brush manufactured to make the heaviest lines possible. In either case his original could be captured by the camera, transferred to the wood block, and interpreted by the artist engraver. These two facts have most largely influenced the modern school of illustrators. The young art student of to-day, anxious to support himself as quickly as possible, finds a ready market for his work if he can use pen and ink, India ink, crayon, black and white, or oil colors. The illustrators of books and magazines may be roughly divided into two distinct classes—those with imagination and those without. A group of young artists belonging to the former have come before the public with such brilliancy as to make us open our eyes

F. C. YOHN
Photo by Pach Brothers.

and wonder at their skill. One might mention many of prominence, but for the purpose of this article we have selected eight—namely, Walter Appleton Clark, F. C. Yohn, Howard Chandler Christy, Maxfield Parrish, the Misses Cowles, F. C. Peixotto, and Ernest Haskell. Each of these has a distinct individuality, and several are as versatile as individual. One might note the fact that all are young—under thirty years of age—only four have studied abroad, while all have come before the public as illustrators within the last five years, and prominently in one-half of that time. Five of these are residents of New York City.

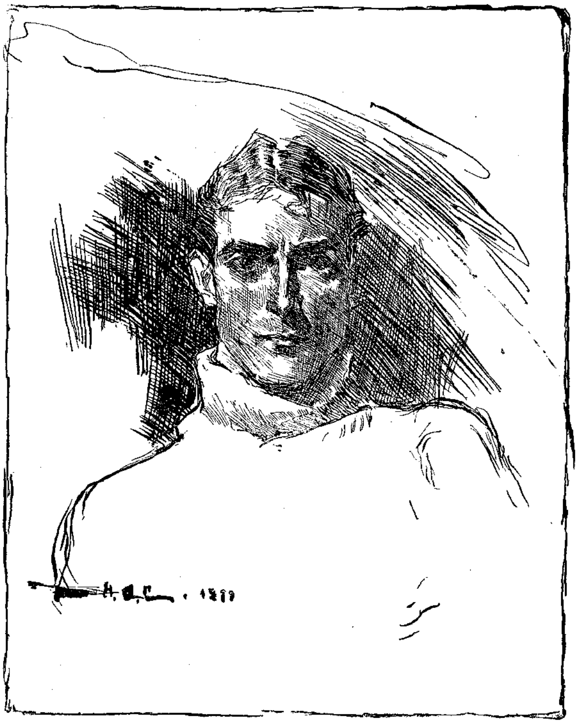
Perhaps the most remarkable instance of freshness and originality combined, in this group, is found in the person of Walter Appleton Clark, who was born in the year of the Centennial, 1876, in Worcester, Mass. He went to school, as is the wont of all New England boys, and, after graduating from a preparatory school, took a voyage around the world on a whaling vessel. He determined, however, to make art his life-work, and to this end studied for two years at the Art Students' League in New York, spending a few months subsequently in the school of Mr. Chase. While there he was discovered by the art editor of "Scribner's Magazine," who was so pleased with his sketches that he early gave him occasion to try his powers. His first work for this magazine consisted of some types to illustrate Kipling's railroad story "007," and, pleasing as these were, he did not strike his real pace until he illustrated Mr. Baxter's articles on "Boston Pleasure Grounds."

Mr. Clark has a studio in New York, and is what might be called an artist's artist. He has drawn workmen, girls, children, and a few pictures displaying great imagination and refinement of perception, notably



JUDGE PYNCHEON

Drawn by Miss G. Cowles for "The House of the Seven Gables"
Reproduced through special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



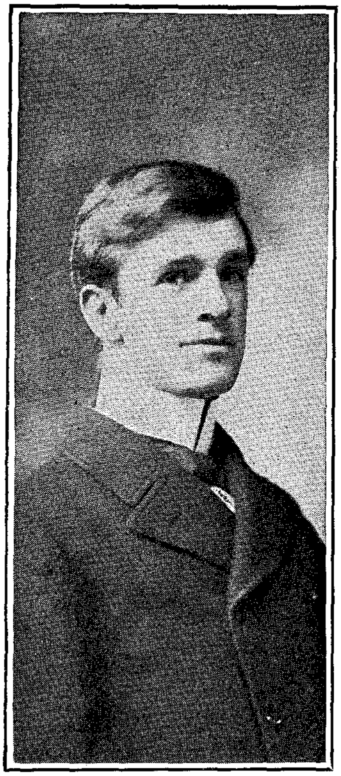
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, BY HIMSELF

Copyright, 1899, Charles Scribner's Sons.

his illustrations for Dr. van Dyke's story entitled "A Lover of Music." His inventive fancy and sincerity, combined with simple technique, have made him a great favorite with the public. One might say of his women that he always makes them lovable as well as beautiful.

As he has never studied abroad, his art is essentially native or "to the manor born." An interesting story is told illustrating his conscientious method of work. Once when he had finished a drawing for a child's story, and was about to take it to the person who had ordered it, he became dissatisfied with a figure drawn as a boatswain. After trying to get the proper model and failing several times, he took a long walk and visited the docks and river front until he finally succeeded in finding his own ideal of the boatswain. Mr. Clark, it is reported, works only when he feels like it, and is an excellent mimic; in addition, he has an agreeable personality. He teaches two days in the week at the Art Students' League, and is much interested in bringing about a closer harmony between authors, illustrators, and printers, and is said to criticise freely the reproductions of his own work before they are printed.

One of the treats the artistic public has been given this autumn was the exhibition of original drawings, water-colors, etc., by Maxfield Parrish, shown at the Keppel Art Gallery. These drawings were made largely to illustrate Kenneth Grahame's story "The Golden Age," and Irving's "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker." There were also displayed a few drawings from the story entitled "Its Walls were as of Jasper." Mr. Maxfield Parrish's art is so distinctive, and his impression upon the public so decided, that it seems almost incredible that he was born less than thirty years ago. He has been before the public only about four years as an illustrator and designer. He is the son of Stephen Parrish, the well-known etcher, and now makes his home and has his studio at Windsor, Vermont. Mr. Parrish's early art training was through study with his father, and also at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; he finished his course under Howard Pyle. The first work to bring him into prominence was a cover design made for the Christmas number of "Harper's Weekly" in 1895. Since that time he has made more designs for magazine covers than any other artist in this country. He has contributed designs for the "Century Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," the "Round Table," "Scribner's Magazine," and the "Book Buyer." To those who have become familiar only with his quaint, eccentric, and ancient-looking faces and figures, it will be a surprise and delight to witness his versatility and power, coupled with a marvelous decorative sense, as exhibited in the illustrations for the "Golden Age" These are about thirty four in number, and display a great and poetic knowledge of child life and of the humorous in drawing. Perhaps the illustrations to Irving's "History of New York" illustrate his power as a humorist more than any other work he has done. Irving's conception of the bluff

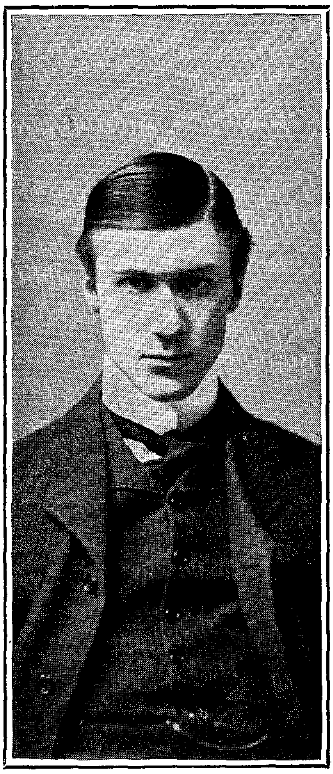


E. C. PEIXOTTO
Photo by Pach Brothers.

Dutchman seems to appeal to him and to his temperament in a highly delightful way.

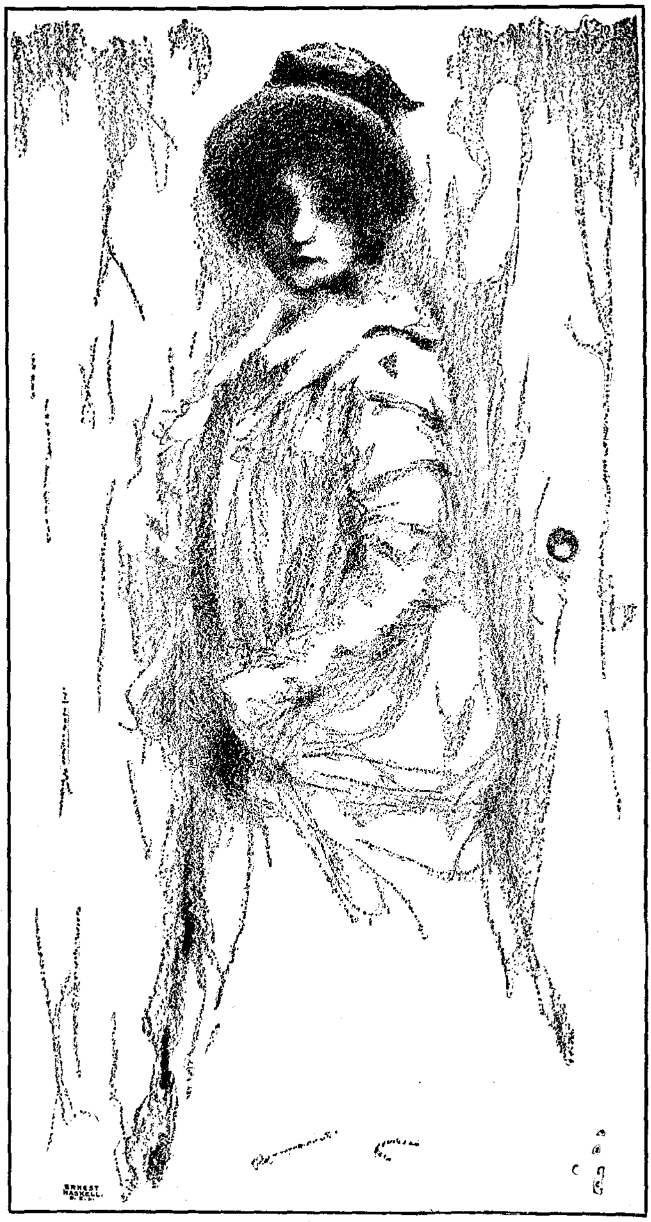
Mr. F. C. Yohn, who achieved such notable success in his historic pictures made for Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," was born in Indianapolis twenty-three years ago, and studied for three years at the Art Students' League in New York. The present furor for accuracy has made the labors of the artist of to-day much heavier than one might imagine. Careless drawing, incorrect costume, even unhistorical furniture, is not pardoned by the critical public. Mr. Yohn may be classed as one of the most careful, conscientious, and painstaking illustrators of our time. Indeed, some think he has but one superior in this branch of work, namely, Howard Pyle. His illustration of the "Battle of the Brandywine" done in oil, and "A Camp Scene at Valley Forge" done in black and white, probably may be considered his most representative work. He has made a specialty of historical subjects, and seems to be equally at home in using all the modern mediums for illustration. He himself prefers oil, although he can do very good work with pen and ink and wash drawing. His earliest work was done for an Indianapolis paper. His first important illustrations were contributed to "Scribner's Magazine," and he has also made drawings for "Harper's Round Table," "Harper's Magazine," and "Collier's Weekly." It was not, however, until his drawings for the "Story of the Revolution" were published that he came into such distinct prominence as an illustrator. Mr. Yohn has a studio in New York, is unmarried, is a quiet, modest man who does his work seriously in the best sense. He is now in England making illustrations for Governor Roosevelt's monograph on Oliver Cromwell, and as an example of his love of accuracy and his historical instinct, he is making careful drawings of armor, costume, and all the historical setting necessary for his drawings to illustrate this dramatic story.

Another pupil of William M. Chase is Howard Chandler Christy. He has also studied at the National Academy of Design. The "Century Magazine" is said to have had the honor of first accepting his work, and he had made some illustrations for the comic weeklies when the Spanish-American war broke out. He was at once sent to the front by "Leslie's Weekly" and "Scribner's Magazine" to make drawings for them. Mr. Christy spent most of his time with the Rough Riders, but had his headquarters with the Second Infantry. He might be called the artist reporter of the war. No man caught the spirit, dash, and picturesqueness of the soldiers' life with greater accuracy and more evident truth than Mr. Christy. A series of "Men of the Army and Navy" and his picture of Colonel Roosevelt gave him great prominence, not



WALTER APPLETON CLARK
Photo by Pach Brothers.

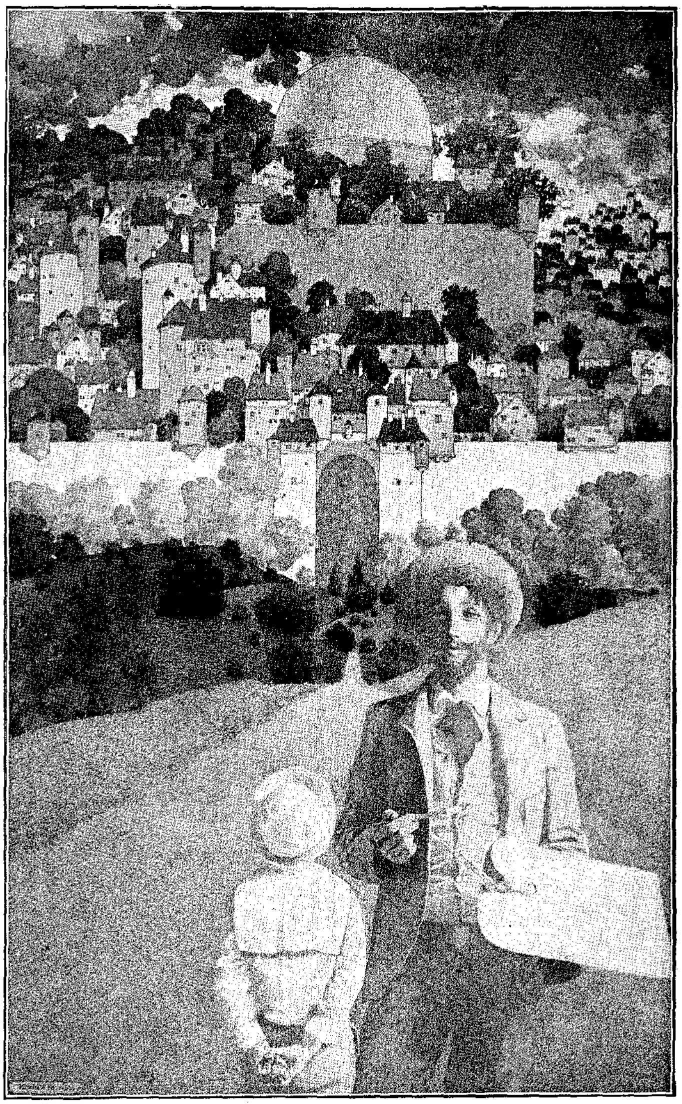
only as an artist, but as skillful in portraiture. Mr. Christy is wonderfully versatile. He seems to do society women as successfully as his more ambitious types of soldier and sailor. It is said that his art training covered a period of only two years, during which time he taught an art class at Cooper Union. Mr. Christy believes thoroughly that an artist must be a robust and many-sided man himself. In methods of work he prefers black and white, although he does use different mediums, pen, pencil, crayon, charcoal, brush, and so on. He is reported as having said about his own art "that a man who really does the big thing breaks every rule under the sun; he gets away from traditions, and is himself." Mr. Christy made the drawings for Richard Harding Davis's story entitled "The Lion and the Unicorn," and has shown to the artistic world that he can draw interiors, dresses, and beautiful women quite as successfully as any artist living. The story is true that when first seeking employment he walked into the office of the art editor of one of the magazines with a portfolio under his arm and showed him some drawings. There was a freedom and dash about them that pleased the editor so much that he soon gave him an article to illustrate, and from this beginning he is now in a position to refuse work.



BECKY SHARP

Drawn by Ernest Haskell. Reproduced by special permission of "The Critic."

Of the group just mentioned, all are famous for their ability to draw figures. We have been honored of late by such artists as Abbey, Pyle, Smedley, and others on this side of the water, and Caldecott, H. Thompson, and Woodville in England. We must not forget, however, that there is also a class of work, not perhaps as dramatic in power or as showy, that is quite as good in a truly artistic sense as that we have mentioned. One needs but to recall the fact that Joseph Pennell, Herbert Railton, Harry Fenn, and many others have made excellent and beautiful interpretations for the engraving and illustrating of landscapes, buildings, and architecture of all kinds.



"THE ROMAN ROAD"

Drawn by MAXFIELD PARRISH for Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age."
Reproduced through special arrangement with John Lane.

The work of Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto is the most noticeable of this young school in this country, and although he is a little older than the others we have mentioned, being twenty-nine years of age, he is still a young man, and only very recently has appeared as an illustrator. He was born in California, and studied in the San Francisco Art School of Design. His work first attracted notice by his contributions to that queer little brochure entitled "The Lark," where, associated with Gelett Burgess, he disported himself in all sorts of oddities, both in cover designs and illustrations. In 1888 he went to Paris and there studied for three years in various schools, finishing in the studios of Le Febvre and Benjamin Constant, and spending his vacations in sketching landscape scenery in various parts of Europe. Returning to San Francisco, he gave an exhibition of his own paintings, pen-and-ink drawings, and pastels, which attracted much local notice. Later he returned to Paris, where he received from the Salon the much-coveted "Mention Honorable." He returned with dreamy notions of "art for art's sake," but soon found that his theories did not bring in much bread and butter. He therefore turned his attention to illustrating, and has been singularly successful in this branch of art. His pictures of the Congressional Library in Washington display a marvelous power of technique and sense of proportion, as well as a true artistic feeling. His landscapes, historical buildings, and other architectural drawings are notable examples of accuracy, and show a poetic temperament. Mr. Peixotto has made a specialty of out-of-door effects, and has a decided leaning toward impressionism.

Mr. Ernest Haskell's latest work may be seen in two unique frontispieces for two recent publications of R. H. Russell's. One is a lithograph, in color, of "Rose Trelawney" prefixed to an edition of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," a comedietta in four acts. This is a delightfully sketchy portrayal of the principal character in the play. The other is a poetic conception of Miss Maud Adams as Juliet prefixed to an edition of "Romeo and Juliet" as she played it at the Empire Theater last spring. His well-known illustration of "Becky Sharp" completes a trio of character-studies that are in the manner of Whistler himself. Mr. Haskell is a trifle over twenty-three years of age, has studied in Paris, and has made many designs for posters. During the first year of his stay abroad he spent much time in studying, away from the schools of art, meditating on the old masters, and using his brains as well as his eye. He is said to be particularly fond of Daumier, Manet, Degas, and other members of their school. Mr. Haskell is particularly fond of lithography as a medium for his work. He is about to publish a volume of caricatures, a department of art he revels in.

Last year two books issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. attracted much attention because of the illustrations. One was the new edition of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," and the other was Frank Dempster Sherman's "Little-Folk Lyrics." The illustrators were the Misses Genevieve and Maude Cowles, and one realized in examining these drawings that these artists had attained a high degree of success at one bound. The Misses Cowles live at Farmington, Conn., in one of the well-known old houses of the place. Their first illustrative work appeared in "McClure's Magazine," and they have since been frequent contributors to other magazines. They have had the advantage of receiving their art education abroad. It is a much more difficult task to describe their peculiar style than one would think. They are evidently influenced by Boutet de Monvel; their drawings have a flat appearance, without any broad sense of perspective. They are notably successful in portraying children and old people.

For Mr. Mabie's "My Study Fire" they have just made sixty-four illustrations, many being full-page, and all showing a refinement of perception and poetic interpretation of this charming book which is unusual. Here their imagination is allowed full sway, while their nature studies have a genuine artistic flavor.

There are several other artists whose work is of so high merit that they deserve to be named, but they are not as recent as these eight that we have mentioned. Perhaps the most notable of these is Mr. Hambidge, whose work has been in the magazines for some time. Miss Green and Miss Corey, one in the "Saturday Evening Post" in Philadelphia, and the other in "St. Nicholas," have been doing some very delightful work. One cannot help believing that there is a great future for the American illustrator, and one looks for even better work in the future than has been done in the past.

The Magic Flute

By André Theuriet

Translated by H. Twitchell

THE three Magi kings, Balthazar, Melchior, and Gaspard, bearing gifts of incense and myrrh, set out to search for the child Jesus. As they did not know the road to Bethlehem, they lost their way, and, after having traversed a dense forest, they came, just at nightfall, to a village in the vicinity of Langres. They were very weary, and also hungry and thirsty. So they rapped at the door of the very first house they came to, to ask for food and shelter for the night.

This house, or hut rather, belonged to a woodman named Denis Fleuriot, who lived there comfortably enough with his wife and four children.

When the three kings had made their wants known to the woodman, the latter replied:

"Alas, my good people, I have only one bed and a cot for my children; as for supper, we can offer you nothing except some boiled potatoes and rye bread. For all that, you may come in, and, if you are not too particular, we will try to accommodate you."

The Magi accepted the invitation, ate the coarse fare with relish, and slept soundly in the woodman's bed. The next morning, before starting out on their journey, Balthazar, who was the most generous of the three, said to Fleuriot:

"I wish to give you something as a reward for your hospitality."

"We have given you the best we had, but we do not expect anything in return," replied the woodman, stretching out his hand as he spoke.

"I have no money," said Balthazar; "but I will leave you something better.

So saying, he took from his pocket a little flute which he handed to Fleuriot. As the woodman seemed to be disappointed, the king added:

"If you make a wish while playing on this flute, it will be granted at once, but in your prosperity you must always remember that others also have wants."

Denis readily promised to be generous to others, although he really did not feel much confidence in his future ability so to act.

As soon as the three kings had disappeared around a turn in the road, Denis Fleuriot said to his wife, weighing the little flute contemptuously in his hand:

"They might have given us something better than this flute; for all that, I am going to play on it and see if they have fooled me."

Then he said in a loud voice: "I would like to have white bread, venison pâtés, and wine for breakfast."

He played a little air on the flute, and suddenly, to his amazement, he saw on his table, which was covered with a fine white cloth, just the things he had wished for.

As soon as he became convinced of the powers of his flute, he played on it all the time, asking for everything that came into his head. He had new clothes for his wife and children, money in his pocket, an abundantly supplied table, and, as he had only to wish for a thing to get it, he soon became the richest man in the province. In place of his hut he built a superb château, which he filled with costly furnishings. On the day of its completion he gave a grand banquet to celebrate the event.

On the important night all the noted personages of the locality sat around a loaded table, which was resplendent with glitter and light. At the head sat Fleuriot and his wife, who was magnificently dressed, while musicians played charming airs in a gallery overhead. In order that the merrymaking might not be disturbed, the host had given orders to let no beggars or paupers into the courtyard, on any pretext whatever. He had even stationed two stalwart servants at the gates with clubs to chase away any intruders.

Now, on this very evening, the three kings, having left their gifts at the feet of Jesus, were returning from Bethlehem. On crossing the forest they recognized the village where they had slept, and, on seeing the château all illuminated, Gaspard said to Balthazar:

"I am curious to know whether our man has abused the use of his flute, and if, now that he is rich, he has kept his promise to be charitable to all."

"We will see," replied Balthazar, curtly.

They then dressed themselves as beggars, and, going to the château, asked for food and lodging for the night. They were received very roughly, and, as they insisted, making a great noise, Fleuriot put his head out of the window, saw them, and bade the servants loose the dogs; whereupon the kings beat a hasty retreat, not without receiving wounds on the limbs, however.

"I suspected as much," grumbled the skeptical Gaspard, rubbing his ankle.

"He shall not remain long in his paradise," replied Melchior. "He shall feel the weight of the vengeance of the three Magi."

Meanwhile the revelers continued to make merry. They had just come to the dessert, and Fleuriot was brandishing a knife over a colossal cake, when the sound of bells was heard below in the court as a chariot entered, drawn by four magnificently caparisoned steeds. Fleuriot put his head out of the window once more, and, seeing the nobles, he ordered them shown up in all haste. He even came with a torch to light them up the staircase. When the kings entered, with their crowns and purple robes, he recognized his former guests, and, although disconcerted, he begged them to sit down at the feast.

"Thank you," replied Balthazar, "but we do not care to eat with a man who treats the poor so badly."

"I compliment you on the way you have kept your promise," said Melchior, in his deep voice.

"So you set dogs on beggars!" exclaimed Gaspard, rubbing his leg. "Just wait! I will play you a tune you have not learned yet!"

And, drawing from his pocket a little flute like the one given to Fleuriot, he blew on it with terrible force. In the twinkling of an eye, the revelers, tables, and château vanished, and the woodman found himself standing on the edge of the forest before the ruins of his hut, his wife and children in rags beside him.

"Fortunately, I have my flute left," he thought.

But he searched for it in his ragged pockets in vain; the talisman had disappeared with the three kings.

Ever since that time it has been the custom, when cutting the Twelfth cake, carefully to put aside a portion for the poor.

Skepticism: Its Cause and Cure

By the Right Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D.D.

[These paragraphs are taken from the autobiography of Bishop Whipple, recently published by the Macmillan Company. For some account of this volume see The Outlook for November 4, 1899.—The Editors.]

MUCH of the doubt and unbelief of our day is a revolt from a caricature of God, or from hard lines of extreme Calvinistic theology, and it only needs the presentation of the infinite love of our Saviour, who has revealed to us that God is Love, to answer most of the doubts that perplex men.

The tone and temper of the times reveal widespread unbelief. The press has familiarized the people with infidel literature. Many religious teachers have drifted from their moorings and have no anchorage. Science, which ought to be the handmaid of religion, has teachers who resolve faith into the unknowable. It is well to look the evil in the face, but there is no cause for alarm or for falling into a panic. The religion of Jesus Christ is not an opinion; it is a fact. Christianity has borne eighteen centuries of critical examination, and has conquered on every battlefield. No assault upon theological opinions, no criticism of the Bible, can change the facts of humanity. While men sin, suffer, and die, no philosophy of men, no achievement in learning, can destroy human aspirations. If Christianity were destroyed to-day, to-morrow's sun would find men world-wide testifying of their needs. Men can never be satisfied with the teaching that nature is a self-created and a self-perpetuating machine. The voice within and without testifies of God. The Incarnation is the revelation of God's love toward his suffering creatures. It reveals the Creator of the Universe as the Everlasting Father. It brings to us the Eternal Son as a Brother and Saviour. It gives us the Holy Ghost as a Guide, the Comforter and Helper of man. Sinful and suffering men have not only asked to know righteousness, but they ask for help to be righteous. These great truths will always be near the heart of humanity. Men can never love a God who has merely laid down immutable laws without giving to man the help to obey these laws. It is in the revelation of the Eternal Fatherhood of God, in the Infinite Love of Jesus Christ who gave himself for us, in the vivifying and new-creating power of the Holy Ghost, that burdened hearts find help. This revelation comes home to the wants of every man. It helps amid burdens; it lightens the load of poverty; it soothes the anguish of pain; it leads out of darkness and despair. We may pledge God's revelation to that which it does not teach and was never designed to teach; we may caricature God's truth and make it the devil's lie, but the great central facts of divine revelation will stand.

Honest doubt should not be denounced. Every sympathy of a Christian heart should be unsealed at the sincere confession, "I have lost my faith; I am without a clue to the labyrinth of life." No God to love, no Christ to pity, no Holy One to save! For such a one there should be the profoundest compassion. No words can express the righteous indignation which should be aroused against the man who makes sport of the highest aspirations of the soul, or who answers with smile and sneer the hopes of men who sin and suffer.

Honest, critical Biblical scholarship is not to be feared. The Holy Scriptures were written by men who were guided by God the Holy Ghost. As its custodians were human, it is possible that in the lapse of ages errors might have crept into the text, but all the research of the greatest scholars has not discovered a single error affecting in the slightest degree the revelation of God in Christ, which is the hope of the world's redemption. Suspicion should not follow earnest investigators in the domain of nature. The name of our king is "The Truth." God's truth will bear all facts. Science, since the days of Ptolemy, has been reconsidering supposed established facts. One generation has modified or

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overthrown the work of its predecessors. True scholars are always clearing up doubt, removing error, and seeking after truth. The great scientists like Newton, Brewster, and Agassiz have been reverent believers; they have not lingered at the threshold of God's temple, but have gone in to worship with the heart of a forgiven child. Every truth which man has gained has revealed more and more of the power and wisdom of God. Christianity has been the handmaid of civilization, and has always won its greatest triumphs in the time of the greatest intellectual activity, and the enfranchisement from the bonds of ignorance has prepared the way for that freedom wherewith God has made us free.

The only way to meet the infidelity of the times is the way in which the Apostles met the heathen wisdom of their day—with the truth of a personal Christ and Saviour. It is not enough to know the philosophy of religion. We must be able, out of the depths of our own personal experience, to show in its fullness the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The only way to make men believe is to believe one's self. It is not the theory of a religion or its philosophy which conquers hearts; it is the Christ-life, the Christ-love, which overcomes the world. Men do not care for the old watchwords of sectarian strife, nor have they an ear for the dry details of theological dogma, but they do care for the Christ-love and Christ-work for suffering souls. The world may doubt a historical Christ and scoff at a historical Church, but the living Christ who dwells in the hearts of his children, sending them on errands of mercy, speaking through them and healing the broken of heart, none can gainsay or deny.

A dear friend who had passed through much sorrow asked one of the most celebrated Biblical scholars living if he thought it wrong for a Christian to hope and pray that a time would come when all wanderers would find mercy. The answer was: "The Good Shepherd sought the lost sheep until he found it. Our Saviour said, 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.' St. Paul said that a time was coming when all should be in subjection to him, and God would be all in all. One of the most blessed truths of God's revelation is that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' The Saviour said to St. John, 'I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades.' Do you not think," said the wise scholar, "that we had better leave it all in God's hands and do our work, help all poor souls that we can, and when we cannot know, trust?"

Men talk much of salvation without asking the simple question, Saved from what? If sin brings sorrow, if the way of the transgressor is hard, salvation means saving from sin. If heaven and hell do not exist beyond the grave, they do exist here; sin, shame, sorrow, broken ties, alienations between brothers, and separation from God make hell. Love, peace, fellowship with brothers, and rest in God make heaven. The Church has a long roll of departed saints, but she has never inserted one name in the roll of the lost. She leaves all to God. I have stood by many graves where I could not leave the poor soul to the judgment of the holiest man on earth, but I have always with loving faith committed it to God our Father, knowing that the Judge of all the world would do right.

WINTER PICTURES

From James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal"

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

WEIMAR AND GOETHE

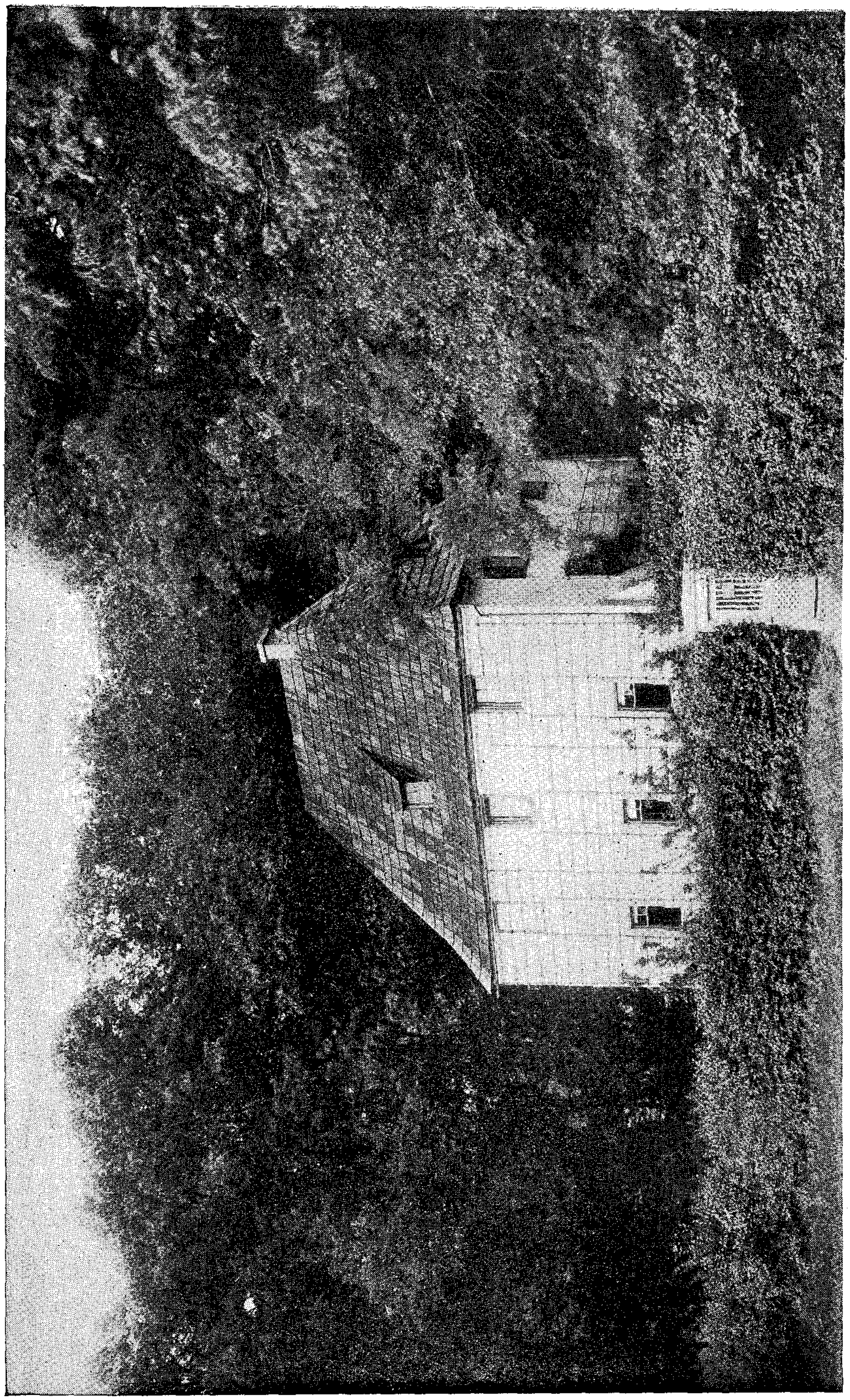
By Hamilton W. Mabie

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe, which fell on the 28th day of last August, found Weimar not only eager to honor the memory of the great poet who was for fifty-six years its best-known resident and is likely to remain to the end of time its most illustrious citizen, but essentially unchanged since Goethe's death in 1832. Even in a quiet German town, off the great highways of travel, changes must come in sixty-seven years, and if Goethe were to step out of his old home to-day and walk to the grand-ducal palace, rebuilt in part under his own direction, he would doubtless come upon strange sights. But Weimar remains in essentials a town of the old time; quaint, thoroughly German, and rich in association, not only with great men, but with some of the earliest statements of the modern conception of the relation of art to life.

The little town is pre-eminently fitted to be the custodian of literary traditions. It has an old-time dignity of bearing, as if it had always been the mother of great spirits. The quiet Ilm, flowing through its domain, is sacredly guarded along its entire course on both shores by a charming park; the homes of the poets are piously regarded; and there are worthy memorials of greatness in public places. The statue of Herder, one of the purest and most penetrating of modern minds, stands in front of the Stadt-Kirche, and bears his favorite and very characteristic motto, *Licht*, *Liebe*, *Leben;* in front of the theater Goethe and Schiller are commemorated in a noble group; the Grand Duke Augustus, in an equestrian statue, wears the laurel secured for him by the great spirits whom he had the sagacity to recognize and bring into his service; while Wieland is remembered in the fine salon which bears his name in the palace.

One may spend many hours with profit in Goethe's house, now restored as nearly as possible to the condition in which the poet left it; a fine house, notable chiefly for the range of interests expressed in the collections of several kinds which it contains, and for the evidence which it gives of the mingled dignity and simplicity of the poet's life—the first expressed in spacious rooms given over to pictures, busts, and memorials of great men, and the second disclosed by the extreme plainness of the working-room, and the tiny chamber opening from it, in which Goethe died. It is profitable to walk through the palace and study the elegant salons in which Goethe and Schiller are commemorated by mural scenes from their works, and then go directly to the simple little rooms, not far distant, in which the two poets died; or to enter the grand-ducal vault in the new cemetery and note the presence of wreaths and flowers on the coffins, not of princely rulers, but of the two poets, whose beautiful friendship finds here its final expression.

Best of all, perhaps, is it to walk through the winding, shaded park, barely kept from wildness; to come in a secluded place upon the coiled serpent in bronze which symbolized for Goethe the *genius loci;* to make one's way slowly to the garden house which Goethe loved so well, and in which he so often sought solitude and silence for his work, and to sit in the places which were dear to him. Never, surely, did a meditative spirit find more congenial surroundings than Goethe found in these green and fragrant places of peace. It is a piece of special good fortune to fall in, along those walks, as did the writer, with an old-time resident of Weimar who has grown up in its traditions and loves it for its poets, and to hear his eager, affectionate narrative of events and story of localities; and then to go into some secluded spot



THE GARDEN HOUSE

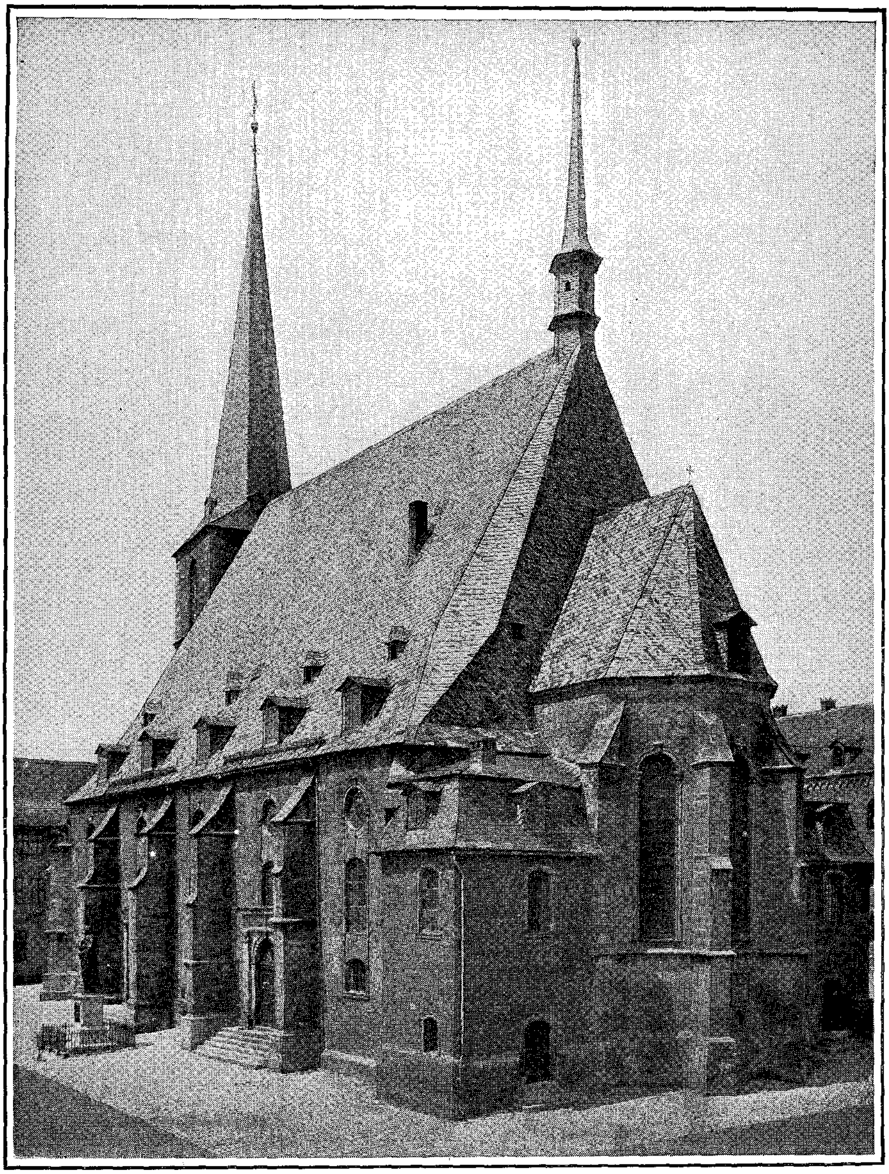
and ask one's self what there was in Goethe's career and genius to justify the extraordinary interest which centers in him.

The minor conditions in Goethe's life were unusually fortunate, for the poet was well born in every sense; his childhood had surroundings picturesque to the eye and full of suggestion to the imagination; he had exceptional educational opportunities, the best and most fruitful of them being his mother's genius for story-telling; he had perfect health and an impressive and winning personality; he never knew care in the ordinary sense of the word, for he was all his life shielded from material uncertainty and anxiety, with work enough of the methodical kind to give him occupation and position, but not enough to diminish the energy of his intelligence or to destroy the freshness of his spirit. He had rank, station, friends, fame, and long life—all great and helpful aids to the unfolding and maturing of a great nature and free flow outward of a great inward force. These prosperous conditions were important, but they were, nevertheless, minor conditions; for they did not bear directly upon the impulse which a creative nature receives from rich material, from a stirring atmosphere, and from that searching appeal to the heart and the imagination made by a great people silent but full of spiritual eagerness and restless with unexpressed thought and emotion.

Homer spoke to a homogeneous race; Dante to a divided country but to an Italian nature, alert, energetic, and proudly conscious of the possession of great qualities; Shakespeare to an England turbulent, ill-conditioned, and untrained in the higher arts, but overflowing with unspent vitality, with a dawning national consciousness full of insolence but full also of splendid possibilities of growth and achievement. In Goethe's youth there was not only no Germany, but there was, in the deepest sense of the phrase, no German people. There was a multitude of petty States, but there was no Nation; there were Prussians, Hanoverians, Saxons, Bavarians, Swabians, but there was, for the purposes of art, no German race. There was a country held together by geographical conditions, but split into fragments by political boundary lines; there was a race of common origin, but broken asunder by differences of religion, of history, temperament, and ideal; there was a language common to a large community, but still to be enriched by the loving genius of great artists, who are constantly adding to the resources of speech no less than to those of thought. There had been true poets in Germany centuries before Goethe, and the literature was rich in legend and tradition, in epic and song, but it is nevertheless true that there had been no great German literature. Goethe was the contemporary in his old age of Scott and Carlyle, but there was no Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, or Dryden behind him; there were in place of these the old epic poets; there were Hans Sachs, Klopstock, and Wieland. The significance of this statement lies in the fact that, although the German language was as old as the English, it had no great poets. It is true that Homer and Dante had no great predecessors, but each stood at the beginning of the real history of his race; Goethe, on the other hand, appeared at a late hour in that history, and found the literature still to be created and the language still to be modulated to the finer uses of expression. Youth was past, both for the race and the people, but the works of youth were still to be accomplished and the fruits of youth were still to be borne.

There were great figures in Germany while Goethe was a student at Leipsic and at Strasbourg; but Lessing, Herder, and Winkelmann were thinkers and critics of the creative temper rather than writers of the creative order and quality. The names of Bodmer and Gottsched, those wooden gods of a Germany in artistic and intellectual tutelage to France, bring before the mind by concrete illustration the aridity of spirit, the shallowness of insight, and the deadness of thought which reigned in Germany in the early years of Goethe's life. Never has a poet of the first rank fallen upon times more uninspiring and come to maturity among a people more divided. Both race and language were old, but they lacked the trained intelligence, the solidarity of experience, the unity of emotion and ideal, which are the finest fruits of maturity.

From the very start Goethe was driven back upon himself and forced to undertake consciously and of set purpose the

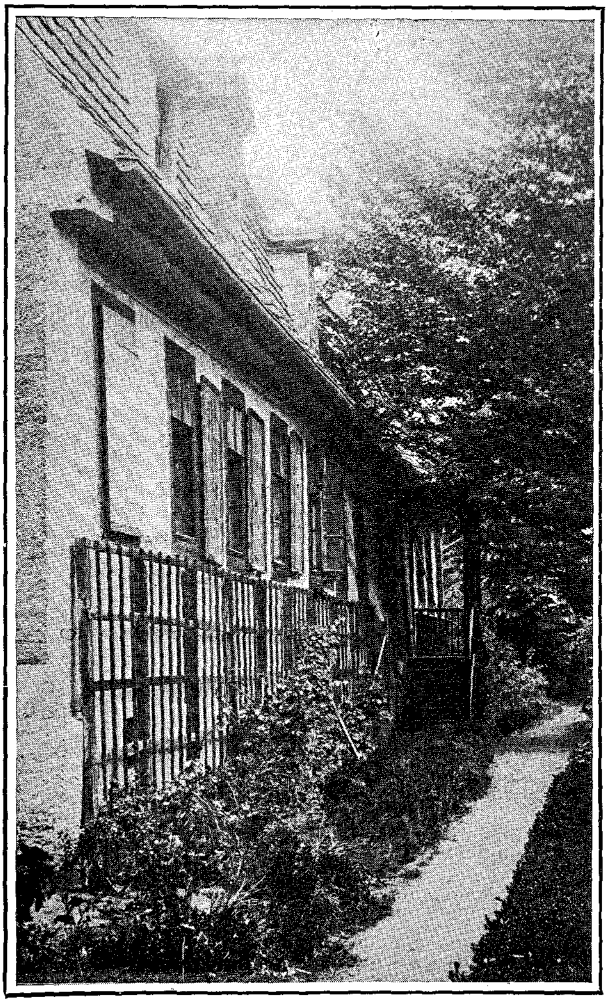


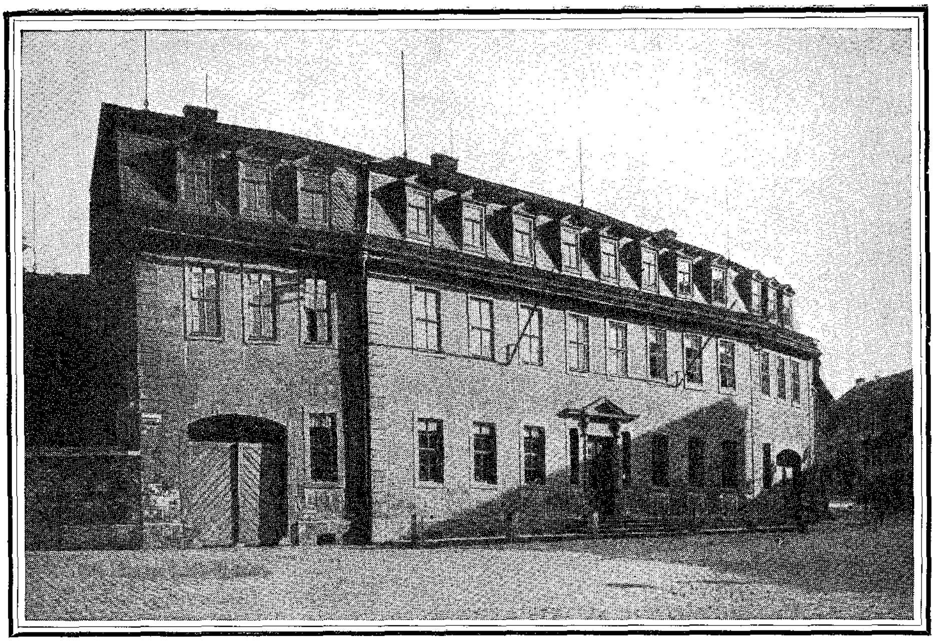
THE STATE CHURCH AT WEIMAR

work which, under more inspiring conditions, would have been almost instinctive. For to speak simply and naturally, in good German speech out of a sound German heart, was, at the time "Götz" appeared, to be a reformer and to lead a movement. Not only was the French influence to be destroyed and the French standards, methods, and tastes to be driven out, but a native taste was to be educated, and true racial forms of expression were to be fashioned. Goethe was too self-centered, even in his youth, and of an intellectual fiber too vigorous, to come under the spell of the shallow foreign influence so widely prevalent. The French classicism, which drew its inspiration, not from the originative literature of the Greeks, but from the derivative literature of the Romans, had no charms for a nature so rich in original instincts and so strongly swayed by the free and living forces of the time. It was to the past of his own people that Goethe turned when he wrote, with a strong, vigorous hand, the virile and genuinely German drama of "Götz von Berlichingen;" it was the diseased and disordered fancy among his own Teutonic kin that he portrayed with such searching insight and power in the "Sorrows of Werther." And the storm of acclamation which swept Germany showed how powerfully the chords of racial feeling had been struck and how clear was Goethe's insight into the German nature. It seemed as if a straight and easy road to fame and popularity lay before him; for he had only to hold to Germanic subjects and to the broad, free, Romantic manner to deepen and confirm his hold upon a people who, although become both prosaic and sentimental, had not lost the German feeling, and understood a note struck out of chords long silent, but which had not lost the power of vibration. To Goethe, however, with his extraordinary breadth of view and his steadily deepening insight into the nature and functions of art, the situation was not so simple; it was, indeed, highly complex. He felt the loneliness of a man superior in gift and vision, not only to his contemporaries, but to his predecessors in his own field. Lessing had much to teach him in the way of clarification of sight; Herder opened up life on all sides by those luminous glances of his into the heart of things; and without the education which he had from Winkelmann he could never have understood Italy and discerned the secret of antique art as he did in the impressionable years of his famous visit. Nevertheless, to a man of Goethe's power, there was the consciousness of creative possibilities as yet unrealized in the native literature, either past or present. If he had been a dramatist by the structure of his mind, there would have been successors to "Götz" and "Egmont;" but Goethe was a dramatist by intention rather than by nature. He was drawn away, by the immense range of his mind, from the definiteness and concreteness of the dramatic representation of life. He used the dramatic form many times, and with very great success; but, except in the portrayal of two or three women, he does not convey the impression of being compelled to use that form; and in this connection we must recall his own words: "Talent may do what it will; genius does what it must." He could not find expression for the ideas that thronged about in a repetition of his earlier successes. When he came, however, to the question of other and ampler forms of expression, he was confronted by the fact that he must create or introduce them. Neither the German language nor the German literature furnished them ready to his hand. Style in the true sense of the word was almost unknown in Germany. It was not until the publication of "Tasso" that Goethe's own style in its distinction and perfection was discerned; not until the appearance of "Hermann and Dorothea" that the rhythmic possibilities of the German language were revealed. Klopstock, Hermann Grimm tells us, was the creator of modern German prosody; he wrote the first true German odes, the first real German hexameters; but he became a mannerist, and he never was, at any period, a great writer. When "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared, Gleim declared that the lovely pastoral was a "sin against his holy Voss." The famous translation of Homer was a masterpiece, indeed, and delivered the German hexameter from its academic precision and artificiality, and gave it the freedom and movement of living speech. It was Goethe, however, who first touched this verse, so readily made sluggish and prosaic, with complete ease and skill, and made it so completely at home in German that it seems the native form of one of the most charming pastorals in any modern speech.

All this and much more Goethe had to do to free his own mind and to effect that enlargement of German literature which lay within his power. "Egmont," "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Faust," were thronging about him in the early Weimar days; they filled his imagination, but he seemed incapable of working them out. A richer atmosphere was necessary; another stage in his development was inevitable. Out of the Germany of 1786, with its poverty of literary art and its defective artistic instinct, Goethe passed into Italy, and came under the full power of that great art to which he had long been drawn and with which he had so much in common. Then came what has so often been regarded as the break with his past; as if the continuity of a life were to be sought in its works rather than in itself! Whether wisely or unwisely it is unnecessary to discuss here, the writer of the romantic temper and methods became a writer of classical temper and methods. To "Götz" and "Werther" succeeded "Iphigenia," "Tasso," and the "Roman Elegies;" and to the storm of applause which greeted the earlier pieces succeeded the silence of indifference or the murmurs of criticism. Goethe lost his audience, and did not completely regain it until the publication of the first part of "Faust" in 1808. He had not only discarded old forms and employed new ones, but he had wholly changed his attitude towards his work; he not only modeled his work freely on classical models, but he attempted to detach himself from it and remove it as definitely from all relation to his life as the works of Sophocles were freed from all trace of connection, except the inevitable local color and individual touch, with the dramatist's personal experience. From "Iphigenia," "Tasso," the "Roman Elegies," and from a number of shorter poems like "The Bride of Corinth" and "Alexis and Dora," Goethe endeavored to detach himself entirely and to give his work an objectivity as definite and complete as that of a Greek statue. He did not succeed, because his works are one and all rooted in his experience, and because the effort was out of date; no modern man can do perfectly what Goethe attempted to do. "Iphigenia" is a very noble work, but when we search for the essential Goethe we do not look into "Iphigenia" or "Tasso;" we look into the first part of "Faust"—the "Faust" of the romantic, not the "Faust" of the classical, period. Thus there appears in the maturity of Goethe's years and genius a transformation, which was regarded at the time and is now regarded by many as a complete revolution of his aims and methods, indeed of his very nature; for it was not until his return to Weimar, after the two momentous years in Italy, that the charge of coldness began to be heard.

From any point of view the change is striking and of far-reaching influence, and could have been possible only in a man to whom his own country and time did not furnish all the means of expression he craved, and who was in the habit of a constant and connected meditation on his art and his life. A man of Goethe's years, intelligence, and self-command does not sever himself from his artistic past, break with his audience, and essay entirely new methods of creation without deep and prolonged thought. Goethe's conversion was rapidly accomplished in the genial Italian air, but it had been long in preparation. It is probable that no great writer ever searched his own nature more rigorously or reflected on the


THE GARDEN OF GOETHE'S HOUSE



GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR

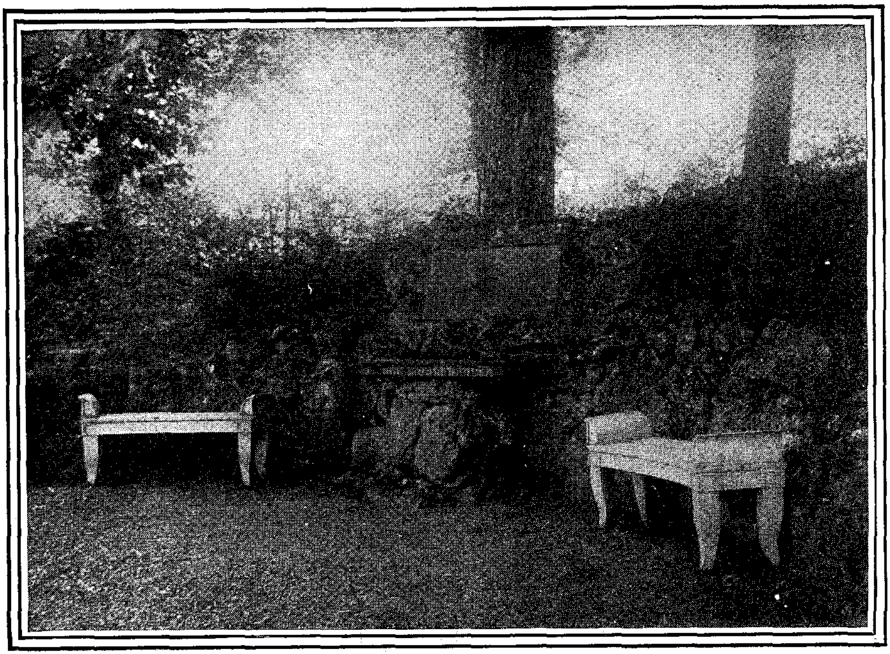
conditions and functions of art more exhaustively than Goethe did before and after the Italian visit. Every step away from the earlier standpoint was taken with deliberate intention and after maturest thought. The change was the product of a philosophy of art completely formulated in the poet's mind. For it is clear that Goethe was drawn away from the Gothic spirit and the Romantic manner, not by the charm which attaches to the classical form, but by that spell which resides in the antique view of life and of art as its intimate and natural expression. Goethe was primarily an artist, with a lyrical note as clear, personal, and beguiling as any in literature; and art was to him the one form which life took on that gave it harmony, unity, and coherence; and he found in the antique ideas and atmosphere the conditions which made art, not sporadic and individual, but the constant and glorious witness of the beauty at the heart of all things. If he was mistaken, there was a noble element in his error; it was the mistake of an Olympian born in an age of Titanic unrest and struggle.

In Goethe's nature, moreover, the spontaneous element was always held in check or directed by the rationalizing element. The flowers of song often bloomed very rapidly under his hand, but in such cases there was always an antecedent preparation of the soil; the seeds were already germinating, and the urgence of some deeply felt experience or the genial warmth of some prosperous hour or event swiftly brought the blade to the light. He often wrote with great rapidity, but there was nothing in common between his methods and the methods of the great improvisers like Byron and Lope de Vega. The germinal idea of "Faust," he tells us, was suddenly unfolded to his imagination; but he spent sixty years in working it out! "The truth is," wrote Lowell to Mr. Fields, "my brain requires a long brooding-time ere it can hatch anything. As soon as the *life* comes into the thing, it is quick enough in chipping the shell." With Goethe the process was not so much brooding over his theme as looking at it from many sides and putting it into different forms. During the first Weimar period, from 1776 to 1786, while he was so silent and apparently so absorbed in pleasures and administration, "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Egmont," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Faust" possessed his imagination by turns. They had lodged there in those first prodigal years of his youth at Frankfort. He not only nourished and matured them by brooding meditation, but he gave them shape and form. While "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" received occasional touches, "Tasso," "Iphigenia," and "Egmont" were written out in forms which were afterwards very largely or wholly discarded. So far as "Faust" was concerned, it was a kind of running commentary begun when the poet was a student and completed in his eighty-second year! Evidently here was a singer whose gifts were from heaven but whose methods of work were as deliberately thought out and his processes of creation as consciously ordered as if he had been a child of Mercury rather than of the Muses. In studying Goethe's genius one is constantly reminded of the free, spontaneous, and buoyant temper of his mother; in studying his methods one is reminded of his precise, orderly, and prosaic father.

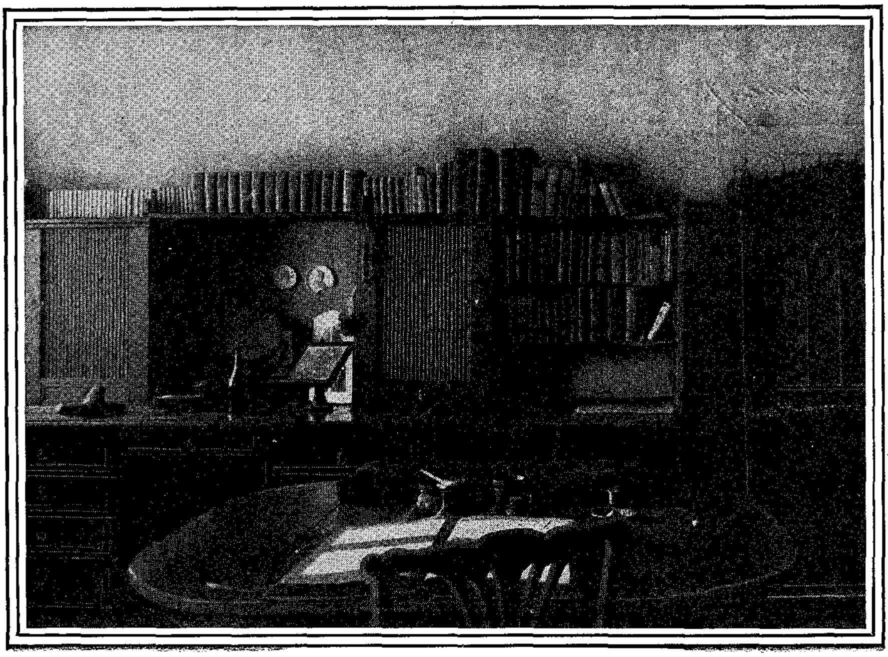
There was a distinct vein of philosophic inquiry running through Goethe's intellectual life, and there was a strong critical tendency in his nature. He was never an orderly thinker, but he was always striving to arrive at the unity of things and to discover those central points at which the arts and sciences disclosed the identity of their laws and the harmony of their methods. He studied both Spinoza and Kant, not exhaustively, but intelligently; and while he resolutely confined his speculations within the horizons of time and space, he habitually concerned himself with the deeper relations of things, and especially with their relations of interdependence. He cared little for phenomena in themselves, although his attachment to the concrete in nature was so intense as seriously to impair the value of his methods of observation; but he cared greatly for phenomena as they hinted at that interior unity which made them all manifestations of one force. His discovery of the intermaxillary bone and of the typical plant disclose the bent of his mind toward a comprehension of nature as a living whole. In spite of the large place which generalization holds in his work, Goethe was a poet with a philosophic bent rather than a philosopher with a poetic temper. In his old age the didactic mood predominated over the purely artistic, but even in the "Elective Affinities" there are passages of passionate intensity and power.

The critical faculty, when it deals mainly with principles, as in Goethe's case, contains a distinct philosophical element; but its chief characteristic is its power to discern artistic values and to judge artistic processes. It is allied, therefore, with the creative rather than with the purely philosophic mind. Goethe is, on the whole, the greatest of literary critics; indeed, his criticism has such insight and range that he may be called the greatest of art critics. No man has said so many and such luminous things about the artist and the creative mind and mood. A complete philosophy of art, in the widest sense of a much-abused word, lies in his work; a philosophy not like that of Hegel, worked out from the historical standpoint and with constant reference to its relations with the Absolute; nor like that of Taine, elaborated from the psycho-physiological point of view; but slowly distilled from a prolonged artistic activity, and from first-hand acquaintance with the artistic nature. In this field, as in others, Goethe is fragmentary and defective in logical arrangement; because his conclusions were reached, not as steps in a formal process of thought, but as generalizations from a growing experience. He does not discuss art with speculative interest; he speaks as one having authority, because he discerns the vital processes and relations of artistic production to the artist and to life. He values technical skill, and knows the secrets of craftsmanship; but he is concerned constantly with art in its fundamental relations with civilization and with individual experience, and he is in constant contact with the sources of its power and freshness. The distinctly judicial activity of the critical faculty is, nevertheless, always going on in him, and constantly betrays its presence. So clearly, indeed, does he recognize the influence of the critical spirit in his own life that he has more than once given it objective form, and Mephistopheles remains the greatest literary representative of the critical spirit divorced from the creative spirit and become, therefore, entirely negative and destructive.

There is still another characteristic of Goethe which must be emphasized in connection with the rationalizing side of his nature, and that is the extraordinary intimacy of connection between his works and his experience. All the greater works of Goethe, even those which, like "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," seem most detached



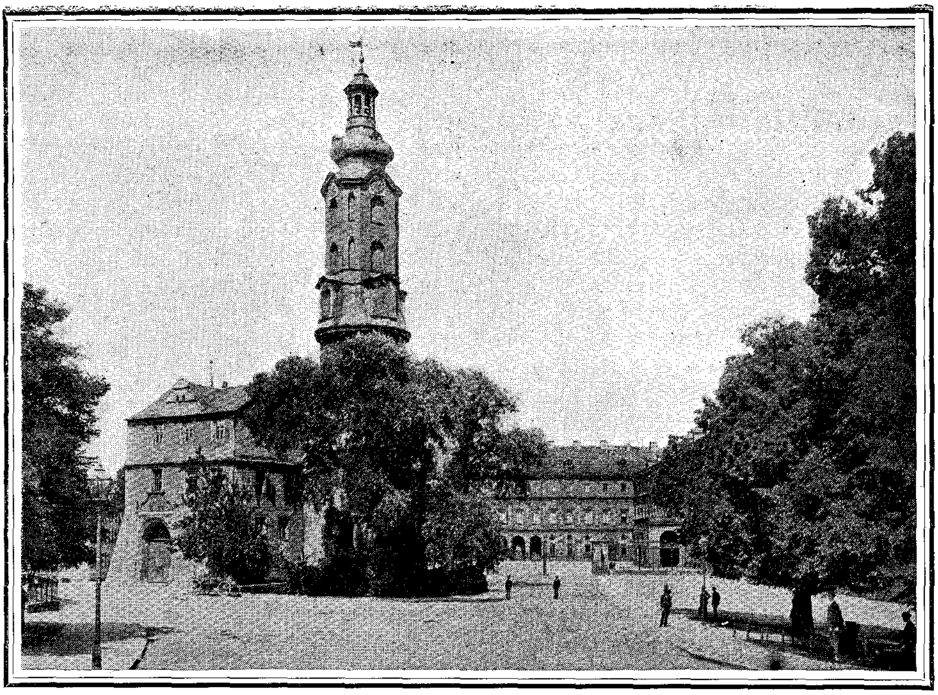
A QUIET CORNER



GOETHE'S WORKING-ROOM

from him, were bound up with experiences through which he had passed or with persons whom he had known. The impression, more than once spread abroad, that he sought the deeper relations and the more intimate happenings of life for the sake of the literary material they supplied, is without foundation; it is, indeed, a misrepresentation of a man who, whatever his faults, had a notable kindliness of spirit. If any criticism is to be made upon Goethe in this connection, it finds its justification rather in his studious avoidance of agitating experiences and disturbing relationships; so far was he from seeking subjects for the kind of vivisection which has sometimes been charged against him. Nor is there a trace of artistic indifference to individual suffering in his dealing with those relationships of his past in which others were concerned. What could be more delicately or tenderly recorded than the idyllic romance of his student days at Strasbourg which has immortalized Frederica? When this lovely vision rose before his imagination years afterwards, his secretary noted the agitation of the old man and the deep silence into which he fell. The disclosure of Goethe's experience in his work has nothing in common with the vulgar invasion of the sanctities of friendship and love of which he has sometimes been accused. There is no record of any light or purely professional use of burned-out passions for the purposes of art. Goethe rationalized his experience and gave it artistic expression from an inward and irresistible impulse; it was the law of his nature, and its necessity as well, to meditate upon everything he had passed through, and to discern in it whatever was beautiful and permanent. No man ever kept a more complete record of his inward life, and outward events found place in that record because they influenced and affected his development. The calmness of his bearing in later years—and it is worth remembering that it is the old Goethe and not the mature or young Goethe whom the world recalls most vividly—cannot hide the tumults and agitations through which he passed, and his imagination kept long in painful touch with experiences which most men would have forgotten. He could rid himself of these haunting memories only by writing them out; when he had given them objective expression, they seemed to detach themselves from him. He did not seek adventures of the heart and the soul; nor did he go about beating the bush for the poetic idea. He was as far as possible removed from the cold, impassive nature, turning every emotion to account and following rigidly and haughtily a plan of artistic activity through a long and sedulously guarded life. This is, or has been, the popular ideal of Goethe. It could not have been further from the truth if it had been the popular ideal of Schiller—that eager, restless, aspiring spirit whose life went out in one great breath of aspiration and work.

What strikes one who reads the life of Goethe with insight is his capacity for suffering and his dependence on experience. He had, as an older man, a stiff manner inherited from his father, and he cultivated persistently calmness and repose of spirit because he regarded these qualities as conducive to the ripening of a man's nature; but he was terribly shaken by the sorrows which from time to time knocked at the doors of his strong house. As for his artistic prevision, no great writer was ever more dependent for his material upon what life brought him. He did not forecast his creative activities and give them studied direction; he waited upon life, and he was powerless to create until life, speaking through experience, gave him something to say and the inward impulse to say it. The work of no other poet reveals a relation so close and constant with the happenings, events, and inward activities of his own history. Beginning with "The Sorrows of Werther," it is possible to connect almost every character in Goethe's books with himself or with some one whom he had known; every incident with some episode in his own story or the story of his friends; almost every experience described or illustrated with some actual experience accessible to him. The history of his loves, his friendships, his journeys, his studies, lies beyond the touch of time in the long record of his dramas, poems, novels, autobiography. His works taken as a whole constitute, as he himself declared, one great confession. Nothing is concealed and very little is extenuated. The truth comes out from beginning to



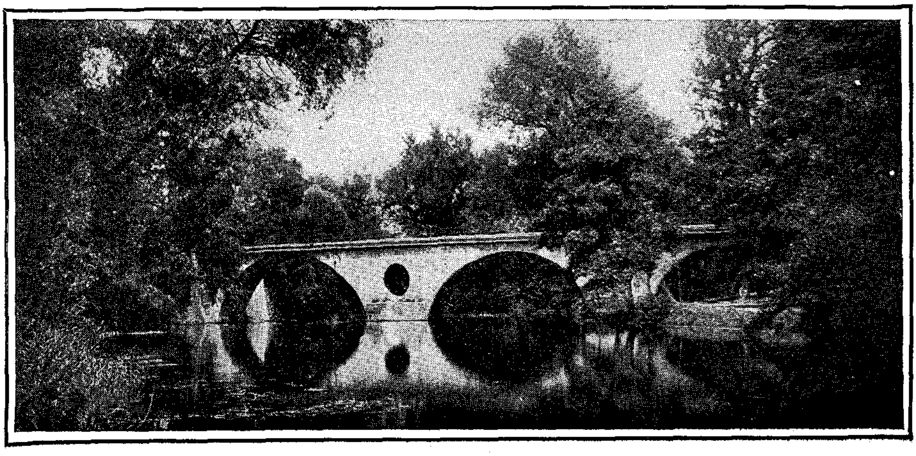
THE CASTLE AND DUCAL PALACE

end, and the man's limitations are as evident as his strength. These works fit his vital history like a robe woven of the substance of that which it clothes. Ideas came to him by the way of the heart rather than of the head; and they did not come until he was ripe for them. With all his gifts, he could not have projected into thin air those vast and iridescent dreams of Shelley; he had to keep in constant touch with reality. When he pushed symbolism beyond the limits of his own personal contact with life, as he did in the second part of "Faust," he did not cease to be interesting, but he did cease to be inspired. Among all his beautiful lyrics, unsurpassed in their spontaneity and freshness of feeling and their winged melody, there is barely one which is not known to have risen out of some deep emotion. In works of apparently impersonal character he often speaks most directly out of his heart. In "Tasso" he invests Ferrara with surpassing charm, but he is thinking of Weimar. Every poem and play is a chapter in his biography. He did not seek the materials for artistic activity; they sought him. He did not live for art; he lived in and through art. Art was his natural form of expression, and expression was the necessity of his nature, as it is of all rich and healthy natures. Through this long-sustained expression there ran a vein of fresh, spontaneous thought and feeling; but so great and rich a harvest could not have been reaped save by a deep reflection upon the significance of these outward happenings. Goethe realized his experience and made it clear and intelligible by meditation.

It will be seen, therefore, that the poet's method of production emphasized the rationalizing tendencies in his nature which have been indicated, and that the times upon which he was cast, the natural bent of his mind, his strong critical instinct, and the dependence of his activity upon his experience, developed and deepened his rationalizing faculty. The crowning evidence of the influence of the rationalizing faculty upon his inward life and upon his artistic activity is to be found in the definiteness of his aims and methods. From a comparatively early period he had determined to make the most of life by intelligent regulation of his habits, occupations, and gifts in the interest of complete self-development. Most men take what opportunity offers them and wait on events without understanding them. Goethe resolved to convert all experience into one great opportunity. "From my boyhood," says Wilhelm Meister, "it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me, . . . to make my own existence harmonious." In other words, Goethe made a deliberate plan to live his life in his own way and for certain definite ends. "The desire to rear as high as possible in the air the pyramid of my existence, of which the base is given and placed for me, predominates over every other, and scarcely allows itself for a moment to be forgotten." These words, spoken by a man under thirty, were still descriptive of the same man when, at eighty-three, death came to interrupt for the first time habits of work and of thought resolutely pursued for a full half-century. Whatever judgment we may form concerning this plan of life, it is certainly true that it was a plan as deliberately thought out and as resolutely worked out as any of those practical experiments in life by which some of the most sincere Greek thinkers evidenced their faith in the reality of philosophy.

From many points of view, therefore, the nature and mind of Goethe disclose the philosophical as distinctly as the creative faculty, the critical as well as the artistic temper, and the rationalizing no less than the spontaneous impulse. In this union of qualities always dissimilar and sometimes antagonistic is found the difficulty of clearly understanding and wisely judging this many-sided man; in this unusual combination is discoverable that element in his work which has made him one of the greatest teachers of all time and one of the foremost intellectual forces of modern times; and in this same combination is to be found the secret of his occasional artistic weakness—a weakness upon which Wordsworth put his hand when he said that Goethe's work is not inevitable enough. Calculation and intention are sometimes in the ascendant, as in the second part of "Faust;" and the spontaneous flow of imagination is neither swift nor deep enough to drain into one current the multitudinous streams which rise over so vast a territory of knowledge and thought.

This rationalizing element runs through all Goethe's work, and gives it a structure of thought of singular massiveness and strength. There is the closest relation between his work and his view or philosophy of life. His artistic impulse, in all his larger work, moved in entire harmony with, and often under the direction of, his rationalizing faculty. He is distinctively the teacher among creative writers; the man who aims not merely at the free expression of his own nature and the creation of beautiful literary forms, but also at definite exposition, through the medium of art, of certain general views. This could hardly have been otherwise in one who held so serious a view of art, and to whom it was of such supreme importance as the final expression of the mind and heart of man. For with Goethe, as with all the greater artists, life is primary and art secondary in the order of time; but both are parts of one complete expression of the soul. In Goethe's case, however, this process of thought is more definitely marked than in the case of any of his peers; and it was probably more self-conscious and self-directed.

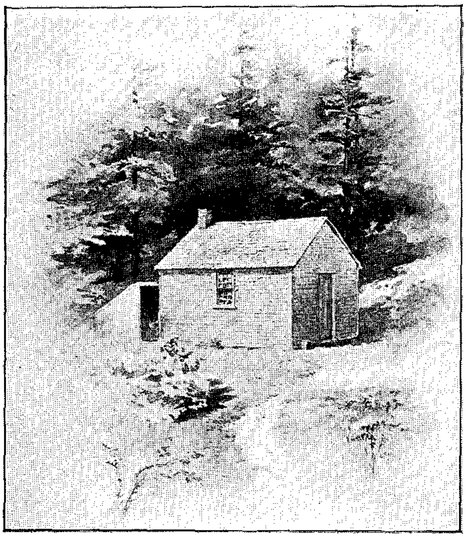


A GLIMPSE OF THE ILM

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU

[The author of this article, who prefers to leave it unsigned, was an intimate personal friend of the late Miss Sophia E. Thoreau, the sister of Henry D. Thoreau. The two friends often visited each other. Their acquaintance and friendship began when Miss Thoreau was thirty-two years of age, and continued unbroken until her death in 1876. The author of the article during this period made frequent visits to the Thoreau home in Concord, none of them very brief, and many of several weeks' duration, and participated with absolute freedom in the family life.—THE EDITORS.]

MIDSUMMER days, the sparkling hours of winter, somber, pensive autumn, the budding life of spring, all weathers and moods of nature, awaken remembrances of Concord and the Thoreau family. I knew the town in my younger life, but through all the shifting scenes of the passing years my memories of its quiet landscapes, sedate streets, cultivated people, and hospitable homes have always remained fresh and tender. I hear of changes, of growth, of the passing away of the old and advent of the new; changes there must have been, for a whole generation has moved off the earth to other homes and activities since those I knew were living their serene and benevolent lives, which were at once an example and a benediction to all within their influence.



THE CABIN AT WALDEN

What suggestions of harmony and peace the word Concord conveys, and how "the light that never was on sea or land" illumines the reveries of long ago, as I recall the happy hours spent in the dear Thoreau home! There was about all the household a perennial spring of vivacious life that made its members interesting and attractive even to the young and immature. Its members possessed large stores of anecdote and historical information relative to old Boston and neighboring towns that were always entertaining and instructive. Mr. Thoreau, the elder, and myself were excellent friends; he was quiet and gentle, often humorous, expressing his thoughts in graphic, forcible language; in fact, a ready and copious vocabulary was characteristic of every member of his family, and life went on with them so evenly and calmly that talking seemed the principal business of the days. The arrival of the mails formed the excitement of the morning. Henry usually retired to his study after breakfast, and later would reappear ready for a jaunt through field or forest, or by the river, or, if in winter, for a long skate on its frozen surface, once going sixteen miles before turning homeward—this was, however, an exceptional achievement. But wherever he wandered, on his return he always had some new and instructive fact to relate, often all aglow with enthusiasm over some discovery he had made or treasure he had found.

Henry seemed to regard Concord and its vicinity as an epitome of the universe; it was said that on his returning to Mr. Emerson a borrowed volume of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Journey," he remarked that "most of the phenomena noted could have been observed in Concord." Nature revealed its secrets to his sympathetic soul; his searching eyes saw far, wide, and deep; he heard, nay, knew when to expect to hear, the first bluebird's note; indeed, no harbinger of the seasons escaped his alert observation. Before we had begun to think of spring flowers Henry came in from a ramble and surprised us with a handful of early violets. Sophia with her gifted pencil made a drawing of them for me, appending Henry's poem, suggested years before by precisely such a bunch tied round by a wisp of straw:

SIC VITA

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that; their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life.
But ah! the children will not know,
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

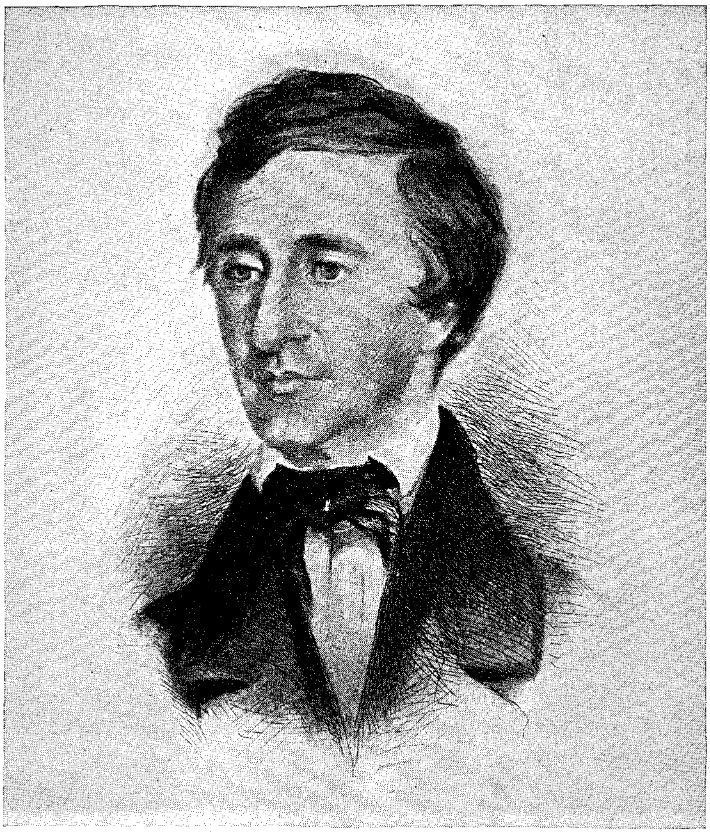
But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

This graceful sketch, so exquisitely drawn, is a beautiful illustration of Sophia's artistic temperament and skill. She had an admirably balanced nature, and plenty of sentiment of a healthy kind; there was no waste or superfluity in any direction; and this equilibrium was her defense, and sustained her under the clouds of sorrow and sickness which overshadowed much of her life.

Henry and Sophia were in perfect accord (as indeed were all the family), and her thorough knowledge of botany formed a special bond of sympathy between them. Henry placed great reliance—as did all who knew her—on his sister's rare judgment and ability in practical matters, and he was himself a shrewd, practical man in affairs of every-day life; he once said, "I have as many trades as fingers." A comical illustration of his readiness to cope with sudden emergencies occurred late one warm afternoon in summer, just as a short, sharp thunder-storm had passed and the sun was breaking through the dispersing clouds. We had finished supper, but were lingering at the table, when the servant threw open the door, exclaiming, with wild excitement, "Faith! th' pig's out o' th' pin, an' th' way he's tearin' roun' Jege Hoore's fluer-bids es enuf ter scare er budy." Henry and his father at once rushed out in pursuit of the marauder, and the ladies flew to the windows to see the fray. Never was practical strategy more in evidence; plotting and counterplotting on both sides, repeated circumvention of well-laid plans, and a final cornering and capture of the perverse beast, who, after his delicious taste of freedom, protested loudly and vigorously against being forced to return to his prison pen. It was truly a triumph of the intellectual over the animal nature, whose brief enjoyment of wild destructive liberty was suddenly ended by the power of a superior will. It was remarked at the time how much mental and physical strength had to be expended to subdue so inferior an animal.

Henry was equally prompt and victorious when he found that the rules and regulations intended for a past generation hindered the progress of his own. I was told that a few years after his graduation from Harvard he wished to obtain the loan of certain volumes from its library, and made application to President Sparks for them; he was informed that the ancient statutes of the University permitted "clergymen and graduates who lived within twelve miles of Cambridge" to take books from its library. "And," said the President, "while very desirous of accommodating you, I have no right to do so unless you can show that you come within the rule." "As to that," said Henry, "I am not a clergyman; but when the rule of which you speak was made, twelve miles was a two hours' journey, and I live much nearer than that." The President recognized the ingenuity and



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Henry D. Thoreau

justice of the plea by allowing him to take the books.

Henry often showed playful instincts, yet he *was* serious. Life was no play-day for himself or others; he seemed tremendously in earnest in trying to find the key to right living. He impressed one as being interested in all humanity and its work in the world, provided it was not sordid. Low expedients, no matter what they accomplished in the making of fame or fortune, were utterly repugnant to him. There was a conspicuous Spartan fortitude in the family character; the mother had taught it both by precept and example. They took high ground on every subject, had stern views of duty, and tolerated no vacillating or compromising measures in disposing of moral questions. This attribute of the family character was strikingly manifested when Henry submitted to be imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes during the Mexican war. He believed all war to be wrong, and that the then existing struggle was for the extension of slavery, which he abhorred. Soon after his incarceration, Mr. Emerson, whom he had always supposed was of like sentiments with himself, called at the jail, and on meeting his friend exclaimed, "Henry, why are you here?" and received for answer, "Mr. Emerson, why are *you* not here?"

The family were noteworthy not only for their mental gifts, but for their lofty character; they seemed incapable of pettiness, and made a principle of not being cast down or vanquished; their high spirit was temperamental on both sides of the house. Mrs. Thoreau kept her hopefulness and courage under the constant disability of feebleness of body; for she suffered under the family scourge, consumption, for many years; yet complaints she never uttered, and her stately though frail figure sitting year after year in her straight-backed chair was a picture of patience and brave endurance. Ever ready to be interested in passing events, expressing keen opinions or offering valuable suggestions, her hold on life was firm, and it was almost a surprise when she at last yielded to the inevitable and submitted to lie several days in bed before the end came. To a friend who visited her at this period Mrs. Thoreau recited Cato's soliloquy with perfect composure and contentment. Well might a gifted woman exclaim, "She looks like a queen," when death at last had claimed the resolute spirit, and she lay silently receiving her guests for the last time.

Notwithstanding the sturdy attitude of the family respecting all ethical questions, how delightful they were in social life!—most kind, generous, and winning. Their conversation, animated and entertaining, always surrounded them with an atmosphere of cheerfulness—a genuine cheerfulness that looked upon life and all its crookedness with more than philosophic resignation.

They were spirited in the best sense; their mirthfulness had the spice of original wit, native pluck, and coherent strength, and was a natural development from their varied ancestry, by whom they were endowed with the French vivacity, Scotch shrewdness, and Puritan rectitude.

The house was a veritable haven of refuge to one who fled thither from the weary tread and turmoil of the city. Recollections crowd upon me: its undisturbed orderliness, the restful sitting-room, where the sun lay all day, passing around the corner of the house and shining in again at the west window in the late winter afternoons, making Sophia's window-plants all-glorious, which some magic in her touch or magnetism of genuine love for the floral family always conjured into wonderfully luxuriant bloom. In memory I walk among her flower-beds (hardly a garden) enjoying the fragrance of the old-time favorites; I see the graceful laburnum in blossom, and a few steps further bring me to the little pine grove in the corner of their front yard (long since sacrificed to the opening of a new street), where in an instant I am in perfect seclusion; I see the sun glinting through the moving boughs, making a dancing mosaic of light and shade on the floor of pine needles; I hear the chirping of birds and the gentle, sighing voice of the wind through the soft green branches—a lovely retreat, to which no footsteps but those of memory will evermore wander.

I recall the reading aloud of fresh new books; the evening games of chess and backgammon; the bright, often distinguished, people who came to the house; the tea-parties and evening visits; the lyceum lectures on cold winter nights; the walks by field and river, sometimes to the old battle-ground, where, one early June morning, we turned in to the shady inclosure and Sophia pointed out the unnamed graves of the British soldiers who fell in the fight, their resting-place marked by rough gray stones. A narrow field lay between us and the historic "Old Manse," brown with age. We sat on a large boulder beneath a grand spreading tree, near the plain granite shaft commemorating the patriotic valor of the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world." We looked across the slow-flowing river, where at the time of the battle stood "the old North Bridge," to an ancient house with quaint projecting second story, memorable as one of the depositories of the warlike stores of the American patriots; the drives to Fairhaven cliffs, to Walden woods,[1] before those grand solitudes had been invaded and transformed; and walks to Sleepy Hollow years before it became a place of burial. If Henry happened to be with us, although we were unobservant of what was beneath our feet, his acute eyes, ever active, would detect Indian arrow-heads, or some implement for domestic purposes made of flint or other hard stone. I have seen him with a stick bring to light great

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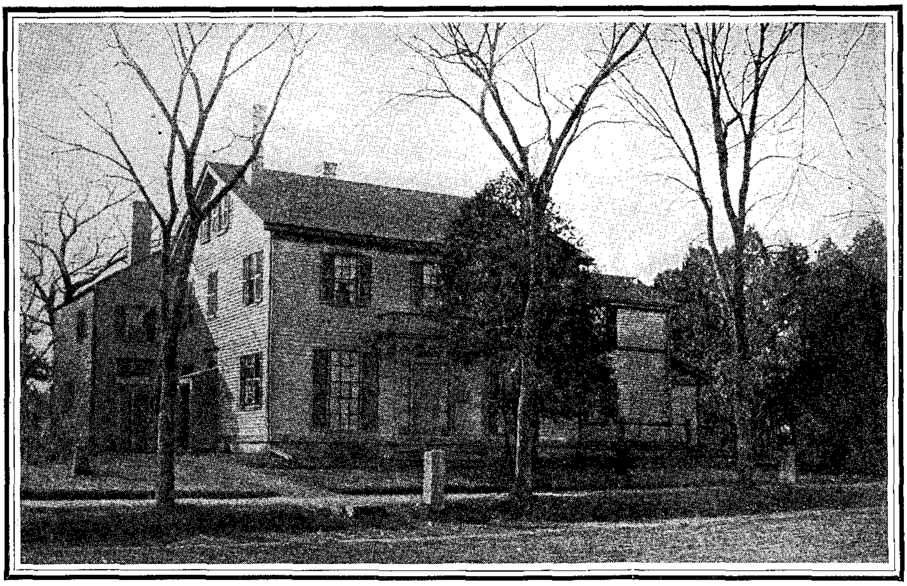
[1] It may be considered strange that the author of this paper does not speak of Henry Thoreau's life as an amateur hermit on the shore of Walden Pond; this omission is due to the fact that her acquaintance with the Thoreau family did not begin until about two years after that most interesting experiment in "plain living and high thinking" had been abandoned.



THOREAU'S HOUSE AT CONCORD

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

numbers of clam-shells, remnants of Indian feasts of long ago. It was noticeable that these shell deposits were always found in places evidently selected for their pleasant situation and outlook.

Occasionally Henry would invite us to go with him in his boat. One of these excursions was in late November, and the weather was of almost unearthly beauty; bees in great multitudes hummed loudly as they lazily floated in the golden slumberous haze only seen in the true Indian summer. At a particular spot Henry turned the boat toward the bank, saying: "We will make a call upon a wild flower that is not ordinarily at home at this date, but the unusually warm days and nights of the past fortnight may have prevented its departure; so we will knock at its door," tapping at the upper leaves of a low-growing plant; and, verily, there was the shy, dainty little blossom underneath—welcomed by at least one pair of alert, sympathetic eyes.

On our walks about the village we would not be surprised at meeting a notable lady dressed in a white flannel shroud, "trying to get some oxygen," as she would say. This lady lived many years, and, early in life, she, determining to have everything in readiness for her demise, provided herself with a shroud; but, after a time, finding her mortuary garment inclined to turn yellow, and possibly growing a little out of style withal, she would utilize it as a morning wrapper or breakfast gown; and frequently wore it when she took her walks abroad or made morning calls on her intimate friends and neighbors; so, as year followed year, shroud followed shroud, and in the matter of her final garb death certainly found her prepared with the most approved vesture.

It was often amusing to observe Henry's want of gallantry; in getting in or out of a boat, or if a fence or wall were to be surmounted, no hand did he stretch forth; he assumed that a woman should be able to help herself in all such matters; but if she were defenseless, his inborn chivalry could be relied on; as in the case of a terrified girl pursued through the woods by a couple of young ruffians, sons of influential parents, Henry's valiant rescue was most timely; and by his persistent efforts due punishment was inflicted upon the shameless offenders. Again, when a weary mother with a heavy child in her arms was struggling to reach the station, where the train had already arrived, her feet sinking in the hot sand at every step, with one glance Henry took in the situation. He bounded over the fence, transferred the child to his own arms, and, with strides that seemed to disdain the shifting sand, he moved over the ground with a conquering air that appeared to impress the inanimate engine and compel it to tarry till the belated mother and child were safely aboard the train.

No one could more heartily enjoy his family life than Henry. He invariably came down from his study for a while in the evening for conversation; the sound of the piano was sure to draw him.

Tears dim my eyes as those scenes arise before me; Sophia playing the old-time music, notably Scotch melodies, which so well suited her flexible voice, and those quaint ballads of a past generation, whose airs were often so plaintive and with so much of heartbreak in the words. All the family had rich, sweet voices. If the song was a favorite, the father would join in, and thrilling was their singing of that gem, "Tom Bowline." I hear now the refrain:

His soul has gone aloft.

Often Henry would suddenly cease singing and catch up his flute, and, musical as was his voice, yet it was a delight never to be forgotten to listen to the silvery tones that breathed from the instrument.

For general society or mixing with throngs Henry had no inclination. He once said: "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion." In 1860 there was a general muster of all the militia of Massachusetts at Concord, and, Henry being asked if he went to see the evolutions of the troops, answered: "I had occasion to ascend a hill in the neighborhood of the encampment, and was much surprised to find how small a space so large a body of men occupied in the landscape." Henry's first book ("A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers") was far from a pecuniary success, very few volumes having been sold. This was not only a disappointment but caused no small monetary embarrassment. To discharge this, he for a time turned his attention to surveying, in which he was regarded as very skillful.

The unsold portion of the above-named work—somewhat over nine hundred copies—was stored in his father's house. The disappointment and struggle occasioned by the failure of the reading public to appreciate his first book were met by Henry in his usual philosophic way. About this time, in speaking of his library, he remarked that it consisted of "about one thousand volumes, nine hundred of which were written by myself." Once, after a day so stormy that he had not taken his customary outdoor exercise, Henry came flying down from his study when the evening was half spent. His face was unusually animated; he sang with zest, but evidently needed an unrestricted outlet for his pent-up vitality, and soon began to dance, all by himself, spinning airily round, displaying most remarkable litheness and agility; growing more and more inspirited, he finally sprang over the center-table, alighting like a feather on the other side—then, not in the least out of breath, continued his waltz until his enthusiasm abated.

I know not why I was surprised at hearing his mother refer to his "dancing days," for I had never associated Henry with any fashionable follies, even in his boyhood; but it seems he had been taught the usual accomplishments of well-bred children.

In sad contrast to the memory of Henry in his strength arises another, some years later—of him in his decline; he had returned from the West, whither he had been in search of health, and by evening a flush had come to his cheeks and an ominous brightness and beauty to his eyes, painful to behold. His conversation was unusually brilliant, and we listened with a charmed attention which perhaps stimulated him to continue talking until the weak voice could no longer articulate.

This was the autumn before his death; in a few months his life on earth was ended. I was told that he retained his splendid courage and fortitude to the last.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious.
  With toil and strife he stormed the house of Fame.
In other sense this youth was glorious,
  Himself a kingdom wheresoe'er he came.

Several years after, one late summer morning, I accompanied Sophia on a pilgrimage to an old "burying-ground" near the heart of the town. She told me of her intention of removing the remains of her immediate family to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. "You know," she said, "when dear mother is gone I shall be left alone, the last; so it must be done soon." The graves of her kindred were all around us. We were close to the village street, but the high stone wall was a barrier between the living and the dead; if any passed on the highway, they were unseen and gave no sound; we were shut in with the dead of two centuries. As we sat on a gray slab, Sophia related incidents of family history and personal characteristics of her ancestors slumbering at our feet, and of many others, townspeople bearing the well-known names prominent in early Concord annals; legends of the farmers who cultivated the soft slopes which are such pleasing features in the local landscape, the smithy on the mill-dam, the country storekeeper, the squire in his office, the dignified parson in his study—all were portrayed in her vivid sketches so full of quaint humor and tender pathos.

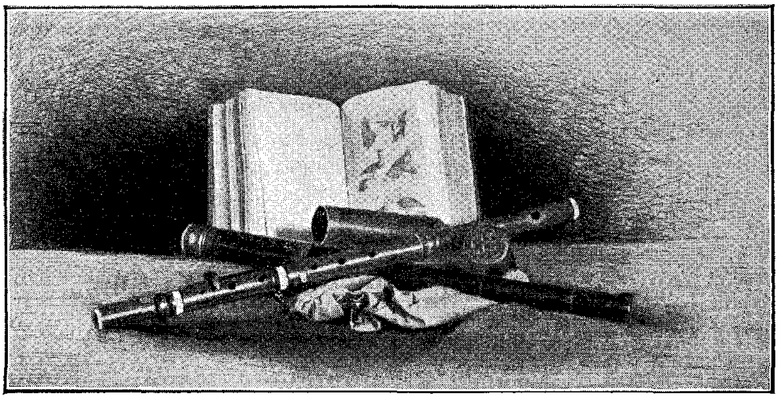
As she talked, those long-quiet sleepers seemed to stand before us, with all their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, as when they formed a part of the life of a century ago; and as she finished her graphic word-picture they vanished into the invisible, leaving but a memory of her wonderful power of delineation behind them.

We turned to leave the place—truly "God's acre;" the air was alive with butterflies fluttering noiselessly, alighting now on purple thistle and then on a belated wild rose; that impressive description of the end of the life of the Hebrew king came to mind—"He slept with his fathers." We took a last look at the venerable stones and grassy mounds, and as we passed from the sacred inclosure birds and insects seemed to be singing nature's requiem for the dead.

Sauntering along the elm-shaded streets to the house whence so many of her beloved had disappeared into the great unknown, our thoughts naturally turned to the problems of life and immortality.

The religious belief of the family was, to state it briefly, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Their confidence in the eternal beneficence and justice of their Creator could not be shaken, but for dogmas and sectarian creeds they had little respect, living and dying firm in the faith that He who observes every falling sparrow could not fail the human soul when, tired of earth and hungry for immortality, it lays down its burden of flesh as it enters the eternal mansion prepared for it "from the foundation of the world."

These Concord friends have all passed from this world to a better. They made an ineffaceable impress upon their generation in virtue of noble living; they endeavored to elevate, and were stalwart friends of the poor and downtrodden. They were among the pioneers of that small and courageous company who began the fight against our National sin and dishonor. I seldom see in these days one of the people for whose freedom a whole Nation was convulsed by battle, death, and mourning, without thinking how dimly they comprehend and how lukewarm is their appreciation of those brave, true friends who, despite derision, censure, and personal sacrifice, with a zeal that never faltered, prepared the way for "Massa Linkum" and his glorious proclamation of liberty to their race.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOREAU'S FLUTE, SPY-GLASS, AND BIRD BOOK

MAURUS JÓKAI

A VISIT TO MAURUS JÓKAI

By Edward A. Steiner[1]

IN a letter which I have just received from Buda-Pesth comes the confirmation of the rumor that Hungary's aged novelist, Maurus Jókai, has been married to a young Jewish girl, an actress. I could hardly believe the newspaper report, inasmuch as I was a guest in his summer home about six weeks ago, and had not heard from him or from his friends that such an important event was to occur. He did seem somewhat agitated in speaking of the past, but he attributed it to the fact that he had just taken a prominent part in the celebration of the one hundredth birthday anniversary of the Hungarian poet Petoefi, his master and contemporary. My first thought after hearing this last piece of news was, "What will the Magyars think about their Jókai's seemingly foolish escapade, of marrying an eighteen-year-old girl, and a Jewess at that?" They will pout a little while, then forgive him, and idolize him as before. I doubt if ever a people so loved an author as the Magyars love him. I suppose it is partly accounted for by the fact that he is their only writer who has gained fame beyond Hungary, but I think that the real reason is that Jókai's life is so completely interwoven with the modern history, the prosperous era of his native country, about which he has written glorious verse and stimulating prose, and for whose liberty he has fought on the battlefield and in Parliament.

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[1] The photographs from which the illustrations of this article have been reproduced were presented to the author of the article by Jókai. The picture of Jókai in his vineyard was taken expressly for the purpose of illustrating this article.

Maurus Jókai was born on the 19th of February, 1825, in Komorn, that famous fortress on the Danube. His father was a lawyer, and it was from him that he inherited his poetical genius. He also studied law, a profession which in Hungary yields office and honor and the possibility of playing an important political rôle. While he was still in the Latin school he wrote his first novel, "The Struggle with God," a fantastic production which received the second prize at a literary competition. The winning of this prize determined him to devote himself more fully to literature. In 1848 he took an active part in the revolution, and edited at Debreczin a patriotic newspaper, which at the surrender of Goergey put him in jeopardy of his life. He fled, nearly starving to death upon the endless Puszta, the Hungarian money he had being valueless; yet, nevertheless, he says, and says it with a just pride, "I never touched the prize ducat which I always carried in my pocket."

In a still unpublished manuscript which I was permitted to see and partially quote, he says: "When I was a little boy, I was afraid of three things: the long-bearded Jews, rabid dogs, and of being buried alive. I soonest overcame fear of Jews and of being buried alive, but of the dogs I am still afraid, and I never walk without a cane upon the streets. . . . My first drama was written when I was eighteen years of age, and was entitled 'The Jewish Boy;' it received honorable mention at a competition. My first romance was published a year later; it was the fruit of an unbridled imagination, but there are descriptive pictures in that story which I could not equal to-day. Petoefi had a great influence over me, and we were both great admirers of Shakespeare, Byron, and Shelley. In my first works the influence of Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue is plainly visible. Only in my humorous works did I show any independence. I always sought the extraordinary, and it was my ambition to walk in paths untrodden by the hoofs of Pegasus." He praises the influence of his wife and of his contemporaneous critics, and lastly remembers "the sweet green trees which I have planted; you earthly comrades reaching to heaven. You know what you have whispered to me. How often I have found refreshment under your shadows, and how often you have inspired me to highest thinking, and have sheltered me from the world!"

The Schwabenberg, the suburb of Buda-Pesth where Jókai's summer house is located, is a German oasis in a Magyar wilderness, where, behind strange-sounding Hungarian names, one finds the forms and features of good-natured Germans, who for hundreds of years have retained the speech of their Fatherland, which their children are now learning to forget, and who now bear names which their Teutonic sires will not be able to recognize when the roll of the judgment day is called.

This story goes the round in Buda-Pesth's much-diminished German colony: One of their countrymen came on a visit to the city, and, walking with a friend across the bridge from Pesth to Buda, the stranger asked, "How is your friend Weiss?" (White). "Weiss, Weiss! I don't know such a man in Buda-Pesth; you must mean Feher; oh, he is growing rich." "And how about our friend Schwarz?" (Black). "Schwarz, Schwarz! you mean Fekete; he is doing well." A little later the solicitous friend asked again, "And how is my cousin Nachtmahl?" "Nachtmahl! you mean Deveczery; the poor fellow died a few weeks ago." Musingly our German friend walked to the end of the bridge, where a colossal statue of St. Peter stood. Pointing to it, he asked, "Who is this?" "Why, that's St. Peter." "Oh! and what was his name before he came to Buda-Pesth?" To this suburb Jókai drives every day from his city home, never using the railway which climbs the rather steep mountain.

A broad, unpretentious gate opens upon a well-kept garden, where, hidden between the trees, is a little cottage, in which the author spends his busy days. His leisure time is spent working in his garden and vineyard, and should you come upon him in the late autumn, you would

MAURUS JÓKAI IN HIS VINEYARD

find him superintending the pressing of his grapes, whose juice yields a wine which is declared by his friends to be among the best of the fiery wines of Hungary. The room in which I met him was poorly furnished; the desk was covered by mail and manuscripts; but, in spite of his weariness, his welcome to me was hearty, and his response to my questions was cordial and explicit.

Jókai is to me, first of all, the true patriot; and our whole conversation turned upon Hungary's past and future. The nation and its freedom have always been the burden of his song and story, and so now he gave me the echoes of the thoughts throbbing in his great heart, awakened to a flame by the Petoefi celebration. "We found the nation," he said, "ruled by strangers and by its own coarse materialism, and it was our endeavor to free our country from both these galling yokes." And in a large measure they have succeeded, for Hungary is the freest of Austria's provinces, and the Magyars are to-day the dominating race in that conglomerate of States called Austria. Jókai is not a radical in politics, and was always viewed with suspicion by that great Hungarian statesman, Kossuth. The following letter directed to Kossuth explains Jókai's political position: "I love you, Kossuth, but more I love Hungary; and when I see that you lead Hungary into dangerous paths, I put myself in the way, even if I am trampled upon. Kossuth and the whole world must know that that is always my habit." And to me he said: "Kossuth thought it best to ally Hungary, if necessary, with Servia and Rumania rather than with the Austrian Crownlands, but I believe that it is to our advantage to be allied to Austria. In this faith I live, in this faith I shall die.

"You can see for yourself," he added, without boasting, "who was right, Kossuth or I."

When asked about the condition of the political parties, Jókai said: "At the present time we have no parties, for we have a programme upon which all Hungary is united."

"Is it the programme of 1848—the complete separation of Hungary from Austria?" I asked.

"No; we are simply carrying out to its logical conclusion the position we have taken; there are a few hotheads in Parliament who are dreaming of a Magyar King, but to most of us this is a strange thought. The fact is that Hungary is more loyal to the Habsburgs now than any other of its many provinces, and it may be in some far-off day their only loyal possession."

Jókai seemed more inclined to discuss the tenderness of the fowl served us at dinner than the tough questions of politics, and, after doing justice to the much-peppered viands, we spent the remainder of the day among the heavy-laden ripening grapes. Jókai turned the conversation upon the United States, and I found that he held the opinion so commonly shared abroad, that the "Yankos," as he called them, have no ideals, that they are all cut-throats, and that all we think about is making money. Of course I grew eloquent in the defense of my adopted country, and proved to him conclusively, I hope, that the United States is a paradise compared even to his beloved Hungary. The fact is that Hungary is wretchedly governed, that the public purse is being robbed in broad daylight, and that its bureaucracy is domineering and dishonest. Venal judges are even more plentiful there than here, and, especially in the lower courts, Justice lends herself to the highest bidder. My defense of the United States and my attack upon Hungary were up to the boiling-point, so, by common consent, we turned to the field of literature. He knows Mark Twain and Bret Harte; the name of Longfellow "has a charmed sound" to him, as he expressed it; but he thinks us further behind than we are in developing our American literature. Of George W. Cable, John Fox, Jr., Miss Wilkins, and others, he was quite ignorant.

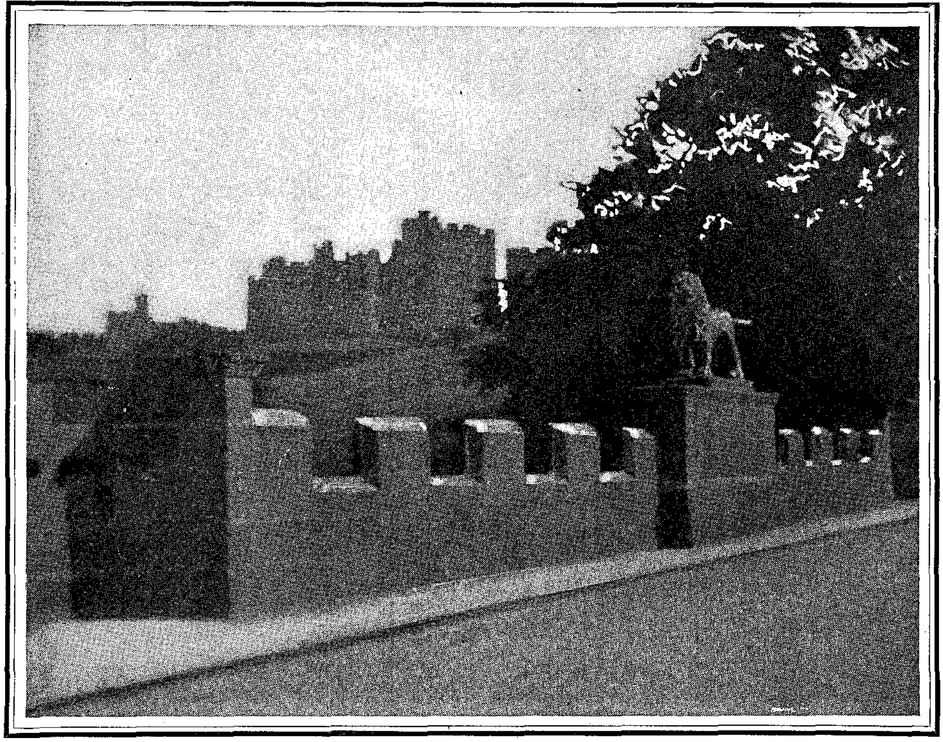
Of his own work he said very little, referring me to his just and numerous critics, who agree upon something like the following: Jókai is a magnificent word-painter, who shows an inexhaustible power of imagination, and the events in his stories move smoothly and naturally over the scene. He has depicted the true Hungarian life in a masterly way, and the life of the Puszta or the Karpathians, of the city or lonely village, has found in him a true interpreter.

Jókai does not claim anything more than to be a good entertainer, and that is his chief virtue and also his greatest fault; for, in the attempt to "entertain this big child, the public," he has written too much, and too much loosely put together, like a child's story. As one of his critics wisely said, "Less would have been more."

But Hungary does not criticise Jókai; it adores him, and the peasants of the Schwabenberg speak of him with a hushed awe. The station-master who piloted me to his villa said enthusiastically, "Think of it! he has written three hundred volumes; what other nation has produced such a man?" Neither dare I to criticise him, who was the first man to kindle my imagination, who has brought me in touch with the noble nation which he has lifted from a crude pastoral life to that of a nation which can sing noble songs, do noble deeds; which, in a miraculously short time, has gained political and industrial independence.

A Duke, a Castle, and an English County

By Edwin B. Ferguson



ALNWICK CASTLE

IMPRESSIONS of the tourist are like photographic snap-shots, which may result in pictures that are surprisingly true to life, as also in distortions and negatives that are "under-exposed." Portraits need time, skill, sympathy. The following notes about Northumbrian manners and customs, as seen by the writer while on a bicycle tour through North England and South Scotland, are chiefly "impressions."

To Americans, prosperous agricultural regions where farms are well kept and farmers are well-to-do are, happily, no great novelty. But America is still new country, and American farmers are still the proprietors of their own land. Strictly speaking, American farmers are not farmers at all, for, by old-world usage and Saxon etymology, a *feormer* is a tenant, and to *feorm* land is to rent it. To be sure, even in America we sometimes hear of farmers who, "mortgaged up to the hilt," are virtually but the tenants of the land they till, but such are the exception.

English tenant-farming at its best is seen in the northern counties, and as a good example of it in that region the occupiers of land upon the estate of the Duke of Northumberland may fairly be cited. The Duke of Northumberland, though possibly not the richest, is said to be the largest, landowner in all England. To him belongs, perhaps, one-sixth of the acres of Northumberland, and he, with ten or twelve fellow-landowners, would doubtless be found to own the lion's share of the county. His are whole towns and villages, docks and collieries. His estate is a principality, and requires for its management such a corps of clerks and bailiffs and such an exercise of powers, legislative, judicial, and executive, as would have made the fathers of the American Constitution shudder.

The center and capital of his little principality is Alnwick ("Annik"), a quiet, quaint old town upon the small river Alne, some thirty-five miles from Newcastle. Here are the Duke's parks and Alnwick Castle, one of the most picturesque feudal fortresses in England. The castle dates from Norman times, and has figured in many a rough fight of the border. It has long been the seat of the Percys—the ducal family—and, restored, it is now their chief residence.

Leaving the town street and going beneath the huge barbican, one finds himself in the courtyard of the castle. In front of him loom the heavy battlemented turrets and the great keep. The fortress satisfies his fancy to the full. Round about and beyond are the walls and the various chambers and halls appertinent to a feudal domain. From such strongholds as this the barons of the North were once able to defy kings.

Upon the northern side of the court are the offices of the estate, the nerve-center of this modern feudal principality. Once the lord's liegemen were wont to come hither to render him their homage; now his tenants come to pay their rent. Services have been commuted to money, and cloak and doublet to plain sack-coat and trousers, but feudalism is not quite gone from England, nevertheless.

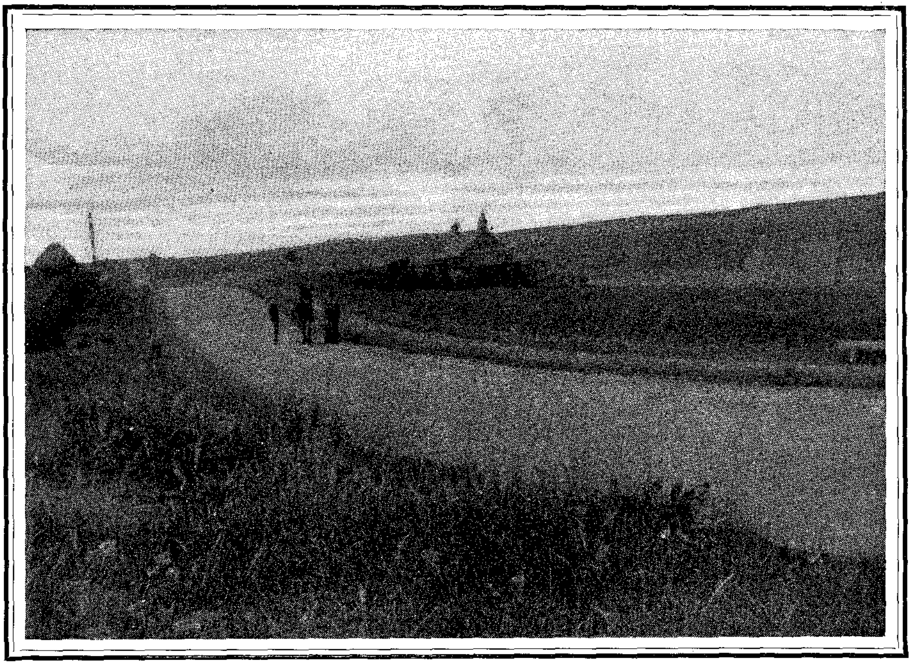
It is interesting to trace the remnants of the old feudal ways. Until recently a tenant coming to pay his rent was given a pot of beer, and now twice each year the large guest-hall of the castle is thrown open, and the more important of the tenantry are asked to a "rent dinner." At these dinners, to which only the men are asked, the lord of the manor, or his representative, presides, speeches are made, toasts are drunk, and the farmers are expected to make themselves merry. If a duke's son is to come of age, the tenantry are asked to co-operate with the lord in the celebration of the event. Then, too, a few old customs, such as the leet-court, are still, in some parts of the shire, observed. But all these customs are losing their significance, and the relationship of tenant and landlord is fast becoming a contractual one.

Through the level green plain of the pastures below the castle, under willows and over weirs, past the flags and the butter-burr, the river Alne winds its patient way to the sea. It is a very good stream for trout, is the Alne, and the villager may cast for them freely, upon payment of the license fee of half a crown. In these pastures the Duke's sheep and his highland cattle munch and browse by the side of the river. Following the stream upward, one enters the parks with their fine avenues, through splendid timber of beech, sycamore, oak, across which the rabbits and the pheasants trip unmolested. There is the deer-park, where hundreds of antlered bucks and light-footed does of the red and the fallow deer lie in the shade of the distant coppice. There are the abbey lands, with the ruins of Hulm and Alnwick Abbeys. There is the "Park Farm," the Duke's home farm, where agricultural processes are carried on as they ought to be. At this farm are bred some of the finest shorthorn cattle in England.

Though the Duke of Northumberland is the benevolent despot of Alnwick, and though his lands encompass the town, yet Alnwick is an ancient borough of freemen who had their charter from the old Norman barons long ago. Not long since the property of the town was administered by the "Chamberlains" and the "Four and Twenty Aldermen," and the freemen of the town were organized into a fixed number of trade guilds. To be admitted to the borough one must have been either a freeman's son or 'prenticed to a freeman. A few years ago a queer form of initiation called "going through the well" obtained in the borough. The young freemen, in holiday trappings, were obliged to flounder through a certain stagnant pool outside the town. The ceremony was held to date from King John, who once, when on a hunting jaunt, was mired in this same pool, and was so put out about it that, from pure spite, he swore that all freemen in Alnwick should go through the same experience.

The most prized possession of the freemen is Alnwick Moor, a partially reclaimed waste of some thirty-seven hundred acres to the west of the town, checked here and there with cots and cultivated fields, but for the most part knowing only the wild cry of the curlew. In years that are gone this moor was burrowed for coal, and one stalking across it will find "sinks" marking the places of the old pits. Once each year, on a set day in March, the new freemen draw lots for a share in the moor. Each freeman is entitled to one acre of the nether moor for a homestead, and three acres of tillable land off upon the outer moor. If very lucky, he may draw a house with his one acre, for when an old freeman and his widow are both dead the land is taken back with the general tract for redivision. But, more often, the young freeman must get him stone from the town quarry and build his house himself. Sometimes the three acres are far away from the one acre, and a man must work at somewhat of a disadvantage; but land is land, and he is glad to get it upon almost any condition. The moor-fowl and the game are the property of the lord of the manor; but the *land* belongs to the freemen.

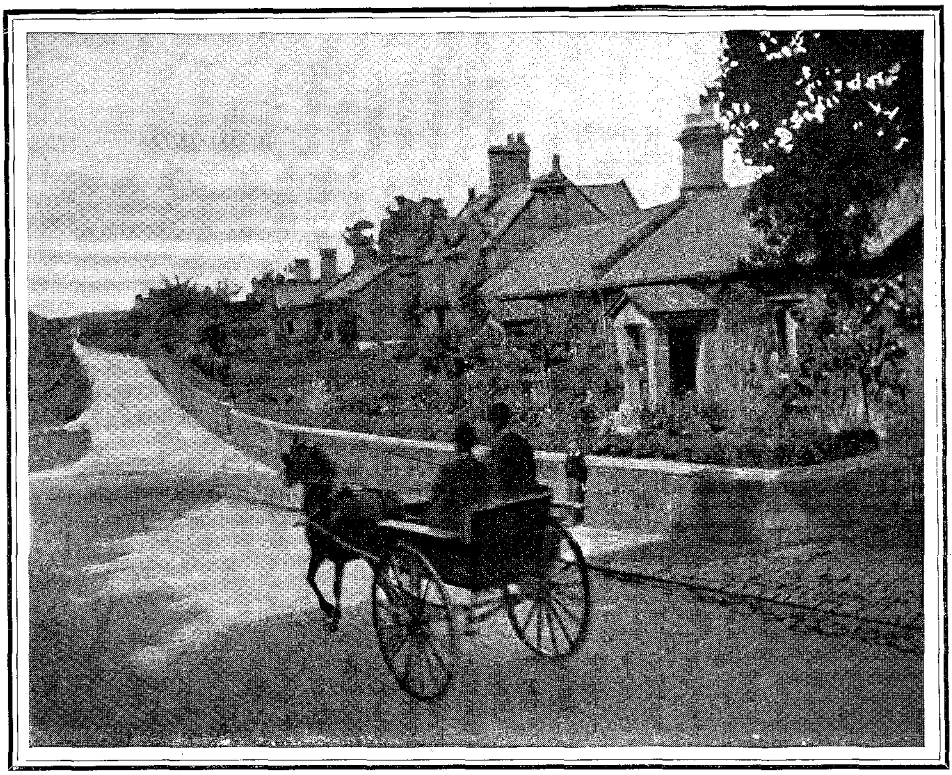
Alnwick, as with all the county towns, is gayest on a market day, for Northumbria is a land of beef, mutton, and wool. The wooden pens are early set up upon the cobbles of the market square, and as the sun rises level with the town-hall clock the countrymen with sheep or kine come winding along the highroads down into Alnwick town. Now a flock of sheep, driven by a weathered and handsome old shepherd, attended by his two knowing collies, comes trotting and bleating its timorous way through the grim "Hotspur Tower"—the sole remnant of Alnwick's wall. Now a herd of yearling heifers, driven by boys with clubs, comes from the opposite way, down the "Clayport." Or now some unlucky lad may be seen trying to coax an old sow along "Green But"—the English have ever loved story-book names for their streets. As the pens fill up, the little square becomes busy with farmers, shepherds, buyers, and countrymen generally; while dogs from far and near—every shepherd brings at least two—run about the legs of the throng in happy convention. The men greet and gossip in their broad Northumbrian speech, and what with the ayes and the nays of these hearty folk, and the lowing and the bleating and the barking, Alnwick market makes a right cheery symphony for the ear of man.



ALNWICK MOOR

"Waal, Donald," says a bystander to an old Northcountryman, as he stumps vigorously into the square, his stick in his hand and his Scotch cap well up on his brow, "is yon the same oold dog thoo used to haave?"

"Aye," answers Donald with cheerful emphasis, "an' hae'll ootlive me yet."



LABORERS' COTTAGES

Belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

"It's a bonnie haefer thoove brot this time, Donald," says another.

"Aye," replies the old man again, "an' ah hoop shae'll brung a bonnie preece."

And thus the giving and taking goes on until there, in the shadow of the market cross, the barter begins.

In this market square is an old ring-stone, a relic of the bull-baiting days when, says a chronicler, "as many as seven bulls were once baited in one winter." It is here that the "hirings" of the hinds, or farm laborers, take place. Every year, on a certain day in March, the farmers who want hinds, and the hinds who want to hire out to farmers, come together here and make arrangements for the succeeding twelvemonth. The affair is quite informal. For the most part, both farmers and men have long been known to one another, and the two classes simply mingle together for a social chat in which bargains are made and old scores settled.

The terms of the bargain are fixed by a custom which is almost as strong as law. The farmer is to furnish a cottage for his hind, rent free. The hind is to have his coals "led" or hauled from the pit, and to have for his own a thousand yards of potatoes set. The hind does the work, but on the farmer's time. The wage, running from sixteen shillings to nineteen shillings per week, is to continue at that rate throughout the year, during both the dull and the rush seasons. And there is an old Northumbrian custom, now falling out of use, though still observed, whereby the hind is to find for his master a "bondager," or female farm-servant, to work for the master whensoever her services may be required. It is an ugly term, "bondager," and probably a relic of serfdom. The hind used to be required to maintain this woman and pay her out of a sum he received from his master—customarily £15 per annum. When the bondager was the hind's wife, or daughter, or relative, the practice was tolerable; but when she was simply an unmarried woman, it was like to lead to harm. Of late the custom seems to be modified to the extent of requiring of the hind only that he find some woman able to work for the master—the woman being paid, directly, thirty-eight pence per day during harvest, and eighteen to twenty pence at other seasons.

Single farm-servants are hired for periods of six months, the dates for their hiring also being fixed by the council of the borough—usually in May and November, Whitsuntide and Martinmas. The unmarried hinds sometimes lodge with a cottager, but more often live in the farmhouse with the master. They get from £12 to £14 for their six months of service.

They are a very quaint institution, these labor marts, but the scarcity of good farm-servants, at least in the Northumbrian district, makes it possible for them to be conducted in a spirit of independence and fair dealing which is very admirable.

"I shall inquire into your character," said a farmer to a hind, "and you shall know my decision in the afternoon." At the appointed hour the man sought out his farmer and said, "Since I saw you this morning I have inquired into *your* character, and *my* decision is to have nothing more to do with you."

To an American one of the most noticeable characteristics of an old manorial town like Alnwick is the evenness of its ways; the American might say, "its stagnation." The little river Alne flowed along under its bridges as clear and unpolluted as when, two thousand years ago, the Britons ranged the land. Here and there along the stream a trout dam barred its flow, but no mills. Leeds and Huddersfield to the south, Galashiels, Dumfries to the north, have long since grown into great woolen manufactories. But Alnwick, in the very center of the woolen district, was as peaceful and uncommercial as in the time of the Conqueror. The reason seems to be that the land was not to be bought for milling purposes.

The houses were all of stone, and the streets had a certain substantial uniformity about them unknown to the American country town. There was little need of a fire department. Though Alnwick is on a railroad, there were no real-estate agents and there was no boom.

The doings of the lord of the manor furnished for the townspeople, perhaps, their chief diversion. The old filial regard for the "gentry" will doubtless survive longest in the provinces. But it would be unjust to say that the townsfolk had not a life of their own apart from that of the great families in the neighborhood. The Northumbrians have always been a robust, independent race, in mind as in body. The townsfolk looked on with interest when the red-coated huntsmen and the yelping pack started away from the "White Swan Inn." But they were more interested in their own cricket and their own cattle fairs. On Sunday many of the people attended service at the churches of the Establishment—especially the fine old parish church where the gentry go; but as many more went to the chapels of the Baptists and the Methodists, or the kirk of the Presbyterians. It was even said that in several instances when members of the ruling families had been "up" for Parliament, the electors of the borough had not voted quite as might have been desired.

Though land in freehold was so difficult to obtain, yet, judged by American standards, rents were low, even with respect to wages. One could rent a well-built, two-story stone house, with yard, for from £7 to £9 per annum.

One other distinctive feature of the town life should be spoken of—the allotments. During the last two decades, Parliament, by a series of "Allotment" and "Small Holdings" acts, has sought to make it possible for working people in Great Britain to get a measure of access to the land. These acts empower County Councils, on petition of the electors, to acquire, let, and sell land, in the interest of the electors, making the elector at once a tenant and a fractional part of a landlord. In the case of allotments the Council may resort to a process of compulsory purchase in order to acquire the land, and the land is to be let, without right of subletting, in parcels of one acre and under. In the case of "small holdings," the acts provide for the mere purchase of the land, without compulsion, and the letting and selling of it to persons upon terms easier than those that could be had in the general market. Testimony seems to show that these acts, so far as they go, have worked successfully. In many parts of the Kingdom landlords have, of their own will, set aside tracts of land for allotment use. It was so at Alnwick.

There were six tracts of allotments in different quarters of the town—all under cultivation in crops and small fruits. The allotments were usually patches one-eighth acre in size, and they rented all the way from 6s. to 15s. per annum. These tracts, with their neat rows of growing vegetables and their trim hedges and tool-houses, looked very fine indeed. The rent included water and general care of hedges and paths. One holder, a whitesmith (tinsmith), when inquired of concerning the current prices of vegetables, said that he could not tell, for he never bought any. The difficulty with allotments seemed to be their distance from the houses. After doing physical work all day, the strength and time consumed in getting to the allotment is no small matter. Still, there is usually a lad or a lass to help work the patch, and in the long North country summer evenings one can accomplish a great deal. All in all, in traveling through English towns it was the writer's observation that "'lotments," so far as they went, were not only good economy but good fun.

But to return to farmers and farming. To one who has the farmer's eye for good land and the farmer's passion for seeing things grow, there could be no country more satisfying than Northumberland. To ride over the hard macadam roads between the trim hawthorn hedges; to see acres on acres of rich rolling meadow and field on field of "gare" land neatly drilled in turnips and potatoes; to see the stalwart, well-made men and women working in the fields, the splendid Clydesdale horses—the favorite breed—before cultivator or plow, and to pass farmstead on farmstead with its rows of substantial stone cottages, its byre and fold and outbuildings, and its sugar-loaf stacks of straw; to see all these sights of thriftful prosperity is to get the impression that the cultivation of the soil, even in the world's workshop, is still a paying industry. Here the signs of that historic depression in agriculture were not obtrusive, and the cry of the laborers that reaped the fields was at least inaudible. The truth of the matter is that Northumberland does furnish the exception to most rules, and the country is generally conceded to be the best farm region in England—excepting possibly, the southernmost counties of Scotland, the best in the Kingdom.

The farms were, most of them, large ones, there being very few holdings of less

MARKET DAY IN ALNWICK

Market Cross in the Angle.

than one hundred acres, and many running well into the thousands. The writer was surprised to see how many of the large tenant farmers were "independent gentlemen," who, perhaps, had a hobby for horse or cattle or sheep breeding, but who, though they conducted their farms on scientific principles, seemed to be farmers from choice rather than necessity.

But there was another and larger class of tenant farmers in Northumberland who seemed to make ordinary farming pay. The premises of these men were not quite so ornamental as were those of the others, but there was that about them which betokened thrift and comfort.

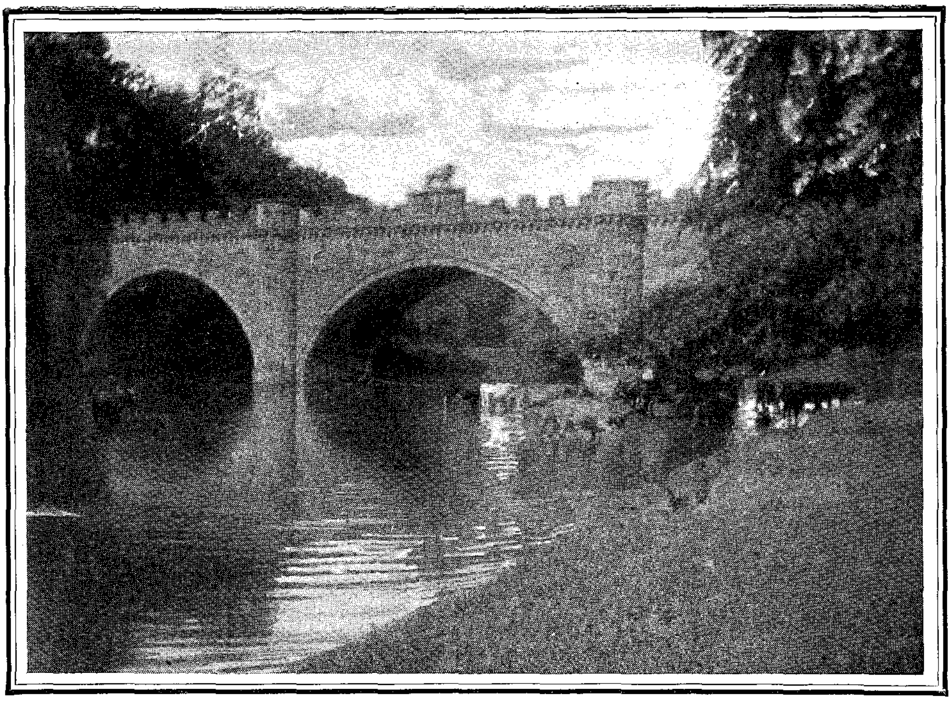
A Northumbrian farmstead is very picturesque. Letting one's eye range the country, one sees the landscape dotted here and there with groups of gray stone buildings, their red-tiled roofs making a pretty contrast to the green of the fields and the blue of the sky. From each cluster of buildings there towers a tall smokestack, usually of brick, which marks the site of the farmer's boiler and engine room. The engines run from twelve to thirty horse-power, and are used for threshing grain and cutting feed. As to the buildings, there is the farmer's house—a commodious, two-and-a-half-story structure, built, perhaps, rather for utility than beauty, but still, with its ivy or rose-clad entry and its geometrically perfect box-fringed walk and flower garden in front, not unbeautiful. The farm-house is frequently on the opposite side of the highroad from the other buildings of the farmstead. Then there are the hinds' cottages—one story buildings, constructed of the gray sandstone common to the region, laid in smooth rubble, neatly quoined. These cottages are built double, or, more often, put up in rows, as many as fifteen or twenty being sometimes in one range, which, with the little yards in front, give the appearance of a city street in the midst of green fields. About Alnwick they usually have the Percy crescent sculptured upon the lintel of the door.

To look into the cottages is to be convinced that the Northumbrian farm laborer, compared with some other laborers, is pretty well off. The women seemed tidy housekeepers, despite the fact that so much of their time was spent in the fields. The cottages contained two and sometimes even four rooms. The windows were smartly curtained, the floor, of stone flagging or cement, was freshly sanded, and the open, wrought-iron fireplace, with its kettle on the crane and its box oven, was kept blackened as only the thorough housewife knows how to do. Upon the walls would be, perhaps, scenes of hunting, made when the art of chromo-lithography was young; or a picture of Robert Burns at the plow, garlanded by the muse of poetry, and, without fail, a "jubilee" picture of Queen Victoria. In many cots the living-room was also a sleeping-room; but this fact has not the significance it has in a city tenement. The bedstead was of brass or iron, and the bed-linen was white and clean. The cottagers were very hospitable, and one need only be a stranger to be asked into their houses. To be an American was a special passport.

Besides the cottages, there are, upon a well-conducted Northumbrian farmstead, the dairy, the barn proper (the structure where cattle are housed is the "byre"), the sheepfold, the cart-sheds, the aforementioned byre and engine-room, and various houses for roots and vegetables. There is often a large corrugated-iron canopy for the shelter of hay. But much of the straw and hay is put up in the peculiar sugar-loaf stacks, carefully thatched and bound with ropes of braided straw.

As has been said, the farms were given principally to the raising of live-stock—cattle and sheep. When there was a surplus of milk over what was requisite to rear calves, it was disposed of in one of its forms. The wool from the sheep was a regular by-product, as also the grains—wheat, rye, oats, barley, called, after the ancient usage, "corn." But the chief products were the beef and the mutton, and the market was the local one of Newcastle and neighborhood. Immense quantities of turnips of several varieties were raised to feed the stock, and the four-crop shift was in general use. In the last quarter-century so much land has been laid down that only a fifth or a sixth of the area of the farms was in cultivated crops.

The farmers were an intelligent lot of men. In the science and method of practical agriculture they were well up to date, and they could converse as interestedly about the Transvaal or the Philippines as about their more immediate concerns,



THE ALNE

But the writer thinks he is not wrong in saying that they lacked that bolder, more restless spirit so characteristic of American farmers. They took life much more easily than American farmers, and did not work themselves nor their men so hard. Most of them had relatives "out" in the Western States of America or provinces of Canada.

In matters of politics they were rather inclined to take the Conservative side—not from policy, but from conviction. The landlord might shoot and hunt and live in state in London and pocket the rents to meet which they must manage so closely; but this was right, for he should do as he pleased with his own. The landlord was to remain ever a "gentleman," and they were to remain ever—farmers. Of course this attitude was also the politic one. Things go hard with the farmer who antagonizes his landlord or the landlord's agent. Recent legislation has done much to define the rights of the tenant in matters of tenure, improvements, growing crops, and the like, but much has to be taken for granted, and in the event of dispute the advantage lies clearly with the owner of the land. The farmer knows that as long as he keeps the good will of the lord of the manor and makes the lord's interests his own, his tenure is practically secure and in all small matters he may have his own way. Many a man was working the land that his father worked before him. The rents of course varied. Ordinary farm land ran from twenty shillings to thirty shillings per acre, and leases were renewed from year to year. The tenant paid all the rates.

The English farmer with his wife jogging to town in his two-wheeled trap behind the diminutive pony is the representative of a class—a class just a little lower than that of those from whom he hires his land, and a little higher than that of those he hires to till his land. There are, to be sure, intermediate gradations, for in England they are used to making nice distinctions. The agent might be said to occupy a stage in the scale between that of the farmer and his landlord; and the farmer's steward, and on large farms his shepherd and byreman, would take care to maintain social precedence over the laborers. But the lines were less punctiliously drawn in the North than elsewhere.

And a word about those same men and women that till the land. They are to be seen everywhere. In the cultivation of the large fields of turnips they work in companies under a foreman, and one will see hoeing out the drills in a field, sometimes, a score of men and women, each attending to one drill and all proceeding across the field in a single steady rank. The sight may at first suggest unpleasant memories of plantation methods in the South before the war, but there is really no hardship in this way of working. It is merely an application of the economics that obtain in other industries to that of farming, and it is surely as pleasant for the workers as a more haphazard way would be. The only hardship might be the pace; but the testimony was that it was an easy one. In the hay-fields the women worked as expeditiously as the men. Many a fine lass handling the hay with her fork had a figure and a complexion such as more privileged sisters in the town might well envy. The women wore short skirts, aprons, and kerchiefs about the neck, and the Northumbrian women had a peculiar, round, wide-rimmed, black straw hat, which, with the rest of their costume, gave them the appearance of the wives of Shem, Ham, and Japheth in the toy Noah's arks.

"Aye," said a North-country laborer, "a wommun doos better thaan a mon at all steady wark, such as weedin' an' hoein' an' thinnin'. They're queecker an' they're moor faithful."

The women seldom got more than twenty pence per day of ten hours when hiring out by the day; but bondagers received thirty pence in harvest.

The men must, of course, be conversant with all the farm processes, the handling of horses, and the use of tools. They worked only nine hours per day. There was only custom to fix this period, but it seemed to be universal. The hind would get out at a little before six in the morning, catch his horses, throw the harness on them, and give them a feed of grain. After getting a snack of breakfast, he would hitch to plow or cart and work till eight, when a warm breakfast was sent out to him from the cottage. The breakfast took a half-hour, after which he and his horses set to and worked until half-past eleven, when they knocked off for dinner and a long rest until two. Four more hours of work, from two till six, finished the day. The hours were kept as punctually as in a cotton-mill. The laborers had no organization, as they have in the counties to the south. And what happens when a farmer and his laborer disagree as to terms?

"Weel, wae goo to the magistrate aboot it, and the magistrate hae caa's in this un an' thet un to find oot what the coostum is. An' hae stan's by the coostum." The writer has already told how the wage is fixed by custom.

	£	s.	d.
House (rent free)	5	0	0
Coals led, value at 10s. per month	6	0	0
20 bags of potatoes at 7s.	7	0	0
Wages, 17s. per week	44	4	0
	62	4	0

A very average estimate would make the wage £62 per year, or $310, which, considering the lower prices in England, would easily equal $400. Adding the wages of the wife and other working members of the family, when there are such, it will be seen that the circumstances of the Northumbrian farm laborer are not so straitened as those of many of the world's workers. Hours are easy, there is no lost time as with town laborers, and there is often a pension in old age. When the writer was in the region, there was a considerable number of peasants from the west coast of Ireland traveling about the country in squads, and doing piece-work to pay their rent at home. They worked from dawn till dark, weeding turnips, etc., and they lived upon bread and tea.

Notwithstanding the relative prosperity of agricultural laborers in Northumberland, the "rural exodus" still goes on there as elsewhere. The decrease of farming in England (due chiefly to the relentless competition of such countries as America, Russia, Australia, Argentina, but also to the inaccessibility of land), and an age-long series of injustices against the agricultural laborer, will account for the decrease in the number of such laborers. But Northumberland presented the anomaly of labor leaving the land where wages were comparatively high. The reasons were various. But the desire to see the world, and the hope of being one's own man, with the fact that the workman in the mill need not be quite so deferential to his employer as the hind upon the farm, were seemingly at the bottom of the matter. There are leavens at work in society more potent than the laws of the market or the desire to be "well fixed."

THROUGH FILIPINO EYES[1]

An Authorized Interview with the President of the Filipino Junta at Hong Kong

The Second Paper in the series on Colonial America, by Phelps Whitmarsh, Special Commissioner for The Outlook

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[Dr. Apacible, the President of the Filipino Committee or Junta at Hong-Kong, was selected by The Outlook's correspondent to present the case of the Filipinos, because his official position makes what he says authoritative and genuinely representative. Dr. Apacible is still a young man, educated, we believe, at Madrid, and had not taken a prominent part in revolutionary affairs until the beginning of the present war. We are told that he is a man of attractive manners, of considerable culture, and that he carries on industriously a large correspondence with those in Europe who are likely to be interested in the work of the Junta. As Mr. Whitmarsh fully explains below, the object of this article is solely that of presenting at first hand the Filipino view of facts and theories. We are sure that our readers will be interested in the following extract from a private letter written by Mr. Whitmarsh in Hong-Kong:

"Hong-Kong, the Gibraltar and grand junction of the East, as the nearest port to the Philippines, and as a distributing point for war news, is at this time a place of unusual interest. The cable, two or three steamers a week from Manila, an occasional transport, and the many passengers from Australia who stop at Manila for a few days en route, keep the colony well supplied with news, rumors, and gossip. Daily one meets new people with new stories to tell; some fact, some fiction, and some an ingenious mixture of the two. In nearly all cases, however, the information given is so colored either by personal interests or national prejudices that it requires much sifting to get at the grains of truth. The average German one meets, for instance, by reason of his belief that the Philippines should rightfully have become a German possession, is anti-American, and instances only those things which, in his opinion, show the arbitrary and false position of the United States. The average Briton, on the other hand, seeing that America's retention of the islands will add to American interests in the East and thus probably cause her to join him and Japan in holding the balance of power, is friendly, and contents himself by criticising the American army. The Filipino talks only of American treachery; the Spaniard is full of mingled spite and laughter; the returning American volunteer is an encyclopædia of complaint. All have different views of the question except the stolid Chinaman, who, with a splendid unconcern, goes about his business in precisely the same manner as he has pursued it for a thousand years."—THE EDITORS.]

IN beginning a series of papers dealing with perhaps the most important question now before the American people—the Philippine question—it seems to me that I should do two things: first, declare myself, and, second, give the Filipino an opportunity to speak for himself. This for the sake of clearness, for the sake of comparison, and for the sake of justice. As there are two sides to every question, the broad, far-minded man, who reaches conclusions by the exercise of his brain and conscience rather than by the way of his prejudices, his interests, or by lazily accepting the conclusions of others—this man, I think, will want to hear both sides. And as, moreover, the American people are the judges in the case, having still to determine what policy shall be pursued in the Philippines, and being required to render a just decision, it is not only desirable that they hear both sides, but necessary. The Filipino is the "under dog;" no matter how long or how bravely he fights, his defeat is nevertheless certain, is merely a question of time, and, as we are so vastly his superior, physically, intellectually, and morally, the least we can do, as a civilized nation, is to treat him with characteristic Anglo-Saxon "fair play."

As for myself, I go to the Philippines merely as a fact-gatherer; hoping that, by actual contact with the natives, I may be able to learn some of those things concerning the islands and their people of which we, as a Nation, are ignorant. To do this successfully it is essential that I shall work free from political or army influence, that I shall throw away all latitudinal and National prejudices, that I must have no ax to grind, no office policy to hamper, no point of view but a human one, and no object but to give out the unadulterated and, where it does not interfere with military operations, the uncensored truth. This, in brief, is my mission in the Philippines.

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[1] See comment on another page.—THE EDITORS.

As a preliminary to my work, and especially as such an interview as here appended would be difficult to send from Manila, I have thought it advisable to draw up a series of questions and present them for answer to the Filipino Committee established here. Dr. Apacible, the President of the Committee, has kindly furnished me with the replies, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words.

What was Aguinaldo's understanding and the general Filipino understanding when the leader was taken to Manila?

If the popular and brave Filipino leader Aguinaldo agreed to second the action of the United States in her war with Spain, and if, with him, his chiefs rendered their valuable services as well as the whole country, it was because *all*, without exception, firmly believed that they were to struggle for their liberty and for the independence of the country. Is it presumable that we should offer to sacrifice ourselves for the benefit of an unknown foreign nation, as the United States was to us? Is it likely that we should fight with the sole hope of returning to our former state, to a new colonial régime, a new military autocratic tyranny, which was the reason and cause of our rising against Spain?

Were any promises made to Aguinaldo before he left Hong-Kong? And by whom?

It is certain that promises existed, though it may not be asked by whom, for our answer will be, By all the Americans. Before the war with Spain the American Government and people declared that their cause was the cause of humanity, and that if the struggle came about it would be made only to free the Spanish colonies from Spanish oppression. The American Consuls, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Wildman, and even Admiral Dewey, did not neglect to interpret to us these magnanimous intentions. Aguinaldo and the other Filipino leaders were granted military honors by both the United States land and sea forces. The Philippine flag was flown in Manila Bay, and was recognized and saluted as such by the Americans before the eyes of the foreign fleets. The small number of Spanish prisoners made by the Americans were handed over to the Filipinos before the fall of Manila, thus declaring Filipino authority and manifesting clearly that the struggle was for the benefit of the Filipino people. When Spain requested from America good treatment for these and other Spanish prisoners, the United States Secretary of State answered that he "would employ his good offices" to that effect (not that he would *order* or *dispose*), which phrase indicates that he considered the independent power of the Filipinos.

Again, when Filipino independence was proclaimed before the American army, and with the full knowledge of President McKinley, no American opposition was manifested, which naturally cheered and encouraged Filipino hopes and ambitions. Moreover, the landing of American forces was always done with previous notice to the Filipinos, accompanied with courtesies and solicitations for the proper lodging of the troops. In fact, the expressed and implied acts of recognition of the Philippine Republic by the Americans before they defeated Spain, and before they had a sufficient force on the ground to control the situation, are numberless. This behavior has but two explanations: either the imperialistic party has changed in a day its policy of being a *liberator*, as they offered to be, to that of a *colonizer*, which sudden change is unworthy of weighty persons; or the part they played at first, all they said and did, was false, and as such is without justification. Both of these explanations lead us to but one conclusion—that the imperialists are incapable of sincerity and good faith, and, such being the case, we cannot in the future rely on their promises or their protestations of generosity and nobleness in the event of our laying down our arms.

Was Aguinaldo asked by the Americans to go to Manila, or did the request come from him?

Certainly Aguinaldo was asked to go to the Philippines. If you ask me for proofs of this, I cannot give you them, because those who negotiate in good faith, and particularly when they receive an invitation unexpectedly and verbally, do not usually have a notary and witnesses at hand ready to prove that they have been so approached. Aguinaldo, believing in the good faith of his supposed friends, was wholly without suspicion and did not think of covering himself by such apparently insignificant movements. Make Consuls Wildman and Pratt and Admiral Dewey answer this question under oath, and I will abide by their statements.

Under what circumstances was the first shot fired—who were the aggressors?

Though at the beginning General Otis tried to make it believed that the aggression came from the Filipinos, demonstration to the contrary is most clear in the fact that we were totally unprepared for the attack. We had taken no precautions, our generals were away, and our advance lines were without reinforcement. On the other hand, the American troops and fleet were admirably prepared. And, moreover, we have the testimony of those foreigners who witnessed the rupture, and the statements of the American volunteers themselves, to prove that the Americans were the aggressors. If the Filipinos had schemed or premeditated any such hostilities, they would have brought the rupture about three months before, when they had but 6,000 Americans before them at the full mercy of their loyalty, and not when conditions were more difficult. You must remember, also, that the moment was most inopportune for us, since it could hardly fail to secure for the imperialists their victory at the Treaty of Paris. General Otis exculpates himself now with the excuse that the aggression was due to a casual imprudence, but this excuse is a farce when one considers that the very next day he refused to listen to the Filipino envoys who came to make clear what had happened and to re-establish harmony between the two armies. For President McKinley the open rupture was no doubt convenient, as he foresaw it would hasten the approval of the Treaty and at the same time furnish him with an apology for the campaign of extermination and expansion he schemed and still desires.

How much territory and how many of the inhabitants of the islands are in sympathy with or under the influence of the Tagolos?

All the Philippine Islands, without exception, recognize the Filipino Government and aspire to independence. If there are places occupied by Americans whose people recognize other sovereignty than that of the Filipinos, it is because they are under the pressure of force, which General Otis plants with false promises wherever his arms reach. General Otis, for his own benefit, would have the American people believe that whole territories have willingly, unconditionally, submitted to American sovereignty. But truth will not be hidden, and every one knows now that his victories, after a seven months' campaign, amount merely to a few towns and a few miles of railway. The trickery of the imperialists, expressed through Otis, is one of the many reasons why we have not laid down our arms. If, believing the promises of the imperialists, we were to lay down our arms now, they would claim that they had conquered us by force of arms, and then construe our act as an expression of our willingness, our desire, to become a part of a United States colonial system. If the imperialists think they have inspired any affection among the Filipinos, if they think that there are a large number of Filipinos ready to accept American sovereignty, let the matter be put to a general vote. We are willing to submit to the result.

You consider, I presume, that the Tagalos are capable of forming a stable government, protecting life and property, and maintaining law and order in the islands?

I do. I believe in the capacity of the Filipinos, not only to govern the whole archipelago, but *to continue governing it.* If you read our Constitution, consider how every part of our administration, from the time of the defeat of the Spaniards until the outbreak of hostilities with the Americans, performed its functions, if you find out how it is still functioning and see what admirable order is maintained in the vast territory still unreached by imperialistic arms, you will admit this also. We do not boast when we say that we are the most enlightened nation of the Far East. For two centuries instruction, both elemental and in the higher branches, has been growing in popularity with us.

For more than two centuries we have had the advantages of civilization. Not the best kind of civilization, I admit, but, at least, European in its tendencies and not without benefit. Great numbers of our young men have always completed their studies in Europe. We have lawyers, doctors, authors, artists, engineers, etc. What other proofs of our ability for self-government are required? Did we not govern well during our seven months of independence after the fall of Manila, notwithstanding the critical and feverish condition of the country? Is not that proof enough? If the imperialists can point out one nation in history which, after a radical revolution, could, in such a short period, reorganize itself civilly, re-establish a thoroughly organized government, and make and administer just and suitable laws, I am ready to retract all that I have said.

What is your explanation of the document issued at Malalos advising the Filipinos to exterminate all foreigners? Also, is it true that Filipinos have used flags of truce as a decoy, and fired upon American flags of truce?

All these things are untrue. They are merely the calumnies and inventions of those who wish to enlist the sympathy of the world in an imperialistic war, and to prejudice the American people against us. In substantiation of this, I need only point to the past respect and consideration we have shown towards all persons and interests. The respect I hold for the American people prevents me from saying what the conduct of the American soldiers has been in committing acts unworthy of a civilized nation, and how their officers, instead of suppressing them, seem rather to appreciate them the more.

What would be the result if Aguinaldo were captured or shot?

It would not make the slightest difference as regards the carrying on of the war. There are a dozen men capable of taking his place.

Having acquired the Philippines by conquest from the Spaniards and also by purchase, do you not consider that the United States has a right to the islands?

It was the Filipino army and not the American that took from the Spaniards the largest part, indeed almost the whole of the territory now disputed, and for that reason the success of the struggle belongs to us. As to that disgraceful purchase of a sovereignty which the seller had already lost, we could understand it if the cost were to be demanded of us; but that the United States should, by a mercantile transaction, acquire the rights of sovereignty over some 10,000,000 of people, forgetful of their National honor and their Constitution, seems incredible. "How would be shaken of horror in his grave the bones of the great Washington" were he to hear his descendants speak of buying a nation against their will at the rate of about $2 a head!

Can you propose any m thod by which the United States can now withdraw without dishonor?

This question can be answered only by another question. How can the United States *continue* this unjust war without dishonor? The imperialists' appeal to the National pride of the Americans is another example of their trickery. We did not say, nor shall we ever say, that we aspire to defeat such a powerful nation as America; so the honor of the American army is satisfied beforehand with this confession. Why, then, do we not lay down our arms? Because we prefer death rather than submit to the yoke the imperialists would impose upon us.

Under what conditions would the Filipinos lay down their arms?

I cannot answer this question. The Philippine Government, however, can answer you; and it is certain that the conditions would have been known long ago if General Otis had not systematically refused to listen to the delegates whom the Philippine Government has sent. General Otis has demanded from us an unconditional and humiliating surrender, without further guarantee than the promise that a favorable reign shall be granted to us in the future. We are asked to throw ourselves wholly upon the *noble generosity* and *honored word* of the imperialistic party. Can we, I ask you, accept such a proposition, coming as it does from one who has already deceived us?

When was the Filipino Congress established, and who are its present members?

The Malolos Assembly was constituted about the time of the capitulation of Manila; its constitution established a republican form of government in the usual way, though necessarily adapting it to the exigencies and conditions of the country. The Representatives are elected by suffrage. No one of them is a relative of the President, and all are men of integrity and proven ability.

Out of what funds is the war carried on?

The answer is obvious; this and all other State expenses are paid out of the public revenues. Has the fiction of imperialism grown to such an extent that the American people refuse to believe that the Filipino Government is seriously and properly organized? Is it possible that the American people do not know that the Filipino Government exercises its functions in all parts of the islands unoccupied by imperialistic troops?

Is it a fact that a law was passed by your Congress providing for absolute tolerance of religion throughout the islands and the complete separation of Church from State?

It is. The law referred to was promulgated on the 23d of January of the present year.

Have the Filipinos endeavored to make it known to Protestant missionaries that they would be welcome in the Philippines?

We have given out this information repeatedly, and we think it has brought many to espouse our cause, as they see that the spirit of our people is liberal. It is not so with the Roman Catholic party, however. This party is completely under the influence of the priests, who, hoping to again impose themselves upon the country, are in favor of a colonial system of government.

What is the approximate value of the Roman Catholic Church property in the Philippine Islands?

As far as I know, it has never been properly estimated, as the friars, during the Spanish domination, always opposed it. I think, however, that the total value of the properties attributed to the friars is about $50,000,000. If the titles to these properties were to be examined, however, it would be found that legitimately they possess but a small percentage of this value, because the greater part of it was derived by deceit and imposition—by the high-handed methods of robbery which they exercised during Spanish sovereignty. Their excesses in this regard were one of the causes of the Philippine Revolution. It is painful to think that the immense wealth of these friars, all they possess in Hong-Kong, Macao, Shanghai, Singapore, Australia, and elsewhere, was ground out with the sweat and blood of the Filipinos, whom they now reward by urging their instrument, Otis, on to a war of extermination.

From May until August were the postal and telegraph systems working, as under the Spanish régime? If so, are they still continued in the territory held by you?

As I have already stated, the Filipino administration began to carry on the regular and usual functions as soon as it was formed. Both postal and telegraph systems were working during that period, and in the territory occupied by our Government are still working.

Did many Filipinos hold government offices under Spanish rule?

Most of the lower offices in the administration, and in a few cases the magistracy, were occupied by Filipinos. Most of these persons are now holding similar positions under our Government. A few who lack energy and courage have continued at their old posts under Otis, but, in spite of this outward manifestation of loyalty to the Americans, every man of them in his innermost heart is a sympathizer in the sacred cause of independence.

In the event of fresh negotiations of peace being entered into, would the Filipinos be willing, not only to surrender the whole of Manila Bay, or any other harbor, for a military and coaling station, but also indemnify the United States for the sovereignty conveyed to them by the Treaty of Paris?

I cannot answer this question. The Filipino Government will decide on all such important matters as this, as they think proper. Let America hear the Filipinos, since Otis refuses to do so, and it will be seen that they only ask what is right and just. Our Government does not wish to harm the cause it defends by making unjustifiable demands. Notwithstanding the immense power of America, we still resist and we still have strength to continue to resist. This we will do till the light comes, till the noble part of America shall recognize that justice is due us, or until we all succumb, defeated with honor, and happier in such a death than living under the yoke of imperialism.

Hong-Kong, October 4, 1899.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American in Holland, The. By William Elliot Griffis, L.H.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 396 pages. $1.25.

Dr. Griffis writes just as vivaciously and interestingly about Holland as he has about Korea and Japan. If his style has not the poetic touch-and-go of Havard, Aicard, and Amicis, his book contains much information of the comparative kind not always found in theirs. Dr. Griffis is continually comparing the topography, customs, industries, arts, of various countries, and, in truth, all his judgments are projected against a background of enviable world-knowledge. From one or two of these judgments, nevertheless, the reader may differ, as, for instance, when Hals is called the greatest portrait-painter of northern Europe. In this, as well as in previous publications, Dr. Griffis shows, as has no other writer, how Holland helped to make America. The special value of "An American in Holland" lies in the description of such outlying towns as Goes, Egmond, Hanlingen, and Dokkum, for instance, which the ordinary traveler would hardly be apt to see.

Animal Jokes. By M. Baker-Baker and A. Crawford. R. H. Russell, New York. 48 pages. $1.25.

Animals, The Square Book of. By William Nicholson. Rhymes by Arthur Waugh. R. H. Russell, New York. 14 pages. $1.50.

Grotesque rhymes and pictures, printed on heavy paper, with broad margins.

Art of Thinking, The. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 16mo. 139 pages. $1.

This is a popular treatise by a master of the subject. He sees that scrappy reading and no thinking breed intellectual apathy, in which the art of thinking gets lost. In brief chapters well grounded in sound psychology and logic he gives practical directions for its revival and culture, with lists of helpful books on the topics discussed. It is a book by which young people of college age, as well as others, may profit.

Behind the Veil. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 18mo. 107 pages. 75c.

A romance of the future life as related to the present, inculcating the truths of retribution and redemption, of human responsibility and divine sympathy. The scenery is material, but the thought is thoroughly ethical, Scriptural, spiritual, a tonic for hours of moral weakness and comfort for hours of sorrow.

Ben Comee. By M. J. Canavan. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 263 pages. $1.50.

As the sub-title indicates, this story treats of episodes in the Old French War. It has a basis of fact in detail as well as in historical outline. The country life at Lexington about 1755–1759 is described simply and pleasantly, and this part of the book is followed by a clear and often thrilling account of the experiences of the boy heroes in scouting parties with the Rangers about Lake George and Lake Champlain. A rather unusually good book for boys.

Bismarck, Prince Otto von, The Life of. By Frank Preston Stearns. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 431 pages. $3.50.

China, Village Life in. By Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 360 pages. $2.

A recent traveler in China called Dr. Smith's recent volume the best book yet written on that country. This opinion is doubtless widely held, and hence a new publication from the author of "Chinese Characteristics" ought to meet with an appreciative welcome. As Dr. Smith says, a Chinese village is the empire in microcosm. What we learn from him about one village is largely true of all. In the first half of his book he tells of village markets, shops, schools, temples, theaters, weddings, and funerals, of village usages and institutions and public characters. Much of the second half is devoted to a description of the monotony and vacuity of village life, of the instability of family life, owing to family disunity. The regeneration of both village and family is, of course, to be accomplished by Christianity. As in "Chinese Characteristics" so here, the author's judgments seem more patently the fruits of ripe experience than do those of any recent writer on China (Dr. Smith has lived there twenty-five years), and, as in "Chinese Characteristics," his terse, incisive style makes his book doubly worth reading.

Carlyle, Thomas: Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Volume IV. (Centenary Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 501 pages. $1.25.

Christian Unity, Lectures on. By Herbert Symonds, M.A. William Briggs, Toronto. 8vo. 174 pages. 75c.

These six lectures by an Episcopal clergyman in Canada show that Christian unity has a growing hope. The author looks for the federation of the churches, not for the absorption by one of all the rest. At the same time, discarding the High Church idea of Apostolic succession, he recommends the "historic episcopate" in its cis-atlantic democratic form as a means of unifying common interests and efforts.

Colorado in Color and Song. Verse by J. W. Wright, Frank H. Mayer, J. D. Dillenback, and Others. Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo. (Illustrated.) 52 pages. $2.50.

The color is on thick, the song on thin, pages. Both color and song are forceful enough to bring back memories of the Colorado which every one admires; whether or not they reproduce that Colorado for us, either to the physical or spiritual eye, is another matter.

Cuba, To-Morrow In. By Charles M. Pepper. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 362 pages. $2.

Mr. Pepper is a careful and thoughtful writer. His book cannot fail to furnish valuable aid toward solving the difficult problem suggested in his title. He is sure that the problem cannot be settled from without, and paraphrases the utterance of an Italian statesman: "Cuba is made, but who shall make the Cubans?" The only answer, he truly says, is "Themselves." More than in any book on Cuba printed since the war, Mr. Pepper goes to the reasons of things, and presents not merely bare facts but their meaning. All past alleged Cuban autonomy, he shows, has been a fallacy, whatever its form, because it has always depended ultimately on the individual will of the Captain-General, however concealed. The United States has always been a "continuous intervening" power in Cuba, negatively if not openly. Now it must so direct that power as to create genuine self-government. Practically, he would recommend the election of a constitutional convention by popular vote, but would not directly submit the question of annexation. He asserts that the Cubans who favor annexation would accept it only with a pledge of immediate Statehood, adding "People of the United States should not turn their thoughts to annexation when by it they understand only limited territorial government while the people of Cuba who are turning to annexation understand only full Statehood and equality in the American Nation." Free sugar as a result of annexation is eagerly expected by the capitalists, but the aspiration of the Cuban people is rather toward diversified industries, a country peopled by small landowners, and either outright independence or real autonomy under a United States protectorate. For either of these things Mr. Pepper thinks the people are willing to wait patiently, realizing that they must learn much and that they have now their first real opportunity to learn.

Elia, The Essays of. By Charles Lamb. (Illustrated.) Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. $3.

It would not be easy to imagine a more delightful setting of these classic essays by one of the masters of English humor and English prose than is to be found in these two volumes. They are of the right size; they can be held in one hand while one looks into the fire in order to get the flavor of Lamb's work—and Elia ought always to be read on the most intimate terms; they are illustrated in fullest sympathy with the quaint conceits, the kindly humor, and the delightful irrationality of the essayist. Mr. Brock knows the old-time men and women well, as he has abundantly shown in earlier work. His picture of Mrs. Battle tells the whole story of the essay. The illustrations are numerous enough and varied enough, not to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, nor to entertain him, but to bring out the variety and quality of the writing. Mr. Birrell's introduction finds its place with the essays by a kind of natural selection. The volumes are printed simply, but with perfect tastefulness, and are plainly but elegantly bound. Altogether this is a captivating edition of some of the best English prose.

England. By C. J. Taylor. (Illustrated.) R. H. Russell, New York. 72 pages. $5.

This book of pictures well reproduces the beef and brawn of English physical life; the social, intellectual, and æsthetic side of English life is not touched upon.

England in the Nineteenth Century. By C. W. Oman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 276 pages. $1.25.

Fairygold, Age of. By Gertrude Hall. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 79 pages. $1.25.

This latest volume will not materially modify the judgment which the readers of Miss Hall's earlier volumes have reached. It amply sustains her well-deserved reputation; it is characterized by simplicity, sincerity, and a delightful freshness of sentiment. It is devoid of pretension, relying for its effects on very simple means, and finding its subjects in the poetical aspects of common things. A single poem, taken at random, will show its quality:

"I try to fix my eyes upon a book,
But just outside a budding spray
Flaunts its new leaves, as if to say,
'Look! look!'

I trim my pen, I make it fine and neat;
There comes a flutter of brown wings,
A little bird alights and sings,
'Sweet! sweet!'

O little bird, O go away, be dumb,
For I must ponder certain lines;
And straight a nodding flower makes signs,
'Come! come!'

O Spring, let me alone! O bird, bloom, beam,
'I have no time to dream!' I cry;
The echo breathes a soft, long sigh,
'Dream! dream!'"

Five Windows of the Soul, The. By E. H. Aitken. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 257 pages. $2.

The author's subject is "The Five Gates [of sense] by which the outer world has entrance into the city of Mansoul." Believing, with Carlyle, that "the degree of vision that dwells within a man is the correct measure of a man," he endeavors in a simple colloquial way to open our eyes to the unnoticed influences astir within the world. He is at home with science, and in love with beauty, and alive to the close connection of the material with the moral and spiritual.

Favor of Princes, The. By Mark Lee Luther. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 259 pages. $1.50.

Madame Pompadour and Louis XV. are among the characters of this tale of plotting, adventure, and intrigue. As a story of the Weyman type it has decided merit. The action is rapid, the style direct and effective, the plot and characters continuously interesting.

Fox-Woman, The. By John Luther Long. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 308 pages. $1.25.

A very unusual story, with a psychological motive, which is not obtruded, but still gives the story depth and force. The central figure is a little, deformed Japanese artist, very subtly presented, with genuine insight into the Japanese temperament and feeling for the beautiful. This artist is loved by a Japanese girl who recognizes the divine in him and constantly brings out the highest in his nature. He is visited as a curiosity by an American girl—brilliant, beautiful, heartless, and essentially vulgar—who is struck by his ugliness, and who evokes the worst in him, until he becomes almost as repulsive as the statuette which she makes of him in a satirical spirit. It ought to be said that the author of this charming story has taken a somewhat unfair advantage in presenting a missionary family of such absolutely Philistine quality, and has heightened their vulgarity by setting them in effective contrast with the refinement, the gentleness, and the self-denial of the Japanese. The story must not be taken as a dispassionate study of two different races and religions, but it may be taken as a piece of art work full of delicate insight.

Historic Side-Lights. By Howard Payson Arnold. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 331 pages. $2.50.

Full of "meat" in the way of personal anecdotes, queer bits of information, little-known circumstances connected with historic events, side slaps at all sorts of things the author dislikes—all mingled ingeniously yet with seeming chance. The *ana* relating to Franklin are particularly full, and the author has studied the personal side of early American history generally with assiduity. Queer but entertaining.

Hogg, James. By Sir George Douglas. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo. 154 pages. 75c.

The latest contribution to the Famous Scots Series presents in compact form the biography of the Ettrick Shepherd—one of those intensely local poets who are likely to live because they are so closely identified with their time and place, and who become, therefore, for other men and other times, a significant survival of the past. James Hogg no longer fills a great place in English literature, but he is a very interesting figure, and this condensed account of his life and work will serve a valuable purpose.

Honour Bright. By Mary C. Rowsell. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 48 pages. 50c.

The story of the little Prince of Wales, Charles Stuart, son of Charles the First. The little prince escapes from his friends, and would have been captured by his enemies but for a faithful servant. The cover is decorative, the illustration exquisite.

How England Saved Europe. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Vol. I. 8vo. 361 pages. $2.

Iliad. Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. Translated in verse by Alexander Pope. (Cambridge Literature Series.) Edited by Thomas Hall, Jr. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 12mo. 180 pages. 40c.

Italian Unity, A History of. (1814–1871.) By Bolton King, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. $7.50.

Jingle Book, The. By Carolyn Wells. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 124 pages. $1.

Miss Wells stands the difficult test of keeping well in touch with Mr. Oliver Herford's pictures, which are in many cases quite in his best vein. Most of the jingles have that easy, happy-go-lucky air which all successful jingles possess. They indicate a sense of ease on the part of the writer; and they have the fun which comes, like that in Mr. Herford's pictures, from a native sense of humor, and a natural aptitude for expressing it.

Keats, John, Complete Poetical Works and Letters of. (Cambridge Edition.) Edited by Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 473 pages. $2.

It has been a pleasure to point out from time to time the excellence of the Cambridge Edition of standard poets, so admirably adapted to meet the needs of the best reading public. The latest addition to this series presents not only Keats's poetical works, but his letters, which ought to be included with his verse, and which ought to be read by every one who desires to understand the poet, in order to enter intelligently into the spirit and quality of his work. The text presented in this volume has been carefully collated from the best editions, and variations are noted in the appendix. The letters have furnished a great deal of valuable material for the notes which preface the poems, and which form one of the most valuable features of this edition. These notes are historical and bibliographical, and answer the questions which the reader always has in mind; that is to say, at what time in the poet's career the poem was written, where it was written, and in what year. The editorial work in this volume, as in its predecessors, is thoroughly intelligent and judicious.

Kingfisher's Egg, The. By L. T. Meade. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

And other stories. Cover and illustrations are most attractive.

King's Jester, The, and Other Short Plays. By Caro Atherton Dugan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 364 pages. $1.50.

King's Lyrics, The. Compiled by Fitz Roy Carrington. (Illustrated.) R. H. Russell, New York. 128 pages. 75c.

"The King's Lyrics" is a handsomely made little volume, copying the old fashions in type, illustration, and binding, and containing a selection of lyrical poems from the work of the writers of the time of James I. and Charles I., together with Michael Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington, taking into account the enjoyment of his readers, has adopted modern spelling, save in a few cases, where to retain the old adds not only to the effectiveness of the poem but to the interest and delight of the reader.

Liddell, Henry George. A Memoir. By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, M A. (Illustrated.) Henry Holt & Co, New York. 288 pages.

Labor, A Dividend to. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 400 pages. $1.50.

The present volume by Professor Gilman contains an introductory chapter upon the great pioneer work done by Robert Owen at New Lanark, and proceeds to a description of the present-day institutions established by employers for the benefit of the employed in Germany, France, the Netherlands, England, and America. The descriptions of the foreign philanthropies are largely of the kind to be drawn from the official reports of the firms themselves, but in America Professor Gilman has personally visited the more important works he describes, and felt in some measure the animating spirit. Needless to say, the American portion of the volume is much the best Professor Gilman's attitude is never critical toward firms whose supposed philanthropies increase the dependence of their workmen upon themselves, but he has enough of the American spirit to like best those established to promote the economic independence of the workmen. It is in America that the latter aim has most often been manifest.

Lieber, Francis, His Life and Political Philosophy. By Lewis R. Harley, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 213 pages. $1.75.

Germany never made a nobler contribution to America than Lieber, professor of history and political science in Columbia College, who died in 1872, whose works preserve his fame. The whole country owes him a debt. His biographer has described it in this deserved and interesting memoir.

Literature, Studies in. By Maurice Francis Egan, A.M., LL.D. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 8vo. 130 pages. 60c.

Little Heroes of Matanzas, The. By Mary B. Carret. James H. West Co., Boston. 62 pages. 50c.

A graphic picture of Spanish cruelties in Cuba.

Lost Identity, A. By J. D. Hennessey. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 12mo. 208 pages. $1.25.

Lutheran Cyclopædia, The. Edited by Henry Eyster Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. John A. W. Haas, B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 572 pages. $4.

This volume is significant both of the growth of the Lutheran Church in America and of the progress toward union in American Lutheranism of the Lutheran Churches separated in Europe. It is a product of co-operation between different sections of the Lutheran communion, and presents, along with subjects of general interest, the chief topics comprised in the doctrine, life, customs, history, and statistics of the Lutheran Church.

Luther Strong. By Thomas J. Vivian. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 12mo. 283 pages. $1.25.

The author of "The Fall of Santiago" and "With Dewey at Manila" has published a romance worth reading, not so much for plot-development as for its glimpse into Yankeedom.

Magellan, The Story of. By Hezekiah Butterworth. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 235 pages. $1.50.

The discoverer of the Philippines is of peculiar interest at the present time. The careful work of the author makes the book a valuable contribution to the home library.

Metropolitan Museum, The Treasures of the. Described by Arthur Hoeber. R. H. Russell, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Arthur Hoeber has done a real service to the world of art, as well as to the non-æsthetic world. His admirable book will serve in bringing the latter world closer to the former. It is a pity that the treasures of a museum so fitly placed and housed should not be better known, especially by those to whom they are so easy of access. This book will conduce to that end, and, to those uninformed concerning painters and sculptors, will supply useful rudimentary knowledge.

Mother Duck's Children. By Gugu. R. H. Russell, New York. 48 pages. $1.50.

A prettily illustrated and decorated book for little children, printed in colors.

Moulton, William F. By W. Fiddian Moulton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 292 pages. $2.50.

Dr. Moulton (born 1835, died 1898) was a distinguished member of the Wesleyan communion in Great Britain. An accomplished scholar also, he was one of the Revisers of the New Testament. Some interesting glimpses into the making of the Revision are given in this memoir by his son.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. By Hereford B. George. (With maps and plans.) New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 8vo. 451 pages. $4.

New Testament, Introduction to the. The Collection of the Four Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew. By F. Godet, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 272 pages. $2.50.

This volume of the English translation is the first installment of the second volume of Dr. Godet's "Introduction" in its French original. It treats of the Collection of the Four Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew. The veteran scholar to whom we owe it dissents from the prevailing opinion of critics, which makes Matthew derivative from Mark and the book of *Logia* (a collection of the words of Jesus). He thinks that the latter (originally written in Aramaic for Jewish readers) "has been inserted as a translation in the Gospel," written in Greek, and attributes the authorship of both, in a qualified sense, to Matthew himself, giving as early a date as A.D. 66 for the completed work.

Osborne, Edward, The Colloquies of. By the author of "Mary Powell," etc. Illustrated by John Jellicoe. 8vo. 280 pages. $2.

Out of the Nest. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 110 pages. $1.25.

Palestine and Syria, Two Years in. By Margaret Thomas. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 343 pages. $5.

Despite a too liberal use of garish red, the sixteen illustrations, facsimiles of the original paintings by the author, add a needed element to her text. If they do not adequately succeed, they succeed better in the reproduction of the atmosphere and light and color of the everyday life of the inhabitants of the real Palestine and Syria of to-day; not the Palestine and Syria of Bible times, or of tradition, or of fancy. The text, however, is welcomely informative—especially in the chapters on the Jerusalem Jews and on the Turkish Army Reserves. Travelers who have tested the two may feel inclined to challenge the author's judgments that the bazaars of Damascus are inferior to those of Constantinople, and that there is nothing more delicious than a bath amid the "refreshing waves" of the Dead Sea. The book is superbly printed and bound, but it lacks a map.

Philippines, The Expedition to the. By F. D. Millet. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 275 pages. $2.50.

Covers the history of American occupation from the time General Merritt left San Francisco (June 29, 1898) to September 22 of the same year. Mr. Millet was correspondent of the London "Times" and of "Harper's Weekly." His well-known ability as an artist does not here come in play, as the abundant illustration is photographic. The chapters, originally written as press correspondence, preserve rather remarkably their freshness and clearness. For the period covered the book is valuable and full; it will be of great use to whoever prepares that well-proportioned history of the war in the Philippines which is impossible to expect for some time to come. Mr. Millet has a keen, trained eye for the picturesque and typical. Native peculiarities and customs are pleasantly sketched. Mr. Millet regards the Tagalo as a decidedly conceited individual, passionately eager to avenge himself on the Spaniard for injuries received, and is sure that if the insurgents had been allowed to take Manila the slaughter and looting would have been atrocious. A pen-picture of Aguinaldo as seen in a personal interview is interesting but slight. In places these newspaper letters, capital as such, have too much local and personal detail for book form.

Philosophy of History. By Alfred H. Lloyd. George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Mich. 16mo. 250 pages.

A critical exposition of the principles involved in the historical progress of civilization, acutely reasoned and severely abstract.

Prayer-Meeting Talks, A Year's. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 289 pages. $1.

Fifty-two short addresses on spiritual and practical topics given at the prayer-meeting of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Cleveland.

Princess Xenia, The. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 347 pages. $1.50.

Here an Englishman of philosophic and curious turn of mind, who has suddenly become enormously rich, tries to control the political destinies of the little European principality in which he happens to live. In the end German diplomacy on the one hand and on the other love and woman prove too strong for him, but he has a lively and audacious run for his money. Cleverly conceived, but too deliberately worked out.

Real Estate and Mortgage Investment, The Science of. By Homer Reed. Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 124 pages.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. Harper & Bros., New York. 12mo. 376 pages. $1.50.

This is a novel of more than usual power. The story begins with the discovery by a noble Englishman of his wife's unfaithfulness, and a dramatic interview with the guilty partner, in which, instead of pistols and coffee, the choice is offered of two lamplighters of unequal length, with the proposal that the man who draws the shorter shall end his life within five months. The lover loses, and is overshadowed with the horror of his fate. Tragedy runs through to the end, but there is much beside, including some very unpleasant humor. The three women who are the chief actors are vigorously portrayed, and the reader will find them most interesting. The vicar and the bishop are singularly clear and coherent characters.

Red Rag of Ritual, The. By George Cusack. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 8vo. 312 pages. $1.50.

Religion under the Barons of Baltimore. By C. Ernest Smith, D.D. E. Allen Lycett, Baltimore. 12mo. 384 pages. $1.25.

Resolved to be Rich. By E. H. Cooper. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 354 pages. $1.25.

That the love of money is the root of all evil is made patent in this tale. The unpleasant young hero apparently profits but little by his experience. Without doubt Nemesis will eventually overtake such a one and his methods.

Right Living as a Fine Art. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 52 pages. 50c.

Ritschlian Theology, The. By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 400 pages. $3.

Romanism in its Home. By John H. Eager, D.D. *Introduction by John A. Broadus, D.D.* American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 8vo. 300 pages. $1.

This consists of the observations made by a Baptist missionary in Italy and Rome. The author is well reputed for character and judgment. His tone is calm and his style simple. The facts he relates are dark and painful. Those who are attracted to Romanism by what it is in America should see the other side as presented here.

Roman Society. By Samuel Dill, M.A. (Second Edition, revised.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 459 pages. $2.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, The Poetical Works of. *Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 2 vols.* $1.50.

The publishers have done wisely in reissuing Rossetti's work in two well-made and tasteful volumes, bound in dark-blue cloth with gilt lettering and cover design.

Rubens. By Émile Michel. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. $15.

Saturday Afternoon. By Wayland Hoyt, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 18mo. 302 pages. 25c.

A collection of selected addresses at the conversation meetings which the author was accustomed to hold on the Saturdays of the winter season on themes of Christian experience.

Sabbath Nights at Pitcoonans. By the Author of "Sandy Scott's Bible Class." American Tract Society, New York. 8vo. 95 pages. 50c.

Short tracts written in Scotch dialect on some of the parables and miracles of the Gospels. The treatment of each is that of a simple mind loving Christ, not only as the invisible God, but the visible brother and friend.

Science and Faith. By Dr. Paul Topinard. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 12mo. 374 pages. $1.50.

The last page is devoted to faith, the rest of the book to science (*i.e.*, anthropology and sociology), and is of high merit in that field. But the author is under the illusion with which scientific Frenchmen seem specially afflicted, that outside of things which can be counted and weighed there is no science, nor anything deserving acceptance by an intelligent man. Faith is "dependent on cerebral sensibility," and so is philosophy, which "is opposed to science" and "on the wane." Dr. Topinard regards sociology as the scientific successor of religion, and seems to look forward, like M. Guyau's recent book, to "the non-religion of the future."

Sculptor Caught Napping, The. Designs by Jane E. Cook. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 18mo. 59 pages. $1.

Self-Supporting Churches and How to Plant Them. By W. H. Wheeler. Better Way Publishing Co., Grinnell, Ia. 12mo. 398 pages. $1.

Dr. C. H. Wheeler, for forty years a missionary at Harpoot, Turkey, held that churches, however poor their membership, should not be pauperized by charity, but be educated to self-support. How he did it is told with the story of his life in this volume. In this and other important points it is a valuable book for the promoters of missions, whether at home or abroad.

Sermons and Addresses. By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 333 pages. $2.50.

Excellent in their way as these sermons are, and eminent as is their author, they reflect the ideal of preaching forty years ago, rather than that which must be set forth to-day.

Sévigné, Madame de, Letters of. Edited by James A. Harrison, LL.D., L.H.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 193 pages.

Shakespeare, How to Study. By William H. Fleming. Series II. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 16mo. 334 pages. $1.

The second series of these studies deals with "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet."

Spain, Impressions of. By James Russell Lowell. Compiled by Joseph B. Gilder. Introduction by A. A. Adee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 107 pages. $1.50.

Spanish Compositions, Exercises in. By J. D. M. Ford, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 48 pages. 30c.

Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors. By John Garrett Underhill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 438 pages. $2.

Splendid Sin, A. By Grant Allen. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 12mo. 273 pages. $1.

Stephen the Black. By Caroline H. Pemberton. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 282 pages. $1.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, The Letters of. Edited by Sidney Colvin. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. $5.

Successward. By Edward Bok. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 24mo. 182 pages. 50c.

Sunday-School Lessons for 1900 (International), Sermons on the. By the Monday Club. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 8vo. 418 pages. $1.25.

Sunday-School Lessons, Illustrative Notes on the International. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut and Robert Remington Doherty. Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 388 pages. $1.25.

Sunny Hour Series. By Anna Burnham Bryant. 6 vols. Illustrated. $1.50 the set.

Six books in a box, each devoted to one story, for little people.

Surgeon's Daughter, The. By Sir Walter Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (The Temple Edition.) 24mo. 392 pages. 80c.

Swamp Fox, With the. By James Otis. A. L. Burt, New York. 12mo. 259 pages. $1.

Tale of Two Cities, A. By Charles Dickens. (Containing Cast and Scenes of Freeman Wills's play "The Only Way.") R. H. Russell, New York. 32mo. 358 pages. 25c.

Tangled Web, A. By Walter Raymond. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 342 pages. $1.25.

Still another of the always charmingly rustic stories of Devonshire and Somersetshire life of long ago. The stress of tragedy in the closing pages is a natural outcome of the tale's development, but sends the reader away regretful.

Talking Thrush and Other Tales from India, The. By W. Crooke. Retold by W. H. D. Rouse. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 217 pages. $1.50.

A collection of folk-lore tales from the Northwest Provinces of India. These stories were gathered during the course of an ethnological survey by W. Crooke, and are retold by W. H. D. Rouse. While the stories are told for children, some of them lack the qualities now accepted as essential in stories for children. Many of them are, however, delightfully humorous, and many have the hidden moral as well as the imaginative quality that is the charm of the stories of a primitive people that descend through generations.

Tattine. By Ruth Ogden (Mrs. Charles W. Ide). (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

For very little people, daintily illustrated, and with a bewitching cover. The story is that of a lovely child living in a lovely home.

Temple Treasury, The. (A Biblical Diary.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In 2 Parts. $2.

Two small volumes, beautifully bound, of selections from the Old and the New Testaments for every day in the year. The references add to the value of these selections.

Texts Explained. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 372 pages. $1.50.

This convenient book holds cream skimmed from many sources in commentaries and elsewhere. The meaning of many verses or passages which are liable to be misunderstood or ill appreciated is here lighted up. Not only this, but the significance of the changes made by the Revised Version has been explained where it seemed important. A good Christmas present to a Sunday-school teacher or pastor.

Theology as Science. By W. Hastie, D.D. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland. 8vo. 106 pages.

The most important of the three lectures in this book treats of the present position and prospects of the theology of the Reformed Church—the churches whose forms of doctrine have been inherited from Calvin and Zwingli rather than from Luther. Dr. Hastie is careful to distinguish between the theology of these reformers and that of their successors. He points back from the narrow formalism of many of these to the original comprehensiveness and breadth as inclusive of every principle which our contemporary psychology, comparative history, and philosophy of religion claim to have discovered. Schleiermacher, too, though he introduced a new stadium of religious thought, was "anticipated by the reformed theology," and "it is manifestly at one with the whole trend of contemporary science." Saying all this, and calling for the further development of the system, Dr. Hastie evidently sees more and also less in Calvinism than Dr. Kuyper, whose book we noticed recently. The exposition of it by the Dutch theologian seems to need completion and correction from the Scottish point of view.

Theology of Civilization, The. By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 256 pages. $1.

People who are shy of theological treatises need not be shy of this, despite its title. Taking "civilization," with Matthew Arnold, in the high sense of the moralization of man, the author sets forth the kind of religious thought (*i. e.*, theology) which builds up the noble civilization of a full and well-rounded humanity. Mr. Dole makes his appeal throughout to the better side of human nature. His argument is practical and philosophic, virile and persuasive, a strong solvent for the ethical and intellectual skepticism that is current. We agree, however, with Professor Royce, that it is in the cherishing of an ideal, or plan, which gives unity to self-consciousness, rather than in the moral quality of the ideal, as Mr. Dole argues, that personality consists.

Theology of Modern Literature, The. By Rev. S. Law Wilson, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 446 pages. $3.

Using the term "theology" in an elastic sense, inclusive of moral and religious teaching, the author is satisfied with the increasingly theological interest of modern writers, and dissatisfied with the confused and mushy notions of the amateur divines who preach in novels and newspapers. His introduction expands into trenchant critiques of these as exhibited in the popular fiction of to-day. The bulk of the volume is devoted to a review of the theology of representative authors of the Victorian period from Emerson to George Meredith. Heartily agreeing with him in the main, and particularly in his censure of the Zolaism of Thomas Hardy and others, it seems to us that a critic of a broader evangelical type could have done more to heal the ancient feud, now abating, between theologians and littérateurs.

Things as They Are. By Bolton Hall. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 293 pages. $1.25.

This attractive-looking book presents, as it were, a table with two courses, that some who decline the one may accept the other. A series of essays on the purpose and order of human development is followed by a series of fables illustrating the principles that have been set forth.

This and That. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 212 pages. $1.25.

Two nicknames for two charming children. The story is the natural, every-day life in an English nursery. The story centers about the "oldies," the dearly loved toys of the children, that were "rubbish" to the grown-ups. How This and That cared for them forms the plot.

To Whom Much is Given. By Lucia Ames Mead. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 45 pages. 35c.

Treasure Ship, The. By Hezekiah Butterworth. (Illustrated.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 251 pages. $1.50.

A tale of Sir William Phipps (surely a fascinating subject for romance), of the Regicides, and of the "Inter-Charter" time of Massachusetts. Really there is material here for two or three historical stories, and Mr. Butterworth's familiarity with the half-legends and known facts connected with these topics insures an interesting and original treatment. There are pictures.

Tropical Colonization. By Alleyne Ireland. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 282 pages. $2.

Under Western Skies. (Poems.) By Frank Carleton Teck. Blade Publishing Co., New Whatcom, Wash. 50 pages. 50c.

United Kingdom, The. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols. 8vo.

Unknown Patriot, An. By Frank Samuel Child. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 395 pages. $1.50.

Villette. By Charlotte Brontë. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (The Thornton Edition.) Edited by Temple Scott. 8vo. $4.

Violet Culture, Commercial. By B. T. Galloway. (Illustrated.) A. T. De La Mare Printing & Pub. Co., Ltd., New York. Small 8vo. 224 pages. $1.50.

Voices. By Katharine Coolidge. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 118 pages. $1.25.

In this exquisitely bound book the author gives poetic form to many thoughts which struggle for utterance in the heart of every one moved by mystery, beauty, goodness, and truth. The matter of her verse is of that uplifting sort which does good. Its manner—aside from an occasional monotony of seeming repetition—has an onward swing, but never an undignified haste. In its unresting, calm movement it matches the constant, serene prayerfulness of the poet and her sanely religious ideals.

Voyage of the Mary Adair. By Frances E. Crompton. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

A pathetic story sympathetically told of a little orphan boy and two friends.

Ward of the King, A. By Katharine S. Macquoid. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 12mo. 328 pages. $1.25.

Is a romance of the time of the Bourbon kings. The heroine is the only child of the Count d'Acigne, dead when the story opens; the heroes, the Count of Laval, whom she marries at thirteen at the command of the King, and her friend and unknown lover, Roland, the heir of the Vicomte d'Orbec—both noble men in truth. The cousin of the Count of Laval, Etienne de Retz, conceived a passion for the Countess Laval on her wedding day. This leads to the intrigue about which the story, full of life and fire, centers.

When Shiloh Came. By Ambrose Lester Jackson. (Illustrated.) J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 295 pages. $1.50.

Whitman, Walt. By William Mackintire Salter. (Two Addresses.) S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. 8vo. 46 pages. 25c.

Wild Bee Hums, As the. By Horace Lunt. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati. 16mo. 178 pages. $1.

Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Stewart. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 362 pages. $1.50.

The son of a beer-making English nobleman, in a series of hand-to-hand experiences with beer-drinking poverty, crime, and sorrow, decides to part with his interest in his father's brewery and a great distillery, and apply the proceeds to endowing the Metropolitan Hall of Recreation. Much of the story is devoted to vivid and picturesque description of low life in London, and several of the characters are exceedingly strong creations, with a grim humor showing through their rough and often cruel exterior. The story ends tragically with the death of the hero just as he was about to realize his philanthropic dream.

Work and Workshop, Songs of. By James Carter. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 8vo. 166 pages. 35c.

Young Boss, The. By Edward William Thomson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 134 pages. 50c.

A wholesome and interesting story of a boy's successful grappling with an engineering contract.

Young Minuteman, The. By William P. Chipman. A. L. Burr, New York. 12mo. 312 pages. $1.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Was a commission appointed in this country less than five years ago to find if any people were involuntarily out of work, and reported that there were none, except the incompetent? How was the commission constituted, and how extensive was its work? P. M.

Salem, Mass.

The most careful investigations into the number of the unemployed, so far as we know, have been those made in your own State. The Massachusetts Labor Report of 1887 showed that in 1885, when the State census was taken, the average loss of unemployment was five weeks for all the employees of the State. The Illinois Labor Report for 1886 published reports on this point from representatives of 80,000 wage-earners. Forty thousand trades-unionists reported that they were unemployed during 32 per cent. of the time; 7,000 coal-miners that they were unemployed 55 per cent. of the time; 5,000 railroad men that they were unemployed 12 per cent. of the time; and 32,000 Knights of Labor reported that they were unemployed 20 per cent. of the time. The Commissioner in summing up these returns said: "If it be considered necessary to make some allowance for any supposed disposition to exaggerate the case on the part of those who have stated it, or for error of judgment on the part of those stating it, the conclusion might be somewhat modified and yet show the average working time to be 75 per cent." It is likely that the trades-unionists reported themselves as unemployed whenever they were not engaged at their trade, whether from sickness or from temporary loss of work, such as masons and many others have at different seasons. The Massachusetts Report may have covered only such time as the men were definitely without a position. The exact meaning of the statistics is therefore hard to determine.

Does The Outlook indorse the following proposition? If there be beyond the grave any reward or punishment, any place of bliss or torment, any "heaven" or "hell," every man's station there will be determined by his morality, his uprightness, his integrity of purpose, while on earth; and whatever he may have believed about Christ, or God, or the Bible, will have no bearing upon the question. A.

We should first need to know how much you mean by "morality," etc. There is a lower morality, ordinary good conduct, and a higher, the pursuit of ideal goodness in the inner as well as the outer life. The Bible lays emphasis on moral truth, and is more tolerant toward intellectual error than theologians have been. Moral considerations are the determinants of eternal destiny. But the morality that the Bible insists on as a hungering and thirsting after righteousness is of that fine type that is not compatible, as the lower morality is, with every sort of belief about Christ, or God, or the Bible.

1. Has the Revised Version of the Old and New Testaments been published with helps and marginal references? 2. What value do you attribute to the selections of the Bible Students' Reading Guild of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, especially for "The Life of Christ"? 3. How would you meet one who, from consideration of divine foreknowledge and predetermination, seems to be satisfied to let God "work out his plan," as he says? T. G.

1. With references, not with "helps." This is the improperly so-called "American Revised Version" (Frowde, New York). The genuine American edition is to be issued before long, with references, by Nelson & Sons, New York. 2. We have not examined them, but they come from a well-accredited source. 3. We would show his inconsistency in not working out his own salvation, as exhorted by St. Paul, in spiritual matters with the same diligence as in temporal. It cannot be wise action in religion that would land him in the poorhouse if tried in business.

We are frequently addressed by inquirers for books and helpful suggestions for the historical study of the Bible. A generous offer is made to all such by the editors of the "Biblical World." Referring to the fact that a great many Sunday-schools are about to take up the story of the life of Christ, they invite application by any who desire suggestions helpful to such a study in the light of the times in which he lived, and the Jewish life which affected the language he employed. There are books on the subject, they say, "for all sizes and classes of readers," and they would be glad to give references to them, or even suggest an outline course of reading to such as wish it. Address (inclosing a stamp for reply), "The Editors of the Biblical World, The University of Chicago, Chicago."

I am interested in making, to an adult class, a good presentation of external evidence (evidence outside of the book itself) of the truth of Old Testament history. In this connection I particularly wish the advantage of recent discoveries. Kindly give me such publications as you think best suited to the purpose. J. S.

Professor McCurdy's two volumes, "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments," and the volume by Canon Driver and others, entitled "Authority and Archæology," are the most recent and comprehensive.

What reading would you advise for a minister who is contemplating a series of practical sermons on local church work and organization, for the purpose of better unifying the forces of the ordinary parish and obtaining in the aggregation a better understanding of what constitutes the duties of Christian discipleship? E. C. A.

Read Dr. Gladden's "The Christian Pastor and the Working Church" (Scribners, $2.50) and the Rev. G. W. Mead's "Modern Methods of Church Work" (Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50.)

Kindly mention book or list of books suitable for a course in "Christian Evidences" for young people of average ability. C.

Rowe's "Manual of Christian Evidences" is the best we know, yet it may be above the level of these young people. (T. Whittaker, New York, 75 cents.)

There is a book recently from the pen of William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. Can you give me the title of it? S. G.

"God's Education of Man" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25). It is a book of unusual importance as a contribution to the reconstruction of evangelical belief.

In Notes and Queries of September 2 there is a request from "L. B. L." for the author of the poem "In the Downhill of Life." It was written by John Collins, and can be found in a collection of poems, "Favorite Poems," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1893. G. F. G.

Please tell me what you consider the best books covering the period between the Old Testament and the New. G. E. H.

Kent's "History of the Jewish People," Schürer's "History of the Jews in the Time of Christ."

R. A. O.—Probably there is no better edition of the Apocrypha than that by Professor E. C. Bissell, with commentary (Scribners, New York).

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Rock-a-by Babies

By Anna Sanford Thompson

> "Rock-a-by baby in the tree-top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
> When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
> Down comes Rock-a-by baby and all."

Rock-a-by babies in cradle so high,
Swinging and rocking so near to the sky,
Rock-a-by babies in cradle so queer,
Greenish and prickly and shaped like a sphere.

Three little brothers all tucked in so tight,
Covered so closely to keep out the light.
Three little brothers so patiently wait—
Jack Frost will call them before 'tis too late.

Dear little fellows, they're growing so stout,
Surely they're big enough now to come out.
Dear little fellows, already they're dressed;
Shiny brown suits are the ones they like best.

Rock-a-by babies, O Rock-a-by dears,
There'll be no more rocking when Jack Frost appears.
Cradles will open, and cradles may fall—
"Down come the Rock-a-by babies and all!"

The Mantelpiece Turtles

By Clifton Johnson

They were sure enough mud-turtles; but they were not the common, every-day sort that you find in the fields. No, they were just two large, flat-bodied raisins with the stems left on for tails and cloves stuck into them at the proper places for heads and legs.

Little girl Margaret made them one day when she was "helping" her mother in the kitchen. She had intended to eat them; but they looked too real when they were finished, and, instead, she carried them into the sitting-room and put them on the mantelpiece back of the stove.

"Now," said she, patting their brown backs, "dat's a dood place for 'oo; and dis one what I put here I call William Turtle, and dat one what I put there I call Thomas Turtle, after my bruzzers—and they are good names, too."

The turtles liked the mantelpiece for a home very well. In the daytime they kept quiet and slept a good deal, but at night, after the people of the house had gone to bed, they talked and they walked about as much as they pleased. The room was not very dark; for the stove door had an isinglass window in it, and the coal fire inside the stove sent out light enough to make walking on the mantel perfectly safe.

The turtles were clumsy and slow, but it did not take them many nights to visit every nook and corner of their new home. There were several vases on the shelf, large and small, and a number of sea-shells and pretty stones. Then there were the folks who lived in the photographs, some of them leaning against the wall, some of them perched on wire easels.

The turtles soon got acquainted with these photograph people, but found them rather stiff, as they had on company manners and their best clothes. They were better pleased with a Japanese doll and with a porcelain chicken who carried a hand-organ. Sometimes they would follow the chicken around half the night just to listen to the music.

But the person they liked best of all was a jolly-faced colored woman on a Christmas card who took up her residence on the mantelpiece about three weeks after the turtles did. She had a yellow turban on her head and wore a great red bow under her chin. On the card beneath the picture were printed these words:

> "I wish you joy, with best of health,
> Content that's better far than wealth,
> A laugh so open, free, and fair
> 'Twill make a sunshine everywhere,
> Like Dinah's most extensive smile,
> Which can be seen for half a mile."

The first thing, always, when the turtles called on her, Dinah repeated this verse to them. They liked her greeting, and they liked the gay colors of her garments. Indeed, they admired her taste in dress very much. Many a long conversation did they have with the cheerful Dinah on the Christmas card. Her welcome was sure to be hearty, and her laughter and jokes, emphasized by the bobbing of her turbaned head, were unfailing.

There is no knowing how long these good times would have continued if the turtles had not one night got angry at each other. This happened just after the housefolks had gone to bed.

Thomas Turtle told William Turtle to wake up.

William Turtle did not wake up, and Thomas Turtle gave him a push with his shoulder.

Then William Turtle opened his eyes and began to scold.

Thomas Turtle didn't like that, and he returned the scolding with interest.

The people in the photographs looked and listened in shocked surprise, and Dinah, aroused by the noise, started her verse—

"I wish you joy, with best of health—"

But the turtles would not hearken to her friendly words, and William Turtle soon became so enraged that he could contain himself no longer. He gave an angry shout and made a furious rush forward.

Thomas Turtle was standing on the very outside of the shelf, and the other's onset was so fierce that it forced him over the edge.

But as he felt himself going, he made a grab at William Turtle, and they fell together far down through space and landed in the coal-hod, which happened to be set just beneath.

They recovered presently from the stunning effects of the fall, and they made up their friendship. Then they tried to find a way out of the hod they were in, but they could not walk over the rough lumps of coal, and only succeeded in slipping deeper among the cracks.

So the next morning they went with the coal into the sitting-room stove, and that was the end of little girl Margaret's two raisin mud-turtles.

The Cat who Lost Her Kittens

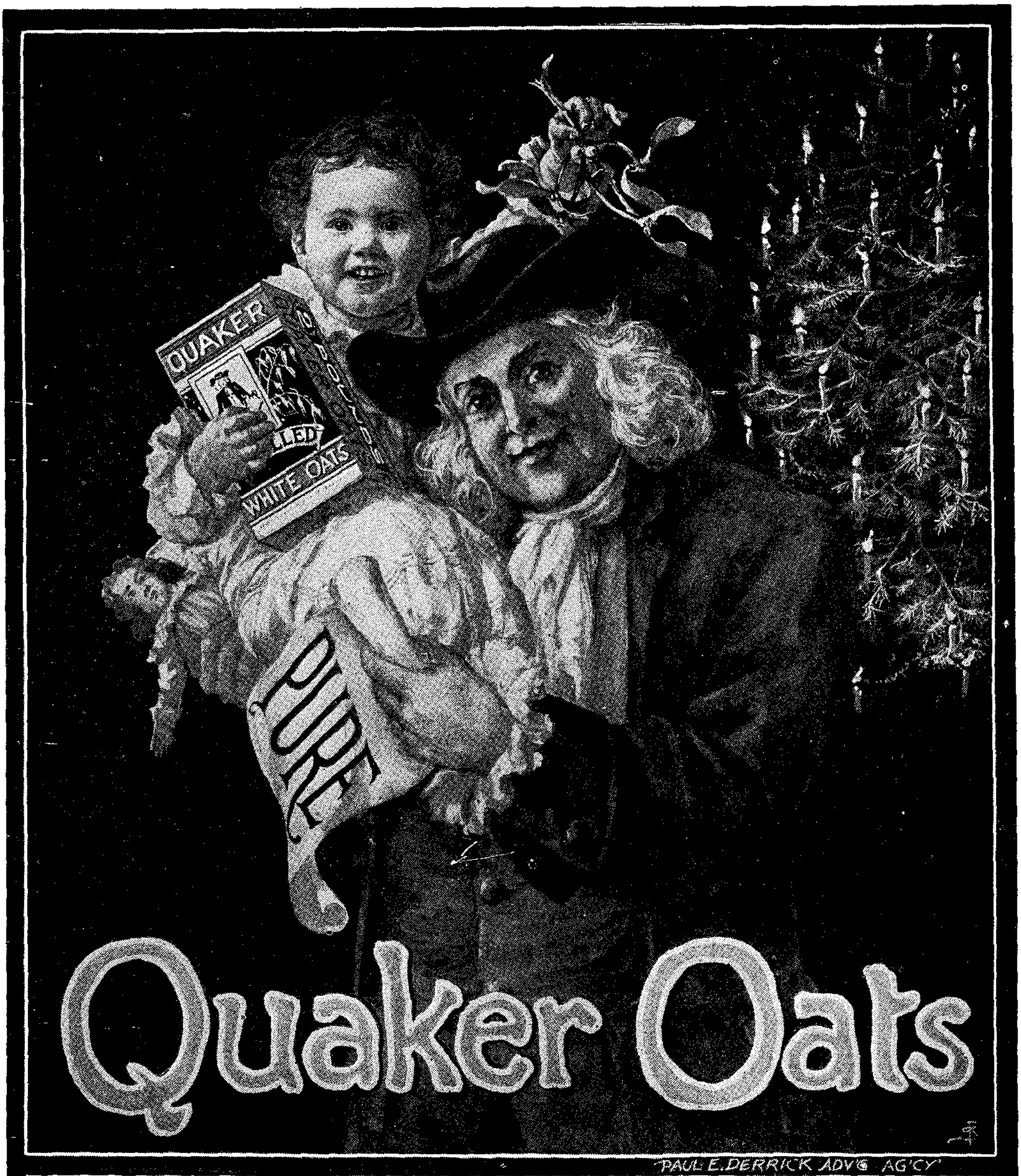
A ship, called an oil-tank steamer, carries oil from this country to Italy. The captain, when in Italy, received from an Italian friend a present of a beautiful cat. Cats are not common in Italy, and this cat was considered remarkable. Her family had been so beautiful and intelligent that the history of its many members was kept. When the cat reached this country, every man on the boat was her friend. One day the whole crew were delighted to find that Puss had four beautiful kittens.

The captain went ashore, leaving Puss and her family in the steward's care. When the captain returned to the steamer, Puss was gone. The whole crew searched for her, but could not find her. Two days later the ship sailed with the kittens, but without their mother. Two days after the ship sailed, Puss trotted down on the wharf to find a strange vessel where her home had been. She rushed frantically from ship to ship, never going aboard, just looking at them from the wharfs. At last, very much dejected, she took up her residence with the watchman in his little house. Every arrival roused Puss's interest. She knew, without going aboard, that it was not her particular ship. One day the watchman saw, out in the stream, Puss's ship. As the ship approached the wharf, Puss grew more and more excited; when it was several feet away, she made a spring and landed on board. Without noticing any one, she went to the place where she had left her kittens. They were not there, but were found and given to her. She kissed and purred over them as long as they would let her, and then she greeted her friends with her best manners.

The Ladder of Numbers

The building of war-ships is expensive. Plans must be drawn according to the kind of vessel the Government wishes to build. The Government explains its wishes in statements it calls specifications. The naval architects then plan war-ships to meet these specifications. To be sure that the ships to be built would be just what the Government would want, models are made—miniature war-ships, in every particular what the large ships would be.

It is a long way from addition, subtraction, and multiplication to the building of a miniature war-ship, but without arithmetic it could not be known. You see, addition, subtraction, and multiplication are the first rounds in the ladder, if one wants to know how to build even a box without waste, quickly and properly.



ATTENTION, MOTHERS!

The famous French physician, Bouchard, says: "*Children fed on meat often suffer from gastro-intestinal derangements, skin diseases and bilious headaches, and rheumatism in its most serious manifestations comes early.*"

Quaker Oats FOR INFANTS

FOR INFANTS.—Boil one cup Quaker Oats in two quarts of water for half an hour, strain through a sieve or double cheesecloth, and sweeten to taste.

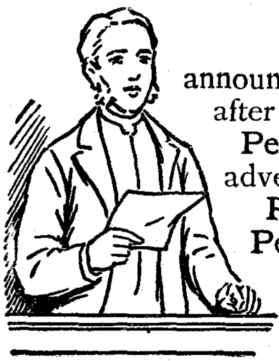
If you want your boys and girls to feel well—to grow into robust men and women, give them, nay insist upon their eating, QUAKER OATS.

EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

At all Grocers in 2-pound Packages.

QUAKER OATS makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious wholesome **bread, muffins, cakes, soups and puddings.** Write for our *Cereal Cook Book, edited by Mrs. Rorer.* Free, postpaid.

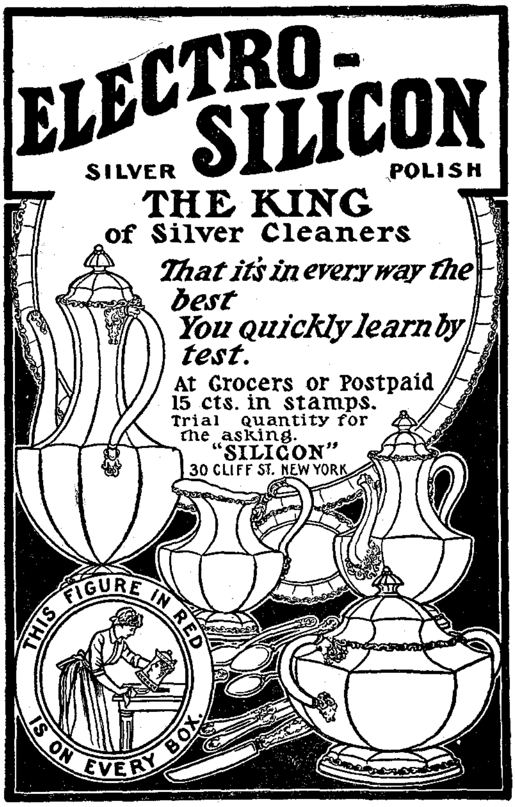
The American Cereal Co., Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.



A Pastor

announcing, from the pulpit, a committee to look after the cleaning of the building, called it "The Pearline Committee." That is the kind of advertising that has swelled the sales of Pearline. It's from people who know Pearline, and are using it, and who think and speak of it as the one thing necessary in any matter of cleanliness. Talk with some of these people, if you have doubts about Pearline. 594

Cleanliness is next akin to Godliness.


ELECTRO-SILICON
SILVER POLISH
THE KING
of Silver Cleaners
That it's in every way the best
You quickly learn by test.
At Grocers or Postpaid
15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.
"SILICON"
30 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK
THIS FIGURE IN RED IS ON EVERY BOX.

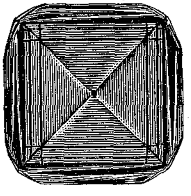
A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM...

Dr. J. G. Connor, Ionia, Mich., writes:

Dear Sirs:—An old friend of mine handed me a couple of small vials of your Tartarlithine some time ago and I tried it on myself, having suffered from rheumatism for several years. I assure you I was so pleased with its effects that I procured a full sized bottle, and since taking it I have been entirely free from rheumatism during the past year. I also observed that it is not surpassed by any other preparation as a prompt and efficient diuretic; besides it is pleasant to administer. Please send me a few bottles for use among my patients afflicted with Rheumatism.

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
97 Fulton Street, . . New York.
Sole Agents for
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.



PAT. DEC. 30, '90.

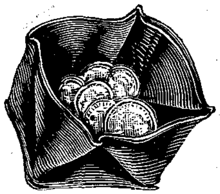
"What to Give John?"

The annual Christmas quandary. In the endless maze of the stores you're distracted—don't waste time and patience; just send for a

PARAGON PATENT FOLDING COIN PURSE

It is neat, durable, and folds perfectly flat in your pocket. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send you sample at the following prices, postpaid:

			Calf.	Seal.
No. 011	holds $6.00 in silver	$.25		
" 11	" 6.00 "	.40	$.75	$.90
" 13x	" 10.00 "	.50	.90	1.25



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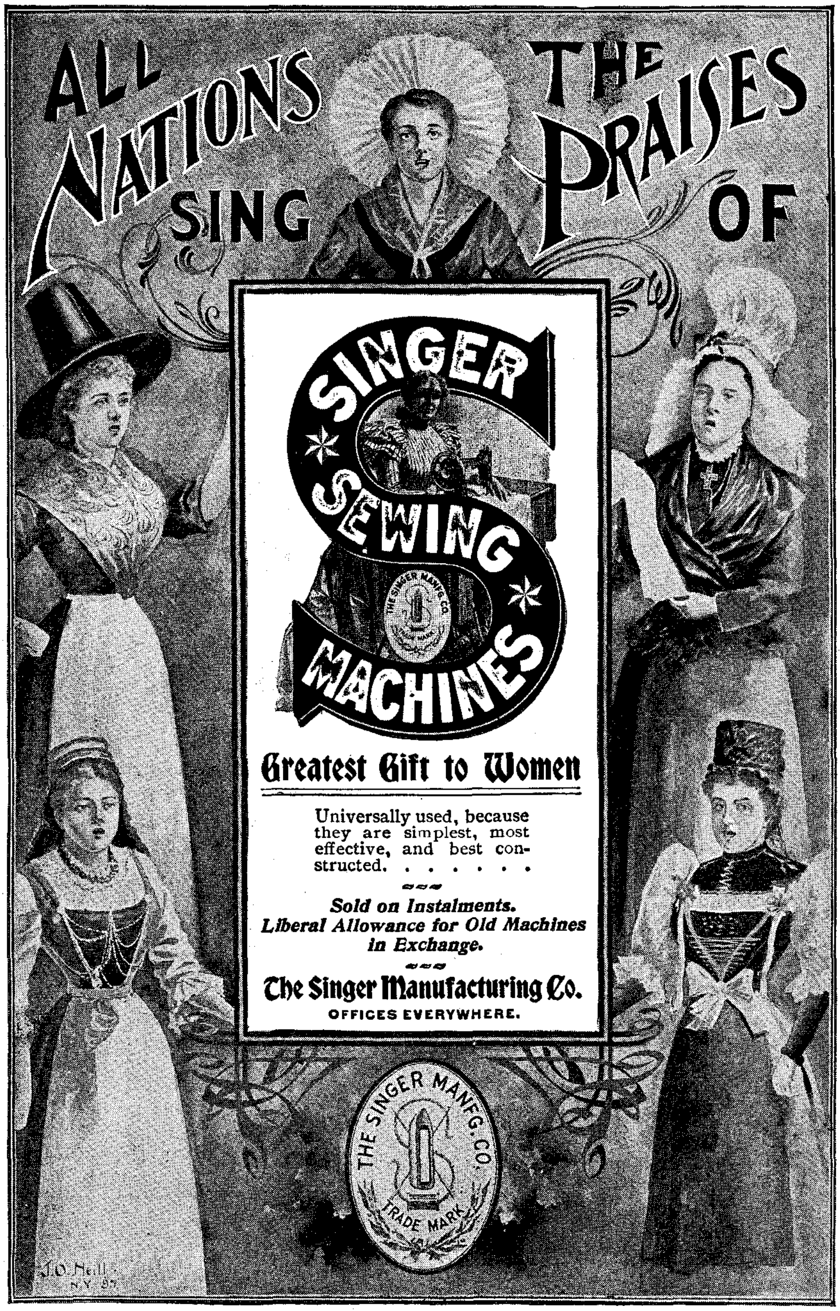
STEREOPTICONS MAGIC LANTERNS and SLIDES, CONDENSED CATALOGUE FREE, RILEY BROS. 16 BEEKMAN ST. NEW YORK.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SINGER SEWING MACHINES
THE SINGER MANFG. CO.
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Liberal Allowance for Old Machines in Exchange.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.
OFFICES EVERYWHERE.

THE "PRACTICAL"
TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS.

is absolutely indispensable. It saves clothing, patience, and time, keeping the trousers **"smooth as if ironed,"** and, while doubling the capacity of the closets, it also gives maximum convenience, rendering **each garment** separately **"get-at-able."**

It is an absolutely perfect device in design, construction, and finish. Its merits are unusual, and its superiority unquestioned.

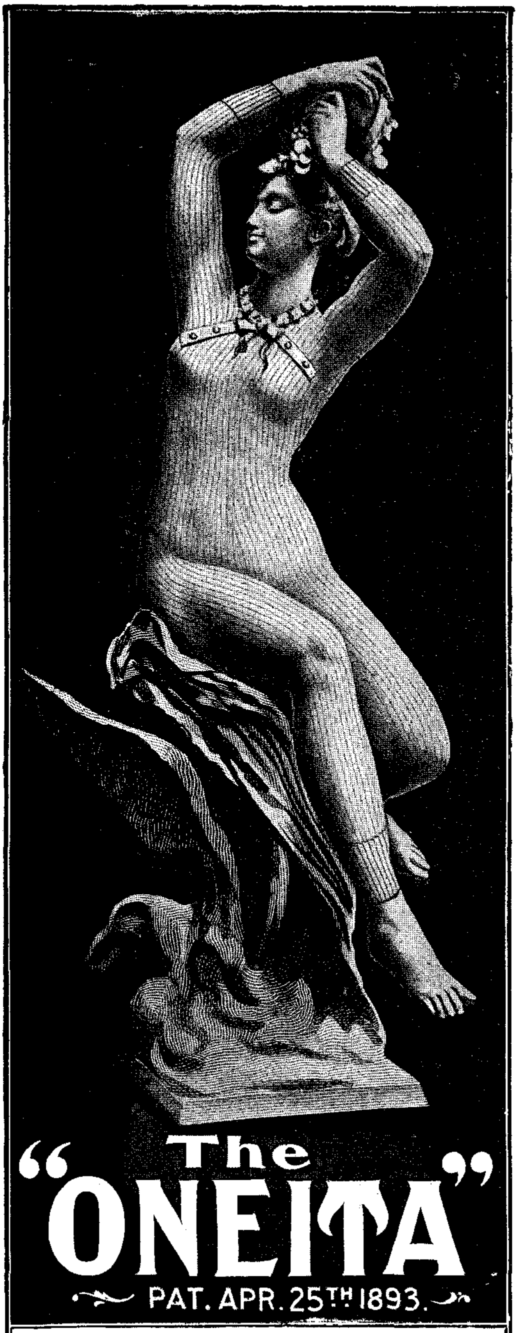
It has been on the market **over seven years.** It has universally satisfied the most exacting. Meets every requirement, and equally valuable, whether the wardrobe be moderate or extensive.

OUR 100-PAGE illustrated descriptive book (free on request) contains the endorsements of our device by more than **3000 well-known gentlemen,** every one of whom is using at least one of our **$5.00 sets.**

The Five-Dollar Set, which consists of 6 "Practical" Trousers Hangers and 3 "Practical" Closet Rods, is sent express prepaid on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a $5.00 set. It meets the average requirements. For $1.00 we will send prepaid one Hanger and one Rod, and afterwards, when wanted, the remainder of the $5.00 set for $4.00. Single Hangers, 75 cents; single Rods, 25 cents.

GUARANTEE OFFER **Use our device for sixty days; if it isn't all you expected or hoped for, RETURN IT AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will immediately refund the full purchase price.**

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.
434 WALNUT ST. PHILA, PA.



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PAT. APR. 25TH 1893.

Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

Are complete undergarments, covering the entire body. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove.

No Buttons Down the Front

Made especially for Women and Misses. Convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for Illustrated Booklet 9

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The Regal

VALUE $6.00--PRICE $3.50

SOMERSET

A Special Shoe for Dress Wear

Patent Calf, lace - - - Single Soles
Patent Calf, button - - - Single Soles

Delivered, prepaid, to any address in the United States upon receipt of $3.75 per pair.

The Regal contains all that good workmanship and the latest styles can put into a shoe.

Beyond a certain point it is impossible to do anything that will make a shoe look better, feel better, and wear longer.

The Regal reaches that point for only $3.50.

It is able to do this because of its unique system of carrying the shoe straight from the tanner to the consumer with but one small profit instead of the usual five.

The Regals will fit you perfectly—there are 147 styles and 121 sizes to choose from.

They not only fit well and wear long but they are extremely elegant in appearance.

The cut shown here is made directly from a photograph of a Regal without any retouching or alteration whatever.

Regal shoes are made of the famous King Calf, the best of all shoe leathers, and for our patent leather shoes we use Heyl's French Patent Calf, conceded to have no superior.

If you can't reach one of our stores conveniently our mail order department can serve you to your perfect satisfaction, or the shoes will be exchanged or your money refunded.

If you do not know your exact size we will be glad to send you rules for self-measurement and samples of leather to choose from, if you desire.

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109 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

STORES.—Boston, 109 Summer St.; Providence, 220 Westminster St.; New York, 115 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway; Baltimore, 219 East Baltimore St.; Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., 8th and Chestnut Sts.; Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn. Ave.; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.; Buffalo, 362 Main St.; Cincinnati, 13-15 Fountain Sq.; St. Louis, 618 Olive St.; Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.; Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.; Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.; Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave. Factory, Whitman, Mass.

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FULL-FASHIONED UNDERWEAR
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FULL FASHIONED UNDERWEAR

.....IS KNIT TO FIT.....

IT adjusts itself as perfectly to the form as if knit to measure, leaving no bunches or wrinkles to annoy. It is sanitary and elastic, and has been in constant favor for more than forty years. The most sensible, satisfactory, and economical underwear, because it

Fits Well! Looks Well!! Wears Well!!!

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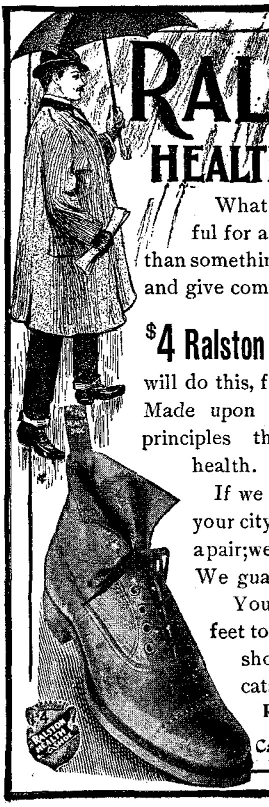

RALSTON
HEALTH SHOES

What is there more useful for a Christmas present than something that will be of use and give comfort to a friend?

THE
$4 Ralston Health Shoe $4
will do this, for it is made right. Made upon healthful, hygienic principles that protect one's health.

If we have no agency in your city, send to factory for a pair; we keep them in stock. We guarantee satisfaction. You owe a duty to your feet to know all about this shoe. Send for our catalogue; it's free.

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GREATEST WARMTH,
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PURE WOOL
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*Quilted Nursery
Cloth Mattress Pads*

They keep the mattress in good sanitary condition, and the crib or cradle dry and clean.
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Keep $35.00 as our Christmas Present

Send us **$15.** and we will send you a mattress that you cannot equal in quality, cleanliness, comfort and durability for **$50.** Hair mattresses are unsanitary and are a relic of the past.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

has revolutionized the mattress trade of the country, because we guarantee what we claim. "*Sleep on it 30 nights*" and if it is not all you *hoped for,* send it back (we will pay charges *both* ways) and we return your money without dispute—this is what we mean by

"SENT ON SUSPICION."

Our mattress makes a useful, unique and inexpensive Christmas present. All charges prepaid.

Send for Our Book, "THE TEST OF TIME," whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world.

Express charges prepaid EVERYWHERE.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	
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Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't be Cheated! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "Felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every mattress.* Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can be bought only of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 120 Elizabeth Street, New York.

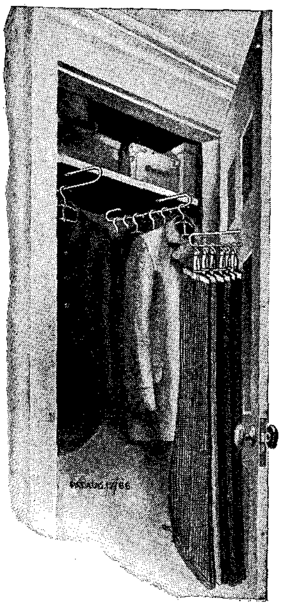
We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."

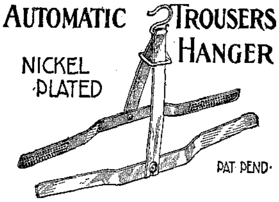
A UNIQUE XMAS PRESENT

Just what the recipient needs, and so different from anything in the list of holiday presents that you could not make a wiser selection for either ladies or gentlemen than one of our

GOODFORM CLOSET SETS

which changes the ordinary clothes closet into the **GOODFORM CLOSET** shown in the engraving. It holds twice as much as before. Every garment is in place, in sight and reach and ready to wear without pressing. Your money back if you want it.





GOODFORM SETS are **$3.00** each, prepaid by express; two sets in one shipment, $5.50.

For Gentlemen, they are—12 Garment Yokes, 6 nickel-plated Trousers Hangers, 2 Shelf Bars, 1 Loop.

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Sold in first-class Dry Goods Stores and by Clothiers and Furnishers. If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. Booklet free. Send no money to us if we have an agency in your city.

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Our Books show that we have nearly two million customers, who live in all parts of the world, most of whom depend upon our establishment for their Christmas gifts—we can take care of your wants also.

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Sterling $1.75

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We are prompt.—All inquiries answered the same day as received. We will make your Christmas buying more satisfactory than it has ever been before. Can we serve you? Which Catalogue do you want? Address this way:

Guitar $2.25

JULIUS HINES & SON,
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The **largest** and **choicest** collection of **High Grade Goods** ever offered in the United States for furnishing the home. It includes a full line of

Crockery,
China and Glass,
Cutlery, Silver-plated Ware,
Refrigerators, Pantry Cold Chests,
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Fire Screens and Fenders,
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Goods carefully packed and delivered free at stations within 100 miles of New York.

Orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention

LEWIS & CONGER
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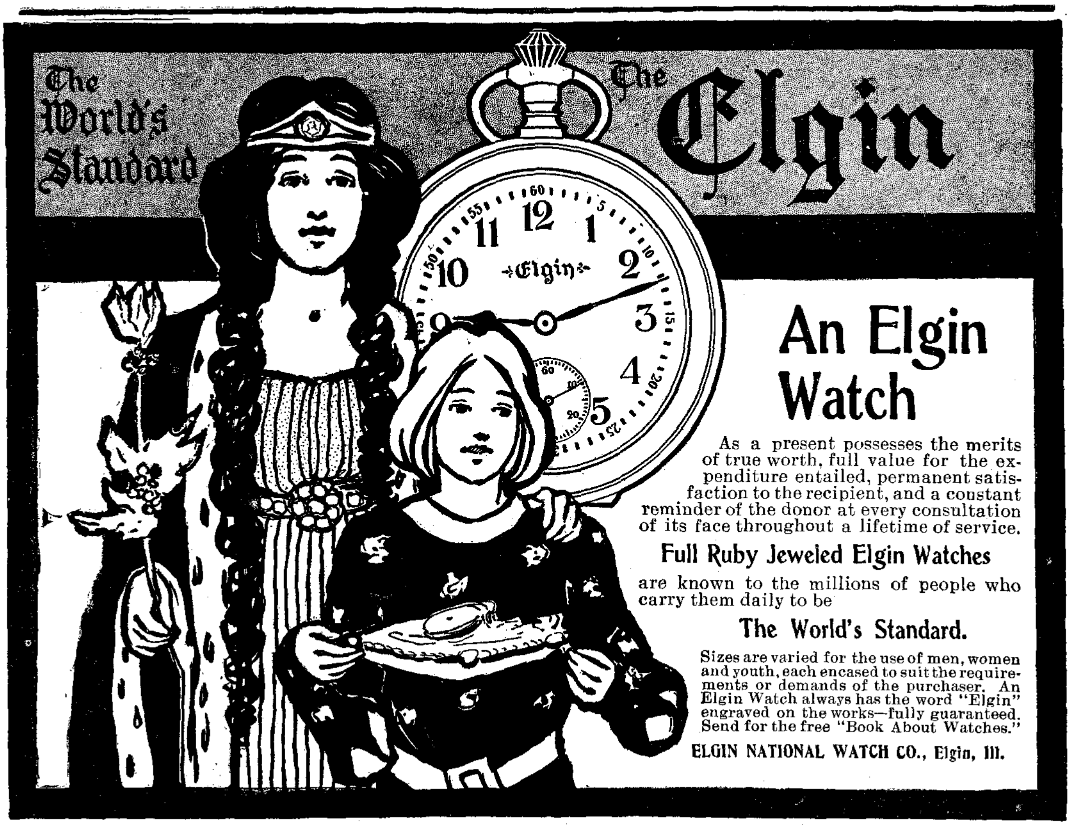

An Elgin Watch

As a present possesses the merits of true worth, full value for the expenditure entailed, permanent satisfaction to the recipient, and a constant reminder of the donor at every consultation of its face throughout a lifetime of service.

Full Ruby Jeweled Elgin Watches

are known to the millions of people who carry them daily to be

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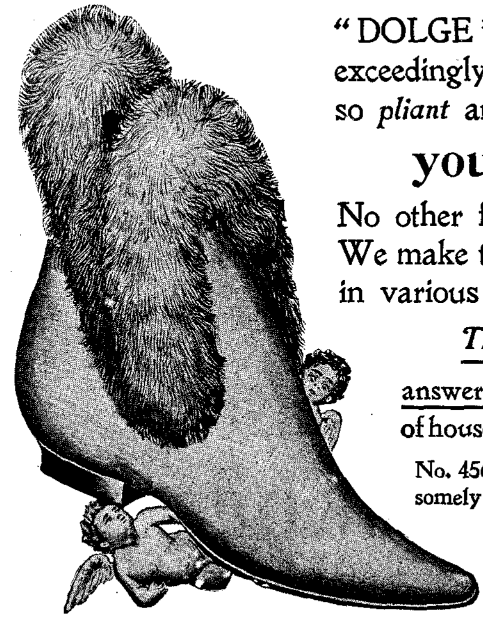
Sizes are varied for the use of men, women and youth, each encased to suit the requirements or demands of the purchaser. An Elgin Watch always has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed. Send for the free "Book About Watches."

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.



"DOLGE" FELT ROMEOS are not only exceedingly pretty and good fitting, but they are so *pliant* and so *yielding*, that

you forget your feet.

No other footwear is so resting.
We make them for Men, Women, and Children in various styles and handsome colors.

The new catalog, printed in colors, answers all questions and illustrates many styles of house and street shoes. *Sent free on application.*

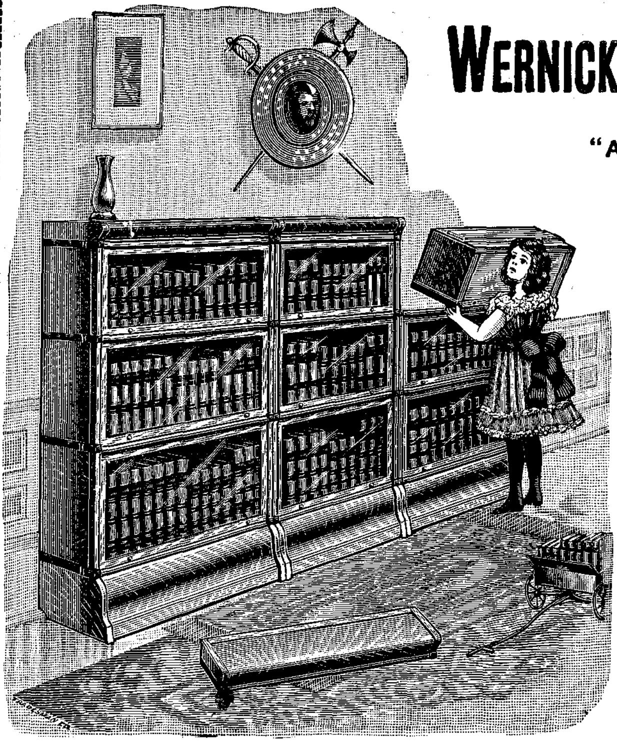
No. 456.—A ladies' "Romeo," of fine "Dolge" felt, handsomely fur trimmed. They come in Black, Brown, Red, and Green, have noiseless leather soles, low heels, and comfortable toes. We send any size anywhere on receipt of price at our expense.

Children's (6 to 2), $1.25

No. 456
$1.50

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
Makers of "Dolge" Footwear
119 West 23d Street, New York

Alfred Dolge Felt Slippers & Shoes



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Write One and Copy the Rest

You can produce 1000 letters an hour, each a fac-simile copy of the original, but only on the

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Invented by Thomas A. Edison.

For daily office use in duplicating both handwriting and typewriting. Anybody can operate it. Simple. Compact. Cleanly. Cheap. Endorsed by over 200,000 Users. Descriptive Catalogue for the asking.

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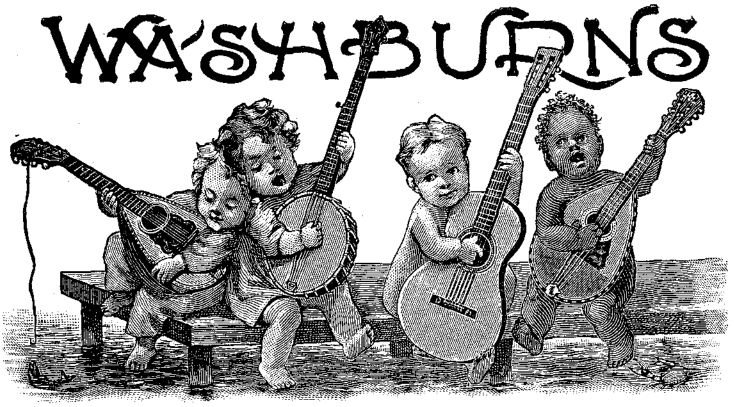

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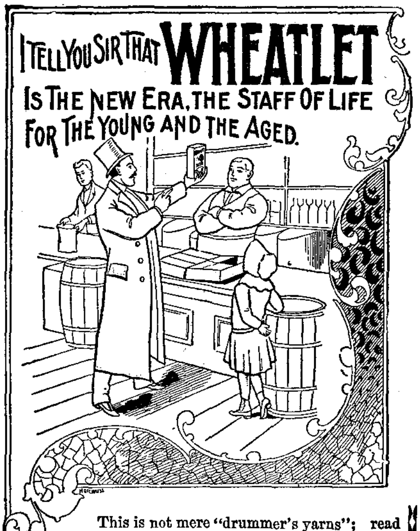
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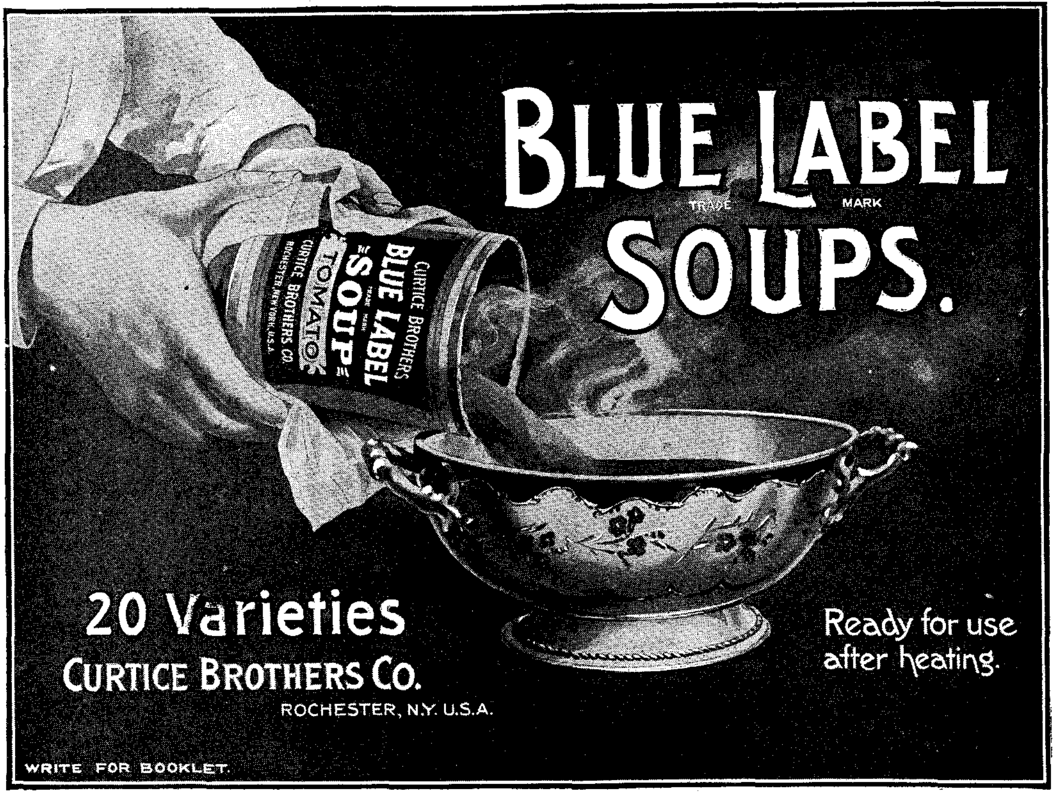

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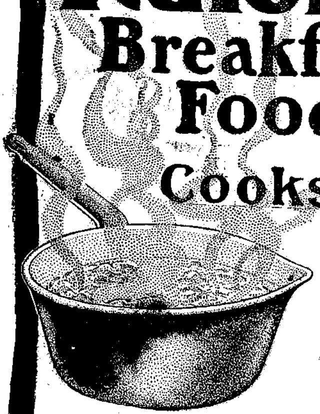

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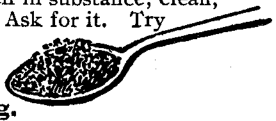

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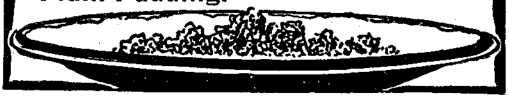

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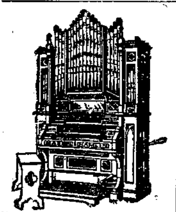

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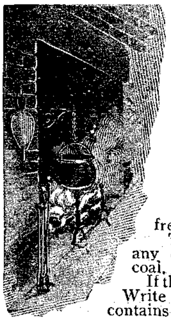

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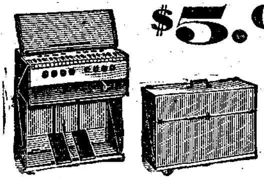

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